

The
Calcutta Magazine
VOL. I
1830

Sas.
Librarian
Uttarpara Joykrishna Public Library
Govt. of West Bengal



THE
CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

No. I.—JANUARY, 1830.

THE DEAD GUEST.

[*From the German.*]

—
THE DEPARTURE.

Watteville had scarcely left the university two years, and occupied himself as an unsalaried registrar of a provincial town, when the trumpet of the holy war was sounded. The liberation of Germany from the yoke of the French conqueror was the object aimed at by the patriots. A holy eagerness pervaded the nation, and the shout of "FREEDOM AND MY COUNTRY" was heard, in every town and village. Thousands and thousands of enthusiastic young men flocked round the sacred standard. My friend Watteville having imbibed the holy zeal, changed the pen for the sword.

As he had lost his parents and was yet a minor, he wrote for permission to join the struggle for the liberty of his country and requested a 100 thaler as travelling money from Mr. Guyot his tutor, an old and eccentric man in the small town of Herbesheim. He sent the following letter with 15 Louis d'or in gold. "My friend, when you are one year older, you may dispose of yourself and the small remainder of your fortune agreeably to your own pleasure. Till then I beg you will postpone your patriotic march, and mind your own affairs, that you may obtain a livelihood. I know my duty, and what I owe to my friend, your late father. Pray cease your giddy projects and become more sober, I don't send you a kreutzer. I am," &c.

The gift of the 15 Louis d'or was a strange but not disagreeable contradiction to the letter, that Watteville would not for a long time have been able to explain, had he not happened to cast his eyes on the paper in which the money was wrapped, on which he

JANUARY 1830.

A

read the following words—"Don't be discouraged; march, for the holy cause of poor Germany. May God protect you! This is the sincere wish of your early playmate AMELIA." Amelia was the daughter of Mr. Guyot.

Watteville was more gratified by the heroism of the girl, than the receipt of the money, which probably was taken from her savings. He wrote immediately to a friend in Herbesheim inclosing some lines to Amelia expressive of his gratitude and pleasure, and departed to join the army.

THE INCOGNITO.

I shall not relate Watteville's martial adventures; suffice it to say that he was present in the hottest actions and behaved nobly. Napoleon was sent to Elba. Watteville did not return home like the other volunteers but accepted of a lieutenancy in a regiment of infantry. He was better pleased with the life of a soldier than a lawyer. His regiment joined the second campaign against France, and he returned home, at last, amid the sounds of trumpets and triumphal songs.

Watteville though he was present in two great battles and various skirmishes, had the good fortune to return free from wounds. He flattered himself that as a reward for his valorous conduct in the service of his country he might speedily obtain a civil employment. But he found himself disappointed.

He remained therefore a lieutenant and though Mr. Guyot his old tutor, had long ago sent him the balance of his small paternal property all of which had vanished, he rambled about in his garrison, made verses in the guard room, and philosophical reflections on the parade. At last the troops were ordered to remove, and his company had directions to march to Herbesheim. At the head of his company (for his captain, a rich baron, was on leave of absence) he entered his native town. How much did he feel when he saw the high black steeple! At the town house the drum ceased to beat. Two counsellors distributed the billets, and the commander was of course quartered in the first house of the town. It was Mr. Guyot's!

Mr. Guyot had quite forgotten him, and receiving him as a stranger showed him very civilly into a fine apartment. "Captain," said Mr. Guyot, "this and the adjoining rooms were occupied by your predecessor, pray make yourself at home."

Watteville preserved his incognito. As soon as he had changed his dress, dinner was announced. At the dinner table he found, besides Mr. and Mrs. Guyot and various visitors all of whom he recognized, a young lady whom he could not recollect. The company spoke of the regret of every one at the departure of the soldiers that Watteville had relieved.

"I hope" said Watteville "that you will have no less reason to be satisfied with my soldiers and myself when we have become familiar with you."

The captain, who was astonished at not seeing his play fellow Amelia, to whom he still owed the 15 Louis d'or, inquired of his hostess if she had any children.

"A daughter" replied Mrs. Guyot and pointed towards the young lady.

Watteville was thunderstruck. "Heavens!" thought he "what a superior being is the little Amelia grown!"

"Mrs. Guyot then mentioned with tears in her eyes, a son who died when very young. Dont grieve for him, my dear, said Mr. Guyot, who knows but he might have turned out as great a ragamuffin as Fritz."

Watteville felt not a little embarrassed, for the ragamuffin Fritz, was no other than himself.

"But do you know Papa if Fritz has continued such a wild fellow as you represent him?" said Amelia. The question warned the Captain more thoroughly than the glass of Burgundy, which he had just raised to his lips.

There was a trace of old friendship in the question: Such an interesting question from such interesting lips, and put in so sweet and heart-moving a voice, could not but gild the bitter pills, which Mr. Guyot unwittingly compelled him to swallow.

To justify his severe sentence he related to his guest, the history of Watteville's own follies. "If that fellow" said he, concluding his narration with a moral application, had applied himself to any good purpose in the university, he would not have enlisted amongst the Soldiers. Had he not become a Soldier, he might now have been a counsellor of State, and might at all events have gained an honest livelihood."

"I dont know" replied the daughter "whether he was industrious at the university, but I know that he went with a good heart to sacrifice himself for the holy cause."

"Do not always pester my ears with that holy cause," exclaimed Mr. Guyot, "whereabouts lies that holy trash? I ask where? The French are chased away, true, but the holy empire in spite of it is gone to the Devil. The old taxes are kept up, and new ones added. Those confounded Englishmen with their merchandize, are suffered to come here, as before, to spoil our markets and no one cares if we, the holy Germans, become holy beggars."

Watteville perceived by this conversation that old Guyot was still the same lively, hot and eccentric being, with whom notwithstanding his singularities it was not possible to get angry.

As it was necessary to pronounce a decision in the contest between father and daughter, the Captain had the prudence and complaisance to agree entirely, with the father, in respect to the

holy cause, which increased Mr. Guyot's good opinion of his understanding. But then as he could not directly condemn himself, he took the part of his fair intercessor, with regard to the good heart with which Fritz had sacrificed himself for the supposed holy cause.

"Observe now" exclaimed the old man "The Captain is more sly than Paris with the three foolish maids of Troy; he cuts the apple in two parts and gives each a bit."

"No, Mr. Guyot, your Fritz was in the wrong, but not more so than many thousand other men. I too joined the march for the liberation of Germany, and forsook every thing. Our armies, you know were destroyed, the nation was obliged to rise *en masse*. There was no time for hesitation, the sacrifice of our blood and chattels for the honor of the nation, was deemed necessary; that we have performed; now we may expect prosperity. Our ablest statesmen cannot work miracles, and instantly produce a paradise. For my part, at least, I do not repent the steps I took."

"I have every respect," said Mr. Guyot with a low bow "every respect for your individual case. The exceptions are in this world always the better part of the rule. But it certainly is curious that we, peasants, citizens, merchants and manufacturers should give our money for twenty years, to feed in time of peace an army of a hundred thousand idle protectors of the throne and to clothe them in velvet, silk and gold, and we in the twenty first year when the protectors of the throne are destroyed must rise ourselves, to bring the wheel again into its track."

THE DISCOVERY.

The discovery of Watteville's real name was made before he knew of it. Mrs. Guyot a quiet well observing lady, who spoke little but reflected more, as soon as she heard his voice, remembered the boy's features, compared them with his more manly ones, and recognized him. His visible embarrassment when the conversation turned on the ragamuffin Fritz confirmed the supposition. Yet not a word escaped her of her discovery. Thus she always used to act. No woman had a less womanish way of keeping her thoughts to herself, she suffered every one to speak as they chose, while she listened, compared, and drew her conclusions. Hence she always knew more than every one else in the house and conducted imperceptibly all business and enterprises without many words; even her husband, that lively curious old man who of all thought to obey her the least, without suspecting it, obeyed her the most. That Watteville did not discover who he was, appeared to her somewhat suspicious, and she kept silent, to discover what might be his motive for acting so.

Watteville had no bad motive for concealing his name, he only aimed at surprising the family at a proper opportunity. Towards the evening when he was called to tea, he found no body else in the room but Amelia. Watteville went up to her saying "I have to thank you in the name of my friend Watteville for the aid with which you had the goodness to supply him."

"You know him then Mr. Commandant?"

"He often thought of you, but not so often as you deserved."

"He was educated in our house. But yet he became a little ungrateful in never paying us even a visit since he left us. Does he conduct himself well, is he esteemed?"

"There is no complaint of him. No one has so much reason to complain of him as yourself."

"Then he must be a good man, for I have nothing to say against him."

"But he is, I know it, your debtor."

"He owes me nothing."

"Yet he spoke of travelling money, of which he was in need when he joined the army, and which his tutor had refused him."

"I did not lend it, I gave it to him."

"Is he for that less your debtor, my Amelia?"

On hearing that name, Amelia gazed at him, and a light shot across her mind,—“Is it possible?” She joyfully exclaimed.

"Yes my dear Amelia, if I dare call you so—ah I am no longer to address you with that familiar epithet—the debtor, the sinner stands before you—will you pardon him? Had he known, what he now knows, he would have come to Herbesheim a thousand times instead of once." He took her hand and kissed it.

At this moment Mrs. Guyot entered the room, Amelia hastened to meet her: "Do you know Mamma the name of the Commandant here?"

She replied with a gentle smile "Fritz Watteville."

"Then Mamma you knew him and concealed it?" said Amelia who could not yet recover from her surprise, comparing the tall firm man in the military dress; with the former shy Schoolboy. "Yes indeed" said she "it is he! Where were my eyes! There is still visible the scratch over his left brow which he got in his fall when he fetched a fine apple for me which hung on the highest tree in our garden. Do you remember it, yes?"

"Ah what do I not remember" said Watteville, kissing the hand of his former respectable foster mother, begging her pardon for never having paid them a visit before. He endeavoured to convince them, that it was not through ingratitude, for he had often thought of them with respectful thankfulness; nor was it

levity or indifference,—but he did not know himself why he never had had the heart to return to Herbesheim.”

Mr. Guyot suddenly entered and went up to the tea table. When Amelia told him, who their guest was, he started, but immediately after he gave his hand, saying; “Be welcome Mr. Watteville; you were a sprig and have outgrown my recollection; now I dare no longer call you Fritz, but Mr. Watteville, or likely Von Watteville? You are a nobleman now?”—“No.”

“But the riband there on your button hole? Signifies it nothing?”

“That, I with my company took a fort from the enemy and maintained it against three or four assaults.”

“How many men did that cost?”

“Twelve dead, and seventeen wounded.”

“That is twenty-seven human beings for 3 inches of riband, cursed dear! what stuff, our prince sells; and yet to be had in every shop for a couple of kreutzer. Let us sit down, and drink. Much booty made? How are the Finances?”

Watteville shrugged his shoulders “we did not fight for booty but for our country.”

“Fine, very fine. I like such sentiments with an empty pocket. And is your patrimony, secure?”

Watteville blushed and said smilingly “I am but too sure that I shall not loose it any more.”

THE DEAD GUEST.

Scarcely was it known in the town who the commandant was when his former acquaintances came to see him. Watteville was drawn into all societies, every where he was the best companion; he drew well, sung and played on the flute admirably, danced gracefully, and the ladies confessed that he was a handsome volatile young man, and therefore a dangerous one.

None however either fair or ugly of the town then cared for making conquests or suffered themselves to be conquered. On the contrary, every one endeavored to keep her heart free. The reason of this no one could guess who did not live in Herbesheim, or who had not read the manuscript chronicles of the town. This was the year of the celebration of the feast of THE DEAD GUEST, who was particularly hostile to the brides of the town. No one knows exactly the nature of the Dead Guest. But it is said, that he is a ghost who returns every hundredth year to Herbesheim where he remains from the first day of advent to the last, that he pays his addresses to every bride, and always finishes with twisting her face round to the back of the neck. What distinguishes still more this spectre from all others is that he not only appears at the “witching hour of night” but is visible in the clear day in an ordinary human shape. This guest is hand-

some in person and fashionable in his attire—he is moreover possessed of countless gold.

If he cannot find the bride of another man, he assumes the shape of a wooer, bewitches the poor hearts of the girls that he may *turn their hearts* as well as their head. No one could say how this tradition originated. In the church book of the parsonage there was still inserted the names of three virgins, who in the time of advent in the year 1720 died suddenly. The following note is written on the margin. “With the faces twisted to the back of the neck as a hundred years before : May God be merciful to their poor souls.” Though this annotation of the church book was no proof of the fact to any reasonable man or woman yet it proved at least that the tradition was an ancient one. Every one pretended that it was a ridiculous nursery story, and yet every one looked with anxiety, to the approaching advent, to know how far it was real or imaginary. According to Hamlet they thought there might be many things between heaven and earth of which philosophy has never dreamt. The old parson of the town, to whom, under the pretext of a visit every one flocked, to read with their own eyes that singular passage in the church book, expressed himself equivocally, though he was else a judicious man. “It would surprise me he would say if, but.....I do not believe it” or “May God forbid that I should be obliged to insert such a thing.” The young Gentlemen were the most incredulous of all and laughed at its absurdity. Even the young ladies were apparently indifferent, but their indifference was affected.

No one had better opportunities to observe the consequences of that tradition, than the old parson ; for whenever there was an intrigue or any plan of marriage in the town all with the greatest alarm made haste to conclude the marriage ceremony before the beginning of advent, and whenever there was no hope of a speedy celebration of nuptials every intrigue, nay, even the least project of future union was abruptly broken off. How great then must have been the fears of the young ladies of Herbesheim when they found the young commandant charming, in spite of themselves ! They trembled for their own heads, and the visit of the dead guest. We ought therefore readily to pardon their unnatural secret oath not to love any one before or during the time of advent, and should an angel from heaven come, not to look on him in a more courteous manner than on any one else.

I can't say exactly, if the handsome Amelia Guyot took the same oath as the other ladies of Herbesheim, but this is certain that she did not appear to regard Watteville with any feeling but that of friendship.

Mr. Guyot's house was a paradise to the commandant. He was again as one of the family. He fell unconsciously into old

habits of his boyhood, and as in former years, he called Mr. and Mrs. Guyot his father and mother.

Amelia was now nearly twenty years of age. The old man considered that he had married Mrs. Guyot when she was much younger, hence he seriously thought of a matrimonial union for his daughter. Mrs. Guyot had consented to it, and Amelia too, thought it reasonable.

THE BIRTH DAY.

In Mr. Guyot's house no one was allowed to give a person an unkind word or look, upon his Birth day, or to refuse him any reasonable request.

Of course Watteville's birth day was celebrated with the usual forms. Mr. Guyot went up to him, and presented him with a piece of paper folded in silk. It was a draft for a large sum of money. Mrs. G. came next. She presented him with a rich Captain's uniform. Then followed Amelia with a silver plate in her hand, on which there was a dozen beautiful handkerchiefs, under which there was a letter sealed with a large Regimental Seal, directed to "Captain Fritz Watteville." The Lieutenant stared on opening it to find that it was a Captain's Commission, he had long looked for an advancement, but he did not expect to receive it so speedily.

"But my gracious Captain," said Amelia with a soft smile, "do not get angry. I will confess that that letter arrived five days ago, whilst you remained absent; I detained it that I might give it you on your birth-day. I have already suffered enough by my dread, that you might hear of your promotion from some other quarter."

Watteville's astonishment and pleasure were too great to allow him to utter a word. "The main point is," said Mrs. Guyot, good humoredly, that our new made Captain will now be allowed to remain here. I should be sorry indeed if Fritz were to leave us.

"Well, my new Captain," continued the lively old man; "I intended the draft I gave you, for your travelling expenses. Now it turns out, you don't want it, and I might have given something better." "You know our house law. You may make a request and I must consent to it. Therefore express it without ceremony, demand whatever you will, and I will grant it, even if it should be my new, handsome white wig."

The Captain's eyes were bedewed with tears. "I have nothing more to ask."

"Aye be quick, collect yourself! This opportunity may perhaps not return next year!" exclaimed the old man.

"Then permit me dear father to give you a hearty embrace of gratitude."

"Ay my dear fellow, that you 'll have cheap!" said Mr. Guyot. Both sprung from their seats, at the same time and embraced each other, with much emotion. A deep silence ensued. The feeling was communicated to all present.

Mr. Guyot collected himself sooner than the rest. "Enough of this. Let us say and do something reasonable." He raised his glass and ordered every glass to be filled. "Now" said he, addressing himself to Watteville—"Wherever there is a man, there ought to be a woman, and therefore a Captain is not to remain without his consort!" He then proposed the health of the Captain's Sweetheart which was drunk with great glee.

"May she be good natured, virtuous and a good house wife," said Mrs. Guyot.

"Like yourself," said the Captain.

"And the most lovely creature under the moon!" said Amelia.

"Like yourself Amelia," said he.

The members of the family made their innocent remarks about the singular scene at table. In the first place, the bold offer which Mr. Guyot, made to the Captain, to consent to every thing he might ask—an offer which Watteville, understood so ill—and then the proposed health to the Captain's future spouse. Verily the favorite of fortune must have been blind, not to see what Guyot so strongly endeavoured to make him comprehend.

"I believe," said the superintendant of the manufactory, softly to the book-keeper, "that the concern is done. What do you think? It will be a match."

The book-keeper replied in an equally low voice. "I am in dreadful alarm, for I cannot help thinking of the Dead Guest."

ANOTHER BIRTH-DAY.

The new Captain had much business to arrange. He had obtained permission to visit his General, and to balance several accounts with his predecessor. This made an absence of some weeks absolutely necessary. He parted from Mr. Guyot's house as from his paternal home. Amelia, in taking her leave, reminded him not to fail being present at her birth-day, on the 10th November.

They all regretted to be obliged to part with him. "But," said the old man, "do not let us grow a single grey hair on this account. Sooner or later, he who is above, will remove us all into different garrisons. Here, on this little ball of earth, be it in this or in that town, we are always near enough each other, often only too near. Those abominable Englishmen, for example, sit just on the neck of my manufactory."

Watteville returned at the expected period, and Amelia's birth-day was celebrated with every solemnity. Watteville

had purchased for her in the capital, a new harp, with some well selected music. He handed her both when the turn came to him, to make a present. Father Guyot was in the merriest humor. Mrs. Guyot observed the joy on his face and could not help remarking to the Captain: "Papa has yet an agreeable surprise in the back-ground."

After the usual congratulations were over, and each had taken his seat at table, Amelia, in lifting her napkin from the plate, found on it a precious necklace, of eastern pearls, and a rich diamond ring with a letter to her address.

Mr. G. looked at her with exulting eyes, and was delighted with the astonishment of all present. The ring and the pearl string were then handed round the table. In the meanwhile Amelia had opened and read her letter. Her features betrayed still more surprise, than she had evinced at the sight of those costly presents. Mamma looked with anxious curiosity on her daughter —.

Amelia remained long silent, brooding over the letter. At last she laid it aside.

"Let the letter also circulate," said the father. She handed the letter with confusion to her mother.

"Well, Amelia, has your surprise robbed you of your breath? does not Papa know how to contrive matters?"

"Who then is Marcus Von Huber?" asked Amelia, with a melancholy countenance.

"Who else, but the son of my old and former partner, Huber, the celebrated banker? How could you expect another for you? The old man has been fortunate in business, and his son the young Huber, takes the whole concern on himself, and you become Mrs. Von Huber."

Mrs. G. in handing over the letter to the Commandant, shook her head in silent disapprobation. The letter was as follows:

"One unknown to you, most lovely lady, invites himself to the celebration of your birth-day, but unfortunately only in mind, as the Doctor has forbidden him the journey. Ah, that I am obliged to call myself unknown! That instead of sending these lines, I cannot fly myself to Herbesheim, there to solicit your hand, and terminate what our excellent fathers, in their friendship have so happily arranged. Fair lady, I shall hurry to Herbesheim, on my first recovery.

Permit me with respect and love, to subscribe myself,

Your betrothed,

MARCUS VON HUBER."

The Commandant stared gravely at the letter. He had the look of a dreaming man. Mr. Guyot now asked Amelia to tell him frankly if she was happy.

"Papa, how can I say so? I never in my life saw Mr. Von Huber."

"Ay, you little fool, I understand you, but it is quite natural, you are anxious about his appearance. He is a handsome, slender, tall young man, with a fine delicate face."

"But when Papa did you see him?"

"The last time I was in the Capital. Let me see, about ten or twelve years ago."

"I should rather see him himself, than be left to judge of him by his letter."

Mrs. Guyot observed somewhat seriously, that her husband might as well have consulted her about the matter. "My dear," replied the old man, "the case did not require consultation."

"Your girl will not take it amiss when she is called my gracious lady. Consider her lover's rank and wealth and influence; if old Huber bends a finger, and points to Vienna, the whole court is in motion, and enquires what is Mr. Huber's pleasure? He moves his head toward Petersburg, and immediately every one bows to the ground."

"I confess, the match looks advantageous, at least from your description!" said Mrs. Guyot, casting down her eyes.

Amelia glanced at her mother, and sighed deeply. The Captain continued staring at the letter.

"Donner, Captain, haven't you done reading yet?" said Mr. Guyot.

Watteville aroused himself, and gave a last glance at the letter, and then cast it away, from him with an air of deep sadness.

Mr. Guyot was hurt at Amelia's melancholy, and attributed it to the suddenness of the surprise. He at last exclaimed with vexation; "girl, speak freely, have I made a good arrangement or not? I am sure you will whistle a more lively tune my pretty bird, when young Huber is here."

"It may be so, my dear Papa!" replied Amelia; "how can I doubt in the least your parental, and well-meaning purpose?"

"Very right, a reasonable girl should always think in this way. Mama has confessed it to me herself, that in her time, she thought so too. Therefore let us fill the glasses! A happy life to the bride and bridegroom!" The toast was drunk, and cheerfulness and good humour seemed once more to prevail.

"There is no end to foolish tricks, that young Huber must be absent on such a day as this, a handsome fine young fellow. I bet that when you see him, Amelia, you will hug your Papa, and thank him."

"My dear Papa, at my birth-day I have the right to make a reasonable request! I beg not to hear a word more of him at present."

"My daughter, this is a foolish request! However, it is granted."

"My dear," said Mrs. G. to her husband, "no reproaches to Amelia. You must not forget that this is her birth-day."

"Right, Mamma!" replied the old man. "He will be here soon. The New Moon is nigh, the weather will change, and Huber's health with it."

CONSULTATIONS.

Every morning, noon and evening, went Mr. G. to the Barometer, knocked it with his knuckle to make the quicksilver rise, and prognosticate fine weather. Amelia, on the contrary, was anxious to see the quicksilver fall, and Watteville as well as Mrs. G. often consulted the prophesying tube of Torricelli.

"The weather gets evidently better!" said Mr. G. one day, when he was alone in the room with Mrs. G. "The clouds disperse. I think Huber is already on his way."

"May God prevent it, Papa. It should appear to me much more advisable, if you were to write to Von Huber not to come here before Christmas-day. Though I do not believe in that foolish tradition, yet one can't help being anxious."

"But Madam! do *you* think of the Dead Guest? You ought to be ashamed of such nonsense!"

"I acknowledge, my dear, it is foolish.—But whatever might happen to our only child during the time of Advent, would be attributed to some mysterious cause. After Advent, the young people will have a hundred years before them to see and love each other at leisure, and to be betrothed and married. Why be in a hurry just now? Where is the harm of the postponement of a few weeks?"

"For shame, for shame. Do not betray such a weak superstition. For the very reason that the people are seized with this foolish folly about the Dead Guest, shall Amelia be a bride at Advent. It is necessary to give an example, it is our duty. When the people in the town see that we do not care about the Dead Guest; that we betroth our child, in spite of all the absurd traditions, and that Amelia's neck remains stationary, this silly bugbear will be destroyed for ever."

"But, for God's sake Mr. Guyot, consider if Von Huber should travel, sickly as he is, in this bad weather; what with the severity of the season, the bad roads, and a long tedious journey, his life might be the sacrifice. He might die in this very house, we should have a DEAD GUEST; and the superstition would be confirmed."

Here the conversation ended, but it left a cloud upon Mr. Guyot's mind. He thought after all that it would be better for the sake of peace to postpone the formal betrothment to Christmas-day.

Perhaps, he reflected, the devil might play some villainous trick, and then it would be ascribed to the Dead Guest. The nearer the first Advent day approached, the more uneasy he became. Fear began to seize him, and when suddenly the heavens became clear, and the full warm sunshine was spread over the face of nature, as if the summer had returned, he again knocked with equal anxiety at the Barometer, but it was now to cause the quicksilver to fall.

To his utter astonishment he perceived, that Mamma, Amelia, and the Captain regained their good humour with the fine weather. While he alone continued anxious.

FINE WEATHER.

Mrs. Guyot had perceived that Amelia had many secret and strong objections to the rich banker, that the Commandant of the town had also become the Commandant of her daughter's heart. It was not to favor the Commandant, however, dear as he was to her, that she now endeavoured to postpone the formal betrothment of the banker with Amelia. In the first place she wished to get over Advent, and in the next she desired that Huber and her daughter should have time to become thoroughly acquainted. Besides it was necessary to make enquiries respecting Von Huber's character. For this latter purpose, she wrote to one of her friends in the Capital. The answer arrived on the same day the fine weather occasioned such alarm to Mr. Guyot.

Von Huber, it was said, was one of the most respectable of men, he enjoyed the esteem of every one and had been pitied by all his friends not only on account of his miserable health, but his dependence on his old, morose, and miserly father. The young man however had just taken possession of all the affairs of his parent, who had retired on his estate, in consequence of the infirmities of old age. This good news delighted Mrs. Guyot.

Another circumstance brought pleasure on the same day to Amelia and the Commandant.

Watteville at Mrs. Guyot's request entered Amelia's room, she was near the window, her head leaning on the new harp.

"Amelia, your Mamma wishes to know if it is your pleasure to take an airing to day. The weather is delightful."

Amelia did not reply, but turned her face away from him.

"Are you displeased Amelia?" said Watteville.

She was still silent, and he then advanced towards the door, and turning round enquired impatiently whether she would go or not.

A sad negative was the answer.

Watteville was alarmed, for the tone of her voice betrayed deep emotion.

"What can be the matter with you?" he anxiously enquired. "Does Mamma" said she "wish me to meet him? Is he to arrive to-day? Has she said any thing?"

"Oh Amelia" said Watteville "and this question from you!" "Do you believe I would engage you to go if I had the least suspicion of seeing him? Would to God he were to arrive before I go away."

"Are you going then to leave us?"

"I have written to my general to request to be removed, but I have received as yet no reply."

"Fritz" said Amelia, "don't take it amiss, but that was very foolish in you."

"I wish to remain, but I dare not."

"Watteville, do you desire to make me angry with you forever?"

"And do you wish for my death in forcing me to be your guest at your nuptials?"

"You never will be invited to my nuptials. Who has told you that I gave my consent?"

"But you dare not refuse it."

"And God knows I cannot give it!" sighed Amelia covering her face. Watteville too was unmanned by his secret grief. This was the first time they had touched upon this circumstance though it never left their minds. They had but lately discovered how dear they held each other. Each endeavoured to hide from the other the flame of love, but it served only to increase its power, and make it more visible.

"Dear Amelia" said Watteville "dare we remain together as we have hitherto done?"

"Watteville can we separate?"

"Oh my Amelia."

"Fritz, we must not part."

"But when he comes?"

"Rather ten thousand times would I be betrothed to the Dead Guest than to Von Huber."

On the following evening there was a large party at Mr. G's house. As it was only three days before the first of advent, the Dead Guest engrossed a large share of the conversation. The young ladies pretended to be very bold, but many rejoiced secretly that they were not brides. The elderly ladies, after mature deliberation, agreed, that the story of the Dead Guest might possibly be true. But the young Gentlemen were all incredulous though warned by their elders, male and female, that it was dangerous to scoff and swagger in matters of this nature.

"For Heaven's sake" said Mr. G. "let us have done with this subject! Wherever I turn I hear of nothing but the Dead Guest. Is this a fit discourse for the living?"

"I coincide with you," said the Collector of the circuit, "the subject is dull and threadbare! If Herbesheim had as little to fear from living guests, as from the visit of the Dead Guest we might be sure, that the fair sex would cease to have their *heads turned* so often as they now are."

"I should only like to know how this foolish story came into the world!" said a young counsellor.

"The tradition of the Dead Guest, said Watteville as it was known formerly, and as I heard it related in my youth from an old huntsman, is too long and tedious to relate."

"Do you recollect the story still?" enquired several voices at the same time.

"I do," replied Watteville.

"Oh, you *must* tell it to us!" said the girls, crowding round him! Resistance, and excuses were vain. Watteville, was therefore obliged to communicate the tradition as he had heard it from the old huntsman.

THE DEAD GUEST.

It is now two hundred years, said he, since the beginning of the war of thirty years, when the Elector Frederic of the Pfalz placed the crown of the kingdom of Bohemia on his head. But the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria, at the head of the Catholic Germans set out to recover the crown. At the great and decisive battle of the White Mountain at Prague, the Elector lost his crown. The rumour spread through Germany with the rapidity of lightning. All the catholic towns exulted at the destruction of poor Frederic, who with a small suite fled from Prague in disguise. From his reign of one short season, he was called the Winter King.

Our ancestors in Herbesheim, two hundred years ago had the same disposition to chatter about news and politics, as their worthy descendants; but they were, I will not say more religious, but more bigotted. Their joy over the defeat and flight of the Winter King was as great as ours a few years ago, at the overthrow of the Emperor Napoleon.

One day three very beautiful virgins were seated together, and talking of the Winter King. All three were good friends, and each had a bridegroom. The first lady was called Elisabeth, the second Maria and the third Rosa.

"They ought not to suffer the King that notorious heretic to escape from Germany!" said Elisabeth. "As long as he lives, that monster will follow Lutherism, and not cease to spread his abominable creed."

"Yes" said Maria, "he who slaughters him, may expect a large reward from the Emperor, from the Elector of Bavaria; from the holy church, and from the Pope; nay he may rely on the indulgence of Heaven."

"I wish," interrupted Rosa, "he would come into our town. He should die by the hand of my own sweet-heart, who would receive at least an earldom in reward."

"But it may be questioned" said Elizabeth, "whether he would make you a countess; for he scarcely has the heart for such an heroic deed. But I should only have to wink with my eyes, and my bold lover would sever his heretic head from his body at a blow, and then where would be the earldom?"

"Don't make yourselves too big!" said Maria: "My sweet-heart is the bravest and most powerful of all three. Has he not already been in the war as Captain? And did I order him, to cut down the great Turk on his throne, he would do it. Don't exult too much at the idea of the earldom."

Whilst the virgins were still disputing about the earldom a loud tramping of horses was heard in the street. Instantly were the three virgins at the window. It was dreadful weather, the winds howled fiercely and the rain poured in torrents, "alas!" said Elisabeth, "he who is on the road at such a time as this, does not travel for his pleasure."

"He must be driven by sheer necessity" said Rosa;

"Or a bad conscience!" added Maria.

On the opposite side of the street at the inn of the French horn, thirteen gentlemen on horse back stopped and dismounted with great haste. Twelve remained outside with their horses, the thirteenth dressed all in white went into the house, immediately the innkeeper with his grooms came out. The horses were placed in the stables and the gentlemen all went into the inn. In spite of the dreadful weather and rain, a great number of people gathered in the street to behold the foreign riders and their horses. The most beautiful horse belonged to the gentleman in white; it was snow white, and beautifully caparisoned.

"Now if that were the Winter King!" exclaimed the three virgins, almost at the same time and staring at each other with widened eyes.

At this moment they heard a noise on the steps. Behold the three bridegrooms of the virgins. "Do you already know," said the one, "the fugitive Winter King is within the walls of our town."

"That would be a fine prize" said the other.

"Anxiety is depicted on the face of that tall meagre white robed figure," said the third.

"A joyful shuddering seized the girls, and they spoke volumes with their looks. Suddenly they joined their hands and

said : " Done ! done !" They then let their hands go, and each addressed herself to her bridegroom.

Elisabeth said to hers : " If my betrothed, suffers the Winter King to leave our town alive, I'll be rather the kept mistress of the Winter King than the lawful wife of my sweet-heart. So help me God and the saints !"

Maria said to hers : " If my sweet-heart suffers the Winter King to see the sun again, I will rather give a kiss to death itself than to my darling, So help me God and the saints."

Rosa said to hers. " The key to my nuptial bed-room, is now and forever lost, if my dear lover does not bring me his sword purpled with blood of the Winter King."

The three bridegrooms trembled, but they soon collected their minds as they beheld their beautiful brides more charming than ever, waiting for their decision. Each, became anxious to be the first to prove the fervour of his love by such an heroic deed. Therefore they decided that the Winter king was not to live another day.

They took leave from their brides, who now sat exultingly thinking of the glory their bridegrooms would acquire by their courage and affection. The three young men consulted together, then went into the inn of the French Horn, asked for wine, and in the course of conversation learnt of the strangers in which apartment the king would sleep.

Before day-break, twelve guests rode away in haste, in spite of the storm and weather. The thirteenth was dead in his bed weltering in his blood. He had three mortal wounds. No one could say who he was ; but the innkeeper asserted that it was not the king. And he was in the right ; for the Winter King luckily escaped, as it is well known, to Holland, where he lived many years afterwards. The Dead Guest was buried on the very same day, but not in the church-yard, in consecrated ground.

The three brides were anxiously waiting for the arrival of their bridegrooms, but they came not. In all houses, every where they made search for them ; but no one had seen them since midnight. Neither the innkeeper nor his wife, nor any of their servants, male or female, knew whither they had gone nor what might have become of them.

The poor girls grieved bitterly, they cried night and day, and repented of the wicked request which they made to such handsome and faithful men.

But the charming Rosa lamented the most ; for she was the first who made the dangerous proposal to her companions against the life of the Winter King. Two days had already gone since that unlucky night, the third was nearly over.

Suddenly a knock at Rosa's door was heard, a strange and noble looking man entered, and enquired for her. She was seated crying by her father and mother. The stranger handed a letter, which he had received from a young man and which he had promised to be the bearer of himself. The letter was from her sweet-heart.

It was almost dark. The mother hastened and brought two lights, to read the letter and to behold the stranger. He was a man of about thirty years, tall and lean, dressed in an entire black suit in the height of the fashion, at his side was a sword, the handle of which was set in gold, pearls and brilliant stones. Diamonds were glittering with various colours from his finger rings. But his countenance however regular and noble, was, in spite of the fire of his eyes, pale and ghastly. He sat down, and the father read the letter. "We have slain the wrong man, therefore my dear Rosa adieu forever! since I have lost the key of your nuptial bed room, I'll look out for another bride who may not require a purpled sword. Console yourself as I do. Herewith I return you the ring." The ring fell from the letter.

When Rosa heard the contents of the letter, she cried bitterly and cursed her unfaithful lover. Her father and mother endeavoured to console their poor child, and the stranger said a great many soothing things. "Had I known that the man had made me the bearer of such despair, as true as I am the count of Buren I would have given him his benediction with this sword. Dry your tears my beautiful maiden, a single pure drop from your charming eyes is enough to wash away the last flame of love of that unworthy man."

But Rosa could not cease to cry. The count took his leave, asking permission to revisit the fair sufferer on the following day.

The next morning as he was alone with Rosa he said: "I could not sleep the whole night, from thinking of your beauty, and affliction. You owe me a smile that my cheeks pale from want of sleep may become a little red."

"How can I smile?" said Rosa, "has not that unfaithful wretch returned me the ring?"

The count took the ring and threw it out the window. "Off with that ring!" said he, "with how much pleasure do I replace it with a handsomer one!" he put the handsomest of his rings before her on the table. "To any one of these rings," added he "belongs a rich estate!"

Rosa blushed. She pushed back the costly ring. "Don't be so cruel said the count; now that I have seen you I can never forget, such transcendent beauty. If your lover has disdained you, in your turn disdain him. That is a sweet revenge. My heart and my earldom lay at your feet."

To be sure Rosa did not wish to hear all this : yet she found in her heart, that the count was in the right regarding the justice of revenge, and that the unfaithful lover was to be forgotten. They discoursed about many things. The count spoke with touching modesty and tenderness, and if he was not so handsome as the lost bridegroom, he was equally interesting. Rosa ceased to weep, and she could not but smile occasionally at the count's pleasant conversation.

The presence of that rich Lord was soon known in the whole town of Herbesheim. It also became soon a matter of talk that Rosa had received a letter through him from her fugitive bridegroom. When Elisabeth and Maria heard this, they lost no time to go, and enquire of their friend, if the noble count knew any thing of their lovers.

When Rosa enquired of the Count, he replied, that he would wait himself upon the afflicted mourners, to see if he could guess by their descriptions, whether he had seen them. She treated him now in a more kindly way, for she had considered the last night the many things he had said, and as she looked on the costly ring, she thought to herself : " here I have only to stretch out my hand and divide an earldom." She showed her parents the jewels which the Count had left upon the table, and she mentioned his honorable offer. The parents were mightily astonished at all this and could hardly bring themselves to believe it. But when on the following day the count returned, asking their leave to make a present to their daughter of a trifle for a dress, and as he drew from a costly small box, a cross of diamonds hung on a sevenfold pearl string, they gave full credit to his word. The father and mother consulted, and agreed : That the stranger would make an excellent son-in-law, and that they would do their best to gain him !

They spoke much in favor of the Count to their daughter, and left her often alone with him ; Rosa rejoiced at the prospect of being Countess of Buren, and the envy and admiration of the whole town ; she was therefore as indulgent as possible to the impetuosity of her new lover.

But he was a sly rogue. For when he came to Elisabeth he found her still more beautiful than the charming Rosa ; and when at last he saw the Maria with her long and fair locks ; the other two appeared to him almost ugly. But to each he told nearly the same story that he had found the three young men at a tavern with two young girls with whom they took unwarrantable liberties. That they all three were to march for the war in Bohemia together with those two girls as common property ; that hearing in the course of conversation, that in his journey he had to pass Herbesheim, the one had written a chit to Rosa requesting him to deliver it himself. The other two ridiculed it, saying, we

are satisfied with our jolly girls, and do not wish to write letters, to those we have left, but as you give yourself the trouble to hand the letter, say that we are going to join the war in Bohemia, because they commanded us to commit a shameful deed. They returned the bride rings instead of letters, to give them to the man whose fingers they might better fit than theirs.

Elizabeth's ring soon fitted him exactly, and Maria's was equally well suited to the wealthy stranger; he consoled each most eloquently, and enquired if a bridegroom was deserving of a single tear, who could abandon his bride so shamefully as to throw away his heart on prostitutes? He played his part with Elizabeth and Maria, as he had done with Rosa—to each he made rich presents, to each he offered his hand, his earldom; and each became accustomed to his pallid face.

However, the three friends made a secret to each other, of their connections with the Count, and their love projects. No longer did they exchange visits as formerly, it made them angry, to hear by chance, that the Count continued his acquaintance with the others. The one jealous of the other, endeavoured to outdo the rest: at first they suffered his caresses, and at last they returned them, in order to captivate him the more securely.

No one felt more joy at their mutual jealousy than the wanton Count. For by these means he gained every day greater favours from them, till they had no more to give. To be sure he swore to each, by whatever was sacred in heaven, that he found the rest, dull and ugly, but for the sake of politeness and good breeding, he could not but visit them from time to time. Even this shift would not serve him any longer. At last, as a proof of his true love each required of him, to renounce the other two entirely. He agreed that a formal betrothment and exchange of rings should be made in presence of the parents. He stipulated however, that he should be allowed to spend an hour at night with each, before the marriage took place, that he might speak undisturbedly of all his arrangements. Even to this, each of the fair ones agreed, and their consent was sealed with a kiss. But in kissing him, they none of them could help remarking, "My dear Count, but you are indeed too pale! Put off that black dress, it only serves to render you more pale. To which he always answered. I wear black to accomplish a vow. On the nuptial day, I'll appear in red and white, like your cheeks, my darling."

And it happened at the same day, that he was formally betrothed to every one of the three. In the dark night he silently slipped at successive hours into the bed-room of each. On the following morning the girls slept too long, the parents went to awake them, when each bride lay extended cold as ice in her bed, with her face twisted to her back.

Loud and desperate cries issued from the three houses. The whole populace cried murder! murder! and as suspicion fell on the Count of Buren, they assembled before the inn of the French Horn, the sergeants and town-guard entered it. There the inn-keeper lamented that his guest had disappeared with all his servants, and that nobody had seen them go away. The luggage of which there was so much, had also disappeared, and no one saw it taken; from the well closed stables, the many superb horses were all gone, and the night watch at the doors had not heard the least noise.

The whole world was terrified, and every one made a cross, and blessed himself when passing before the houses of the three unhappy brides. Therein, nothing but howling and lamentations were heard, and what must appear still more strange, the rich presents, the superb bridal-dresses, the pearl strings, the precious stones and diamond rings which the Count had given, could no where be found.

A small funeral procession only followed the biers of the three brides. And when the coffins were set down on the yard of St. Vincent's Church, and the funeral oration was about to be recited, a tall man was seen to stalk slowly away. And when the people looked after him, every one was astonished to behold that, though at first he was dressed entirely in black, by degrees he turned altogether white. And three red spots were seen on his white mantle, and the blood visibly ran down his mantle in drops. And the tall, pale man went to the flearing place.

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed the inn-keeper of the French Horn, that is the Dead Guest whom we interred there twenty-one days ago. Terror seized all who were in the Church-yard, and they ran away with horror. A hurricane accompanied with rain and snow blew after them. Three days and three nights did the coffins remain unburied at the side of the open graves!

When Government at last gave an order for their burial and a large sum of money was given to people to perform the fearful work on lifting the coffins the men found them as light as if they were empty and yet the covers were nailed down. They took courage and opened the coffins which were quite vacant!

Watteville made a pause in his story; a deathlike stillness prevailed in the room. The gentlemen had a serious and solemn look and the ladies who had unconsciously pressed closer together appeared to be intently listening, long after Watteville had ceased his narration. Their folded hands and pale visages revealed their feelings. "Snuff the candles!" exclaimed Mr. Guyot "and speak again my friends that human voices may be heard or else I shall leave the room. That diabolical nonsense might give any one the horrors."

The candles were snuffed, refreshments brought in and every one tried to look and speak as cheerfully as possible. But fear was on every face and the words trembled on every tongue.

After a little while however the company could not repress their anxious curiosity to hear the remainder of the tradition of the *Dead Guest*. They again sat down in a semi-circle about the narrator and requested him to finish the story.

"The present estate" continued Watteville "of M. Steiger near this town belonged formerly, as you know, to a noble family of the name of Freudenreich which has not possessed it this last hundred years. It was farmed away till about twenty years ago when in the time of the war it was purchased by the late M. Steiger. The last Baron who from time to time inhabited that Mansion with his family was a terrible spendthrift; he came here however to recruit his pecuniary affairs which he exhausted in Paris or Venice.

But even his economical recreations at this superb seat for the most part were but continuations, on a more moderate scale, of his usual expensive amusements. Even now we can perceive the wrecks of former grandeur and splendour in the extensive ruins of the castle and its side buildings all of which became a prey to the flames about seventy years ago. Near these ruins you know is the present handsome but modest building which Mr. Steiger has erected.

When for the last time the Baron visited his noble seat it happened to be in a most unusual season, and with a most unusually numerous company it was late in Autumn and he was attended by from fifteen to twenty young noblemen with their domestics. His daughter was at that time bride to the Viscount Wytttenbach a rich and amiable but hare-brained fellow who had visited the several courts of Germany with orders from the Cardinal Dubois. Dubois was the all powerful minister of the Duc of Orleans, Regent of France and Wytttenbach was his great favorite.

It may easily be supposed that Baron Von Freudenreich, spared no expense to make his guest's residence in his rural palace as agreeable as possible. The Count von Siebenthal, the son of one of the noble families of the lower Rhine was in this merry circle the master of all sports. The Baron von Freudenreich had made his acquaintance a short time before he came to Herbesheim, and he took him along with him as a real treasure. Von Siebenthal loved play and did not hesitate at the highest stakes, though he was often unfortunate. The Baron no doubt looked to him as one likely to restore his ruined finances.

The very same young rake formed the idea of giving masked balls at the approach of the winter season, and that every one might choose the handsomest without regard to rank or birth.

For indeed the company was much in want of ladies particularly in time of feasts. The young Baroness von Freudenreich and some of her friends were entirely lost amongst the number of gentlemen. "Why then" said von Siebenthal, "look at the geneological tree, when ladies are required. Beauty is found in every rank, and even amongst Grisettes there are beauties despised at no court."

Every one applauded the scheme and the Milliners and tailors of the town were set in motion to make mask dresses. The Viscount von Wyttenbach endeavoured to distinguish himself beyond every one else in the splendour of his attire and Siebenthal as usual wished to overreach him. He looked in Herbesheim for the best tailor and the most beautiful girl to lead her to the ball. He found both under the same roof. Master Schatzmann was the best tailor, who immediately understood the description of the dress of the count and his daughter Susanna was in the first bloom of her charms which soon bewitched the count.

The count seldom was absent from the house of the tailor. He had always to look after something or other, that nothing might be spoiled. In particular he had a great many things to say to Miss Susanna. Even a couple of magnificent ladies dresses he ordered to be made for the Mask ball, which Susanna not only was requested to sew herself, but the father was obliged to take the exact measure of her own body since he pretended that Susanna had actually the very same shape the same graceful figure of the noble Lady whom he was going to lead to the Ball. He was also very liberal and the presents which he occasionally made amounted to much more than the sum he had agreed for. It might easily be foreseen that he made the most select presents to Susanna, and when he met her alone he told her the most flattering things imaginable and spoke to her of his ardent love.

Susanna, to be sure, did not wish to hear any thing tender, for she was an honorable maid, and besides she was promised to one of her fathers' journey-men; but yet she could not listen with anger to all the sweet things from such a noble and bountiful Lord, for a girl can seldom get angry with the man who professes to adore her.

A few days before the Ball day—the mask dresses were all ready—Von Siebenthal entered Mr. Schatzmann's house in a dull and melancholy mood. He requested to be allowed to speak a few words in private with the Master, on which they retired to an adjoining room.

"Master" said he "I am in a dreadful embarrassment. You, if you will, can save me from the dilemma, and if you do me that favor, I will reward you better, than if I were to occupy you the whole year in sewing Ball dresses for me."

"I am your Excellency's most obedient servant! replied the tailor with a low bow and smiling countenance."

"Only think, master" continued Von Siebenthal "the Lady I was to lead to the ball has fallen sick and declines to go. Every other Gentleman has his partner, and, you well know it, for the most part, daughters of tradesmen from the town. Now I am without a partner. I might find one amongst the families of counsellors, or merchants, but whom do the ball-dresses fit? You see Master, I cannot but request you to let me escort your daughter. You yourself have taken her measure, the dresses fit her as if they were part of herself, and will they, on any one else, do credit to Mr. Schatzmann? You must let her go."

The tailor could not but see the necessity; fewer arguments might have convinced him. But he never could have expected so much honor. He made at every new argument new bows, and he could not utter a word.

"Susanna will not have cause to repent it," continued Von Siebenthal: "The dresses in which she dances will remain her own property, and I will buy for her with pleasure whatever may be necessary to appear worthy of that splendid assembly."

"Your excellency is overkind!" exclaimed Master Schatzmann: And permit me to observe to your Excellency, that though I say it that should not, the girl dances charmingly. You ought to have seen her dance at the nuptials of my neighbour the pewterer—; and at the christening of Master Hammer the Shoemaker's eleventh child. But never mind, I beg your Excellency to remain here a little while, and I will bring the girl here. Your Excellency has only to propose it to her, and my authority shall not be wanting."

"But Master" replied Von Siebenthal "Susanna's bridegroom is perhaps jealous, for which he would be in the wrong, you must give him a good word."

"Oh!" said Master Schatzman: "that booby—will not dare to utter a sound."

He went away, soon after Susanna entered the room blushing. The count covered her hand with kisses. He confided to her his embarrassment, his desires, and he requested her to get, at his expence, whatever she considered indispensable to make her appear at least equal in dress to the first Ladies of the town. She blushed again, particularly when he whispered to her that she would be the first beauty of the ball, and when he handed her a pair of the most magnificent earrings.

This was almost too much for a wild and vain girl. Susanna represented in her mind the splendour of the feast, and in a moment she saw herself admired from head to foot; but she remained embarrassed, and said something about her father's permission.

Von Siebenthal quieted her mind on that score. And when she no longer hesitated to accept of his invitation, he pressed her in rapture in his arms and said, "Susanna wherefore shall I deny it? you, and no other Lady, were my choice from the first moment I saw you. I had selected you when your father took the measure of your fair person. I selected you then only as my dancing partner. Ah Susanna I should wish now to select you as my partner for life; for I adore you. You are not made, to be the wife of a poor tailor's assistant. You are destined for higher things. Do you, will you, understand me?"

She withdrew herself from his arms and promised to be his partner at the Ball if her father should have no objections. They both entered the workroom. Here Von Siebenthal whispered the Master in his ear. "She consents. Take care that every thing necessary be provided that she may appear with decency. Here take this for the expenses." With this he handed to Master Schatzman a whole roll of gold.

But now stormy scenes took place in the house of the tailor. For Abraham his journey-man, Susanna's bridegroom, grew almost frantic when he came to know what was going on. Neither the thousand caresses from the crying girl, nor the curses and maledictions from the father, could bring him to a sense of reason. That lasted the whole day. Susanna passed a sleepless night. She loved Abraham a great deal, but it was impossible to forego the opportunity to earn admiration at a masquerade ball. Indeed he asked almost an impossibility. Nay, she thought that he did not love her truly, since he grudged her a pleasure which was, in itself, so very innocent.

On the following day Abraham was a little more quiet, and he did not rage so tremendously; but still he repeated in a menacing way; "you shall not go to the Ball!" to which Susanna replied in an equally grumbling tone: "And go I shall!" to which the father used to add; "And she shall go, in spite of your teeth, I command it." Dancing shoes, silk stockings, fine handkerchiefs, lace of the most costly quality, ribands and heaven knows what all, were accordingly procured.

But when the ball day had arrived, Abraham seeing that she was in earnest, laced his bundle, entered perfectly ready to set out and said: "If you go, I am off also, and we are for ever separated." Susannah turned pale. The old man, who had just had a violent quarrel with Abraham, said; "Pack away, the sooner you be off the better! I wish to see who is master of us two! Susanna will get a husband every day ten times better than you."—But Susanna began to cry. At this moment a servant of the Count Von Siebenthal entered with a box which he delivered in the name of his master. It contained, said he, some

trifles for the attire of Miss Schatzmann. It was a precious veil, there were also beautiful rolls of large ribands, a rich coral string for the neck, two rings of beautiful diamonds of the first water. Susanna looked sideways at that magnificence, which her father pulled out of the box, and the diamonds glittered through her tears in multifarious colours, with still greater lustre. She was wavering between love and vanity.

"And you do not go!" said Abraham.

"And I shall go!" said Susanna with a proud resolution; "You are not worthy the tears which I shed for you; I see I threw away my affection on an ungrateful wretch. Now I perceive clearly that since you grudge me even so much honor and pleasure, you have never loved me."

"Be it so," said Abraham: "you will break a faithful heart." He threw the ring which he had received from her, at her feet and went away, never to return.

Susannah sobbed aloud and wanted to call him back; but her father comforted her. The Evening came and she dressed for the Ball. The toilette dissipated her mind and she soon forgot her run-away lover. A carriage stopped before the house Von Siebenthal came to fetch her. They rolled away. "Oh Susanna!" said he in the carriage: "how infinitely handsome you are. You are a Goddess. For such dress, not for your usual simple attire you were born!"

The feast was brilliant. Von Siebenthal and Susanna appeared in black. Both by their splendour drew the attention of all present on them. For they even exceeded the magnificence of the Viscount Wyttenbach and the young Baroness von Freudenreich, moving through the various coloured rows of masks.

"The black man is certainly the Count!" said the Viscount to his bride and partner; "Why that fool endeavours to hide his face by a mask is more than I can conceive; surely he cannot shorten his bamboo figure, by which he overtops every man by a whole head. To make himself known, this knight of the sad figure does not require to wear his own livery, black on black, like an undertaker. But I am curious who his partner may be. Indeed a charming figure and she dances most gracefully."

"I bet," said the Baroness, "it is some common thing from town. It is visible by her stiff, uneasy gait."

"The Ball lasted until late at night before they sat down to a sumptuous meal at which of course the masks were laid aside. At the sight of so many strange and beautiful faces, an agreeable surprise was excited. It seemed that the Viscount could not satisfy his eyes in beholding the Count's fair partner. He came to sit near her and the Count took his seat at the side of the Baroness. The two gentlemen seemed to change their parts; as many flattering things which amounted almost to adulation

which the Viscount addressed to his joyful neighbour, the count said to the bride. This conversation they even continued after the supper was removed.

"Upon my honour," said the Viscount to Von Siebenthal, "I purloin your partner even at the risk of becoming your foe."

"The revenge is in my hands my dear Viscount," said Von Siebenthal. "I purloin your amiable Baroness."

"The Viscount fired by his new passion and the old wine, replied, thoughtlessly enough, without perceiving the Baroness close to him, who could well hear what he said. "A dozen of my Baroness for a single such Venus!"

"Viscount," said the Count in a stern tone, "take care of what you say. However amiable my partner may be, the first prize of beauty always belongs to the queen of the feast, your bride."

"A queen by name only!—I am for the real power!" exclaimed the Viscount. The Count in vain endeavoured to give him hints and signs to moderate himself on account of the presence of the Baroness; he at last spoke more resolutely, and commanded the Viscount not to give offence to any further offensive language. The Baroness went away in a great passion. They then came to higher words. The Count endeavoured in vain to come to a friendly understanding. The Viscount enflamed by love, wine and anger, behaved still more indecorously. The guests gathered round them. The Count to guard against a greater uproar remained silent. But when the Viscount said, "Count, I never thought, that such a worried rake as yourself, could have the strength to feel jealousy; for impotent jealousy only speaks through you!"—then Von Siebenthal could not contain himself any longer. "Viscount!" he exclaimed, "Rake! Who dares to say so?"

"Your own pale face!" replied the Viscount laughing scornfully.

"If you are not a coward Viscount," said the Count "you'll give me to-morrow morning satisfaction for your folly. One of us must quit this house. You are a fool."

The Baron Von Freudenreich met his daughter in tears in a side room and acquainted her of the shameful behaviour of the Viscount. He looked for him, and found him in time to hear the last words of the Count. Every one present was incensed at the Viscount's conduct.

The Baron enraged seized the hand of the Viscount and led him aside, "you have openly affronted my daughter, you despicable wretch; did we deserve this from you? you must give me satisfaction *this very moment and not by to-morrow.*" So saying they both left the Ball room. Whilst here the couples renewed their dance, to reinstate the broken harmony. The Baron

with the Viscount entered a solitary well illuminated side room. The Count followed them at their heels. He brought two swords of which he offered one to the Viscount, whilst addressing the Baron ; " Permit me Baron, to revenge the honor of the divine Baroness and my own on this worthless man !" In a rage the Viscount said. " Well then you milk coloured face, draw ! With that he drew his sword, flung away his scabbard, and attacked the Count. The Count defended himself with *sang froid*. The duel had scarcely lasted three minutes, when the small sword of the Viscount was flung from his grasp with a mighty force, so that it flew in a large side mirror which split in a thousand pieces.

" Pitiful wretch " ! exclaimed the Count : " Your life is in my power. I don't wish to defile myself with your contemptible blood. Away from this atmosphere and return not again." So saying he gave a cut over his back with the flat side of his sword, and threw him out of the door with the strength of a giant.

The same night Viscount Von Wyttenbach left the castle with all his retinue.

However deeply offended, by the Viscount's indecorous behaviour, the young Baroness conceived herself, it gave her full satisfaction to see her honor redeemed by the drawing of swords. True she never bore the Viscount any affection, but now she hated him cordially. She now found in the Count something strangely interesting, although she disliked his countenance before. There is no occasion to wonder at this sudden change. It is well known, that love makes his victims blind.

When she was told by her father of all that had taken place, she looked for the Count with a seeming anxiety which indeed was only assumed. She well knew things had terminated without bloodshed on either side.

" But my dear Count," said she " What did you do ? You are I hope not wounded ? For God sake how you have frightened me !"

" My gracious lady and if I were wounded for your sake how proud I should feel. Don't be alarmed, such a fop as the Viscount does not easily give me a wound. But should you feel some pity for me, there is room enough for it ; for I am indeed wounded, in a dangerous place—in this heart—and by you too. But for that you have no pity !"

" Trifler ! Till now none ever perceived on you such a wound." " I remained " he replied " silent and suffered, it flattered my vanity to be one of the many sacrifices of your charms. I was silent, I was happy to revenge you at the risk of my own life. I shall be silent, and be happy to die for you."

"Be silent!" said the Baroness smiling, and rewarded his flattery with a soft pressure of her hand "conduct me again to the Ball room.

They danced, both became more confidential, for that heavy confession the heaviest to all sufferers, was uttered and not rejected. When by way of jest, she called him her knight and champion, he in the manner of knights asked for his love reward. True the young Baroness refused it though it only consisted of a kiss on her glowing cheeks; but the conquest was not less dear to her.

Susanna was still more intoxicated with joy, she was an object of general admiration. So many fine things of her beauty were never told her, which she heard here from so many young noblemen. When the count reconducted her, in the morning, to her father's house and he invited her for the next ball, her extreme joy was redoubled. "Oh Susanna," he sighed. "You passed this evening so agreeably to yourself; don't you wish for such joyful moments both morning and evening? It only depends on you. As countess Von Siebenthal your whole life will be a Ball day."

She was silent. He stole a kiss from her, pressing her to his bosom, she trembled, remained silent, and suffered the second.

The count did not fail to inquire after the health of both his dancing partners and to continue his court to each, to both he made splendid presents and he inspired both maidens with vanity and love. The fathers, the tailor as well as the Baron were dazzled in nearly the same manner. The tailor thought soon to be rich enough to give up his trade, and the Baron was loud in his praises, of the most flattering kind, in favor of the count who indeed had advanced him considerable sums in times of great pecuniary embarrassments.

Von Siebenthal had no difficulty in gaining his end; he demanded Susanna's hand, and that too of the Baron's daughter, they both gave their consent, which was confirmed by their parents.

This insatiable seducer played exactly the same game in the house of Mr. Baumgartner the first musician of the town; by his artifices he succeeded in separating his daughter from her betrothed lover, and in placing himself in his stead. The betrothment with all three was formally concluded on the same day.

On the betrothment-day the Baron gave a grand dinner, ball and supper. The convulsions of nature on that day were dreadful; storm, rain and snow, were accompanied by vivid lightning, thunder and hailstones. The tiles rattled from the roofs, the largest trees broke or were plucked up from their roots, but nothing of this was perceived in the Ball room where the evening was spent in the enjoyment of love, wine and merriment.

The young Baroness adorned and dressed out in royal magnificence by the prodigal presents of her betrothed, danced

with extravagant joy and was delighted with the envious admiration of the other noble ladies, of the surrounding neighbourhood who could not but acknowledge her splendour. She made them feel that as the bride of the richest count of Germany she could no longer look upon them as her equals.

Before the Ball was ended, she was too weary to stay longer and she retired early in the morning to her sleeping room. The Count as if intoxicated with love followed her unperceived. When the count returned he found all ready for departure; the carriages one by one in rapid succession drove to and from the gate.

Early on the following day a most horrid rumour ran through the town, that the daughter of the musician Baumgartner was found dead in her bed with her neck twisted. All thronged to that unfortunate house. Doctors, Surgeons and Police Officers hurried thither, and the most pitiful cries were heard. Now the circumstance (in Advent too) which had happened a hundred years ago in Herbeshiem occurred to many. The tradition of the Dead Guest revived. Terror seized upon all.

Master Schatzmann heard of it too. He thought of Susanna with a cold shudder. But when he reflected on the Dead Guest, and according to the tradition on the tall big man with the pale face in the black dress and when he found this to be the accurate description of the Count, his hair stood an end. But yet he never gave entire credit to a tale that no reasonable man could believe. He reproached himself for his doubts, and went up to his chest to take a wine glass full of the kirshenwasser which he had received from the Count, as a cordial for his faint heart.

To his astonishment the bottle had vanished; his wonder was yet more strangely excited when looking in a different box, one thing and other and all were wanting which either he or his daughter had received from the liberality of the Count. He shook his head with horror.

His heart foreboded evil things. Alone and silent he crept into Susanna's sleeping room, that in the most dreadful case he might have no witness, and that he might not become the talk of the town. He softly opened the door. He went to the bed of the daughter, but yet he could not summon sufficient courage to open his eyes. And when at last he gave a glance there—it grew dark before his eyes—there she laid dead; her beautiful face twisted to her back. Struck as if by lightning he stood motionless. In his confusion he laid hold of the pale head of the deceased, and laid it in its natural position; without knowing what he did he hastened to the doctor and announced to him the sudden death of his child. The doctor looked on the beautiful corpse and shook his head, her head was again twisted to the back. Master Schatzmann did not wish the truth to be divulged, intreated him to say that a severe fever occasioned by the

violent storm, or the hot weather, or any thing else had killed her. The poor tailor in his grief began to howl so loud that the whole neighbourhood was alarmed.

Nothing but the misfortune of those two poor girls was heard of when a new report of the instant death of the only daughter of the Baron Von Frendenreich was promulgated. Yet the doctors who returned to town from the Baron's house, asserted that the lady had been alive this morning; an apoplexy in consequence of a cold caught at the Ball the previous night was more than sufficient to destroy her tender life: but who believed it? Every one was convinced that the young Baroness had shared the same untoward fate as the other two, and that the Baron had for honor's sake spared no money to buy the secret.

Indeed the house of the Baron, from a place of extravagant mirth was changed into a house of mourning; the unfortunate father was inconsolable. Had it been possible to aggravate his grief it would have been the discovery that all his bills of exchange, together with all his gold, necklaces, rings, jewels, &c. which the Count Von Siebenthal, had either given to the father or daughter, had disappeared with the life of the Baroness. Nay the Count himself, who was sought in all places had become invisible in the most unaccountable way. His apartments were as clean and empty as if he had never dwelt therein. His baggage, servants, horses, carriages, and all that belonged to him were gone.

Thus on one and the same day, the three unfortunate brides were conveyed to their last homes. The coffins and the mourners arrived at the same time on the burial ground before the town. The parson read the funeral service for all three; when one of the mourners wrapped up in a black mantle somewhat before the service was concluded turned sideways; scarcely at the distance of a few paces, he was seen in a changed shape, in an old and singular fashion, snow white, with a white feather in his hat; three large red spots were visible upon his person, and drops of blood were distinctly seen to drip down over his white clothes. He went toward the flaring-place, and was no longer seen. Whilst a cold shudder seized all who looked after that terrifying appearance, the bearers of the coffins were yet more dismayed in lifting them to their graves. For they found them as light as if they were empty. In their terror they hurled the empty boxes on the ground. A hurricane with rain and snow passed over the land. All fled in fear and terror towards the town. A sharp cold wind blew with fury after them.

A few days after this, the Baron Von Frendenreich left his palace in the most melancholy weather, whither he never returned. The gardens became a wilderness. The castle remained uninhabited, till heaven knows how! it became a prey to the flames,

MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS.

Watteville here concluded his narration. This second part though it did not produce the same terrific effect, yet it did not fail to leave a deep impression on the assembly; for they conversed the whole evening of it, and not a few with great seriousness about the possibility of such an apparition. But no one ridiculed it so much as Mr. Guyot. His wit and mockery were however lost; for he was well known as a freethinker, and they knew too that the former old parson had distinctly aimed at him, when in his sermons he spoke of Deists, Atheists, Socinians, &c.

The powerful interest excited by Watteville's narration was very clear by the rapidity with which it circulated throughout the town and of course it was dressed up with multifarious additions. At another time it would not have attracted the attention of an evening winter party. But now when the hundred years visit of the DEAD GUEST was quite the topic of the day, it excited the curiosity of the most unbelieving and most indifferent men.

Watteville was obliged to leave Herbesheim for some time on regimental affairs. He would gladly have remained not only on account of the bad weather, but on account of Amelia and of himself; for only now when danger came on his love, did it grow to a violent passion. He did not doubt of the fidelity of her heart, nor that she would consent to the merchant-like calculated marriage plan; but his thoughts were tormented by a hundred thousand possibilities. And if they had not tormented him, yet the separation from his secretly betrothed bride, whose entire being, in the glowing of his passion, had become deified, was intolerable. But the order was strict and a military obedience was exacted.

"Amelia" said he to her, the evening before his departure, "Amelia never, never did I leave Herbesheim with such a heavy heart. And though it be but for a few weeks yet I feel as if it were for ever."

Amelia was terrified by his words. She took his hand and said: "Are you perhaps anxious about Mr. Huber that he might arrive during your absence? Or are you fearful of my firmness? Fear nothing, I entreat you; fear nothing, don't mind me, but yourself; take care of your health, of your life, for this is unwholesome weather. I do confess to you, never was I so faint hearted at our separation as now. I don't know why, but I tremble lest you may never return."

They both continued to communicate their mutual apprehensions and anxieties, and what they did not dare to do before, they took their mutual adieu with tears and kisses. Both in their extreme grief considered it their last farewell.

At night the Captain departed. The following morning Mrs. Guyot seeing the eyes of her daughter red from shedding tears inquired of her, how she was ; she then came to know how dearly she loved and was beloved by Watteville ; she concluded her consolations thus : " It could not well be otherwise. You could not help it. He is worthy of you though he does not possess what your father wants. I shall discover to your father how matters stand between you."

" For heaven's sake not yet."

" Yes Amelia, now. Had it been earlier it would have been better. I must tell it to him for I am his wife. As such I will not and dare not keep a secret from him ; never keep a secret from your future husband. The very first secret, man and wife hold from each other, even in the happiest matrimony, carries ruin to their mutual confidence ; from time to time we may act wrong but, sincerity is the best remedy and prevents misunderstandings." Thus she spoke and left her, to join Mr. Guyot at breakfast.

" What is the matter with the girl ? what does she want ?"

" Confidence for you and me out of too great love for her parents."

" That won't do, Mamma, you have again something in the back ground. Yesterday she had a headache, to-day no confidence, and to-morrow—"

" She is afraid to give you pain."

" Nonsense."

" She is afraid that you will force Von Huber upon her, even if she should not wish to have him."

" She has not yet seen him."

" She would rather not see him at all. Her heart has already decided. She and Watteville are attached to each other. You might have perceived that long ago."

" Stop !" said Mr. Guyot and set down the coffee cup ; he reflected for a moment and again he lifted it up and said : " What more ?"

" What more ! That you should be careful, and not hasten with the betrothment if you don't wish to cause some misfortune. It is possible that Amelia may find Von Huber very agreeable, if she be certain that he will not be forced on her. It is possible that the Captain may be removed to another garrison, and that separation may produce more effect than force."

" True, I will write to his general. He must send him to another garrison. By all the powers ! Amelia does not surely wish to become a captain's wife ? I'll write by the first post day. These are sad times."

Mr. Guyot in his fashion stormed a little, but at the end he saw that Mrs. Guyot was in the right. When Amelia came up

to him he said: "you are a reasonable girl and you should not throw yourself away like a goose. You may love each other as much as you please, only don't think of marriage. Make yourself acquainted with Von Huber, should he not suit you, away with him, I force you not: do you in your turn not force me."

Thus the peace of the family was restored by the prudent conduct of Mrs. Guyot.

THE SURPRIZE.

"But only see Mamma" said Amelia "how the wind blows! how black the heavens are! only observe the rain, snow and hailstones!"

Mrs. G. smiled, for she had an idea which she did not know at first, whether she ought to communicate. At last she said: "Amelia do you know? To-day is the first Advent day, when the reign of the Dead Guest is to begin. The black prince as it should seem always announces himself by a violent storm."

"I am quite sure Mamma, this storm throws the inhabitants of Herbesheim in great terror!"

At this moment Mr. Guyot in a great hurry entered the room with a loud but yet somewhat singular laughter; it was not clear whether it was natural or forced.

"Foolish things and no end!" cried Mr. G. "go into the kitchen Mamma, and set the house maids in order, else they will throw the meat into the soup and the soup into the sauce."

"What can the matter be," asked the astonished Mrs. Guyot.

"How! you know nothing? The whole town says that the Dead Guest is arrived. Two laborers of the Fabric enter my room from the street out of breath and as wet as poodledogs, to relate what they heard in ten different places. I don't wish to hear of that diabolical nonsense. I pass near the kitchen the maids are all in alarm. I thrust my head in, to see what was the matter, when those foolish things, at the sight of my black wig, cry a loud and run about taking me to be the Dead Guest. Are you all mad? cried I? Oh! exclaimed Ann "I will not deny it, Mr. Guyot, I am abominably frightened. My knees are in a tremor. And I need not be ashamed that I gave my word to the chimney sweeper Muller. But now as it happens so, I wish I had not seen Muller in all my born days." Thus cried Ann, and as she was going to wipe her tears she lets the pan with the eggs fall from her hand. Grittle behind the hearth weeps in her apron. The old one eyed Gattung, with her sixty years, is quite confounded and cuts her finger with the kitchen knife when wiping it."

"Did I not say so" said Amelia laughing.

"Put order in the kitchen Mamma!" continued Mr. Guyot: "else the effect of this will be that we must starve this blessed Sunday."

Amelia jumped out of the room with laughter, saying. "It shall not be so bad as all that."

"These are" said Mr. G. "the fine fruits of superstition. All are full of superstition from the beggar to the first Minister, schoolboys and parsons, midwives and professors all inveigh against information, say that it brings insubordination, irreligion, revolution. They will scarcely lay out a kreutzer for the improvement of schools, but millions for the building of churches chapels and private houses; the mouths of reasonable people are kept shut by force, but if a man praises nonsense and servitude he is rewarded with titles and situations."

"Papa" said Mrs. Guyot with a smile "the affair is not deserving of such violent animadversion."

"Good heavens you yourself are attacked with superstitious belief! Do you take superstition under protection? When I die I will leave ten thousand gilders for the salary of a man who is to teach nothing else but common sense. He who can suffer such mad ideas of ghosts and apparitions must wish the whole world to be a mad house."

"But Papa, my dear Papa, whither do you wander in your zeal?"

"Cursed be all superstition! but I see you are too deeply rooted in that cursed doctrine. Go on so and you'll be just as the English wish you to be; the more stupid a nation is, with greater facility they can ruin them. You will not improve, till a second Bonaparte comes with an iron rod to beat sense into you."

Whilst Mr. Guyot continued in full zeal to thunder away in this manner his Book keeper entered the room.

"It is correct Mr. Guyot."

"What is correct?"

"He is arrived. He lodges at the black cross."

"Who lodges at the black cross?"

"The Dead Guest."

"What folly! You a reasonable man! must you too believe all the old women tell you?"

"My eyes are not old women! I stepped out of curiosity into the black cross; Mr. Stuber the notary, was my companion. We found him sitting in the large room."

"Absurd!"

"I knew him immediately. The inn-keeper appears to know him too"

"Stuff!"

"The guard-master at the door of the town, recognized him on the spot, and gave information of it to the Police."

"The guard-master is a superstitious fool; he ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Very well; but if it be not the Dead Guest, it must be his twin-brother. A pale face, from head to foot, in black. A figure of about four or five ells. A three-folded golden chain over the breast. On all his fingers, sparkling diamond rings. Beautiful equipages! A numerous train of servants."

Mr. Guyot stared for a long time at the book-keeper, with a look which betrayed utter astonishment; at last he broke into a loud laugh.

"Will then the devil have his sport with us that that fellow must just arrive on the first day of Advent."

"And just at the time when the people came from the Church, and ran over the street, when wind and weather stormed with the greatest violence."

"But what may be the name of the stranger?"

"I don't know, but this man calls himself just as he likes. Sometimes he is Von Buren, at other times Count Von Siebenthal. It is also singular that he took his residence at the black cross, as if he had been attracted by that name."

Mr. G. remained a long time silent and in thought. At last he said, "Chance, nothing but chance. Only don't think of the Dead Guest. But a most singular accident it is. Just on Advent Sunday, during the most abominable weather, tall, black, pale, the rings, his equipages, &c. &c."

"I should not believe a single word, if you were not a reasonable man book-keeper. But don't take it in bad part; you heard the tale of the Dead Guest, you saw a stranger dressed in black; suddenly the devil plays one of his pranks with your imagination, and adds what is wanting to turn your brains."

THE APPARITION.

The Dead Guest was the only topic of conversation. All were anxious to hear more of him, and to obtain more accurate information of the stranger at the evening party at the Burgomaster's. Mrs. Burgomaster kept an uninterrupted day and night Chronicle of Herbesheim. The ladies assembled early. Mr. Guyot promised to go in the dusk of the evening. He had to settle some business with his people which he used to do on the afternoons of Sunday.

He was just on the point of dispatching the last of his people, and setting out to join the evening party, when he was startled by a piercing female shriek.

Mr. Guyot and his journeyman were violently alarmed. There was a deep silence.

"Go and see Peter what this can be," said Mr. G. to his labourer. He was absent but a short time and then returned, with a wild look, and could scarcely give utterance to a few

words, with a tremulous, and almost inaudibly slow voice. Some one said he, at length, desires to speak to you."

"Let him come in," said Mr. G. angrily. Peter opened the door, and a stranger walked slowly in. It was a thin, tall man, dressed in black, with a handsome but pale face. His black neckcloth increased his paleness, which was indeed death-like. His elegant dress, and his rich ornaments, and diamond rings sparkling from his finger, with the dignity of his manners, made it evident that he was a man of high rank and fashion.

Mr. G. stared at the stranger; he saw the Dead Guest before his eyes! he collected himself as well as he could and said to his labourer, "Peter you remain here! I have to tell you something afterwards."

"I feel happy Mr. G. to make your acquaintance!" said the stranger slowly, and in a low voice: "I should have waited on you this morning, had I not been greatly in want of repose from my journey, and fearful to intrude on your family immediately after my arrival."

"You do me honor, Sir!" replied Mr. G. with some hesitation. But an involuntary shudder seized him. He could not trust his eyes. He drew a chair for the stranger, but secretly wished him a hundred miles off.

The stranger bowed slowly, took his seat and said: "You don't know me; but without doubt you guess who I am?"

Mr. G. felt as if his hair under his wig stood an end. He shook his head, with anxiety and politeness, and said with a forced smile: "I have not the honor to recognize you."

"I am Huber, the son of your old friend!" said the Dead Guest, with a hollow voice, and with a cold smile that froze the old man's heart.

"You have no letter from my old friend?" asked Mr. G. The stranger unfolded a beautiful letter portfolio, and handed a bit. It only contained a few lines of recommendation. The handwriting was indeed something similar to that of the old Banker; but still, there was something strange about it.

Mr. G. read the letter a long time, and read it over again, only to gain time, and to reflect. As an enlightened man, in spite of his involuntary terror, he did not wish to believe that the renowned *Dead Guest* was before him; but as little could he or would he convince himself, that the son of his friend should so exactly resemble, in figure and shape, the ill-famed apparition. Here was no probability of a trick of a bewildered brain, nor of chance. He jumped from his seat, begged pardon, that he was obliged to look for his spectacles, as his eyes were somewhat dim, and went away only to have an opportunity to collect himself. When Mr. G. went into the side room, Peter immediately seized the lock of the door. The Dead Guest slowly turned him-

self toward him, when Peter, with a jump, trembling in all his limbs, flew out of the room, and he did not venture back till he heard Mr. G. returning from the side room.

Mr. G. indeed had considered in haste, and in haste he took a desperate resolution. Still uncertain what kind of guest he had before him, he could not hand over his poor Amelia to a doubtful being. Not without violent heart-beating he approached him, and said in a doleful voice. "Hear me, my dearest Von Huber, I have the highest opinion of you. However, strange things, very strange indeed, have happened here which I could not foresee. I would that you had only done us the honor to come earlier. There has been a love affair between my daughter, and the Commandant of the town. Betrothment and so on. I only knew this a few days ago. The Captain was my ward. What could I do. Nolens volens I was obliged to consent, I had proposed to write to-morrow to your father to acquaint him with all those contradictory events, and to request him not to give you any trouble. I am very sorry for it. What will my old friend think of me?"

Further Mr. Gayot could not speak, excessive horror made his voice give way. The guest seated opposite to him, against every expectation had not only listened to him coolly and quietly, but his look at first gloomy, cleared up at the words, "love affair," "betrothment," as if he was particularly desirous to get a girl whose hand and heart was given away to another man. But it did not escape Mr. G.'s observation, that the pale face, as if it had betrayed itself, endeavoured to compose itself again to its former sternness as if displeased with itself.

"Give yourself no concern about it!" said Von Huber, "neither for my father's sake nor my own."

Mr. G. thought to himself, "I understand you but too well!" But now he endeavoured to redouble his efforts to keep away for ever from Amelia, that well known, terrible seducer.

"I ought not to let you lodge at the inn, and should request of you to make my house your own. But the circumstance of the affair between my daughter and the Commandant—you may conceive—a second bridegroom in the absence of another, and then you understand, people of such a small town say more than they know. Besides my daughter.....!"

"May I beg, no excuses! I am not ill served at the hotel. I understand you. If you will only allow me to wait on Miss Guyot."

"But you.——"

"For to have gone to Herbesheim, and not to have seen the bride that was destined for me, it would never do."

"Very true, but you.——"

"I envy the Commandant from all that I have heard of the beauty and the amiability of your daughter."

"You are very kind."

"It would have been the greatest honor to me to have become a member of your excellent family. My father never mentioned you, but with the highest respect."

"Your humble servant."

"May I beg to be introduced to your daughter?"

"I am very sorry, very sorry indeed. But for this evening she is in a large party, and where it is a law not to introduce a stranger under any pretext whatever. Therefore.——"

"Indeed I don't care much about this evening, I still feel fatigued, nor do I wish to see her in a large assembly where one is always more or less constrained, I should prefer seeing her in domestic society."

"Mr. Guyot made a mute bow."

"I should still more like, and you will be kind enough to give me leave to see Miss Guyot confidentially, I have many things which I wish to communicate to her privately."

Mr. G. felt terrified. He thought to himself: "There we have it—that fellow marches in a straight line toward his end!" He cleared his throat.

The stranger was now silent, and waited to hear what Mr. G. was about to say, but he kept silent, and continued. "I trust that my communications to Miss G. will give her consolation on several points, for which she will not withhold from me her esteem, which under present circumstances is far from indifferent to me."

Mr. G. endeavoured to put in many *buts* and *ifs*, to prevent that confidential tête à tête. In his anxiety he spoke much, and from politeness confusedly. The Dead Guest understood him not at all, or seemed not to wish to understand him, and he became more and more importunate. Mr. G.'s situation became still more painful, he already saw his beautiful and dear child embraced by this apparition, and her face twisted to her back.

Under this conversation which lasted a long while, it grew dark, and as the guest made no motion to go. Mr. G. suddenly started up and said, that unavoidable affairs obliged him to be rude enough to quit him. Thus he forced his leave. The guest in somewhat an ill humour departed, asking permission to renew his visit.

Mr. G. hurried toward the Burgomaster's house where the evening party was assembled; he was unusually taciturn. They spoke of nothing else but the Dead Guest. They asserted that he carried a large heavy box, filled with gold; that already they knew all the brides in town, that he was a very agreeable man, but that some smell of the grave could be perceived. What

ever was said here, did for the most part only too well coincide with what Mr. G. had remarked in him in the assumed shape of the rich banker.

As soon as Mr. G. had arrived home again with his wife and daughter, he related the visit from the Dead Guest and that he hoped to have done with him. The ladies were at first greatly astonished or rather frightened; but when they heard the name of the proposed bridegroom, they could not help smiling.

When they heard that the father had declared Watteville to be the betrothed bridegroom, Amelia fell round his neck and said, "Oh Papa, sweet Papa, do keep your word."

"By heavens!" said the old man, "I shall certainly keep my word."

The story appeared to the Ladies somewhat incredible, but they were rather inclined to believe that from his own fancy he had made some additions, or that chance had made a singular joke, than to doubt the personality of Von Huber. This stubbornness of the mother and daughter in not believing his assertions, rendered Mr. Guyot still more anxious.

"Just so it was to come! just so!" exclaimed Mr. G. angrily and faint hearted. "He has you already both in his clutches, he has already stunned you. I am not credulous indeed, nor am I superstitious but what actually happened to me, has happened. It is a devilish trick which might drive me mad. Reason cannot conceive it. But there may be many things which to reason are incomprehensible. I shall lock you up in the cellar, that you may have no communications with that infernal Ghost."

"Dearest Papa! May the Dead Guest be Von Huber or not, I swear to you not to love him and never to forget Watteville. But in return give me your word as a father, that you will not separate me from Watteville, be it the Dead Guest or Von Huber that sues for my hand, and then you need not lock me up."

"Truly I would rather give you to the poorest beggar in the street who is at least a living being!—than to a Ghost!"

GOOD AND BAD CONSEQUENCES.

Amelia had the most charming dreams, but Mr. Guyot passed a sleepless disturbed night. That pale figure, whose white face appeared more terrific from his black hair and beard was visible to him even with closed eyes. Amelia had the most grateful sentiments towards that ghost-like stranger who had so suddenly converted her father, and brought her nearer to her dear Watteville.

The following morning as soon as Mr. G. had taken his breakfast with his family, he went to the burgomaster. It was the

result of his reflections during the preceding night, and requested of him to adopt against the unknown stranger such police proceedings as might effectually compel him to leave the town. He now related frankly what had happened yesterday in his house before he joined his evening party, and that his wife and daughter were already benumbed in their senses; that they looked upon the Dead Guest as the real son of the Banker Huber, though it is reasonable to suppose, young Huber in his part as bridegroom, would not have chosen the exterior shape of that known Guest, and that he could not possibly have designed to play this trick out of frolick.

The burgomaster shook his head at so delicate an affair. He did not know what to say; but he assured him he would make the strictest enquiries, for the whole town was in anxiety about this disagreeable apparition.

When Mr. G. after some hours returned home, (having also consulted the police lieutenant and some other friends) he by chance looked through a glass window of his house, and beheld the horrible guest, as it appeared to him, in a tender conversation with Amelia. The girl smiled on him very amicably, and did not appear to say any thing against it when he took up her hand, kissed and pressed it to his lips. Mr. G. could not believe his own eyes. All the surrounding objects seemed to tremble, or rather he trembled himself. At first he wanted to enter abruptly and drive that insatiable seducer from the house; then he considered the evil consequences which such a step might have for Amelia and himself. He thought too of the duel betwixt the Count Von Siebenthal and the Viscount Von Wyttenbach only a hundred years ago. He ran as pale as death into his wife's apartment, who was terrified by his look.

When she heard the cause of his condition, she endeavoured to console him; assured him that the supposed ghost was really the expected bridegroom, an amiable modest man, with whom Amelia and herself had a long conversation.

"I believe Mamma, to your eye this man is very modest. But go and see, how far he has brought it with Amelia. They kiss each other."

"That's impossible, Papa!"

"Here, here, accuse these my eyes of falsehood. He has her in his clutches, she is lost! Why are they alone—your brains are bewildered already, else you would not have left them alone."

"Dear Papa, he asked permission to explain himself to her alone. How is it possible that you, an enlightened man ridiculing whatever smells of superstition, should let your mind be turned, and suddenly become the most bigotted of all men?"

"Superstitious, bigotted! no, call it prudent, careful, against this diabolical delusion! Be it, whatever it may, we must arm ourselves against being cheated. The girl is too dear to me. I order her for once, and for ever to cut all intercourse with that soi disant Von Huber."

"But what will his father say?"

"Oh, the old man will say nothing. And how should he? And in the name of God! let him say whatever he likes. Go, I intreat you, and send away that cursed seducer!"

Mrs. Guyot then went up to him, laid her hand in a friendly manner on his shoulder, and spoke softly in an intreating tone; "My dear husband, consider what you are doing in your idle fear! Because he has a pale face and a black coat, a stranger is not therefore a ghost. But if you order it, persist in it, and if it serves your peace of mind, I shall obey you. Yet consider, Amelia and I have invited him already to dinner."

"It is enough to strike a man with apoplexy!" cried Mr. Guyot. "To dinner! It will drive me mad! He must possess the magic art and has enchanted you like the rattle-snake does the small birds, who must fly into his jaw nolens volens. Off off! I will have nothing to do with him!"

At this moment Amelia in a cheerful humor came in. "Where is Von Huber," asked Mrs. G.

"For a moment only he went to his lodging. Truly he is a worthy excellent man!"

"There you hear it!" cried Mr. G. "In a quarter of an hour she knows that he is a worthy and excellent man. You love Watteville! Oh if Watteville were here? But I will fear no more; countermand your invitation. Tell him a lie, an honest shift, that I was suddenly seized with sickness, that we are extremely sorry, and that we cannot receive him to-day."

Amelia was frightened by the violence of her father. "Hear me papa, you shall hear what he has told me. He certainly is an excellent man, and you will——"

"Stop! I will hear nothing, I have already heard too much. Let me have my own will. Call it singularity, call it by whatever name you like; only hear me. Should Von Huber resemble the Dead Guest, or the Dead Guest Von Huber it is all the same devil. If you can bring your good, excellent Von Devil to leave Herbesheim to-day and for ever, I give you my word of honor, that you may stick to and marry Watteville, even should the real son of my old friend arrive. I promise to write immediately to his father, to relate to him all and to cancel all previous engagement as soon as I know that Satan is off. Here is my hand, now tell me can you persuade him to pack, and be off?"

"Well said Amelia overjoyed; it shall succeed, only allow me to speak to him alone."

"There we have it again! No, no, off with him! Write to him a few lines. Off, off with him!"

No contradiction was of avail. But the price offered to Amelia was too precious. She wrote to the young Banker, she was sorry to be obliged to countermand the invitation to dinner on account of the sudden illness of her father, she even requested him, if he had any esteem or friendship for her to leave town as soon as possible, for all her future fortune and the peace of the house depended altogether on his immediate removal; she promised to write to him in a few days and to explain to him in a letter the singular causes, of her singular request.

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD GUEST.

A servant took Amelia's letter to the inn and inquired for Von Huber; the fellow went with pleasure, for he was in hopes of seeing that famous and much dreaded Dead Guest. But when he opened the door of the apartment of the Banker, he suddenly shuddered when he saw that tall, black and pale gentleman coming upon him, and heard him say in a hollow voice: "What do you want?" The figure seemed to him much taller, blacker and paler than he had heard it was.

"May your excellency pardon me," said the terrified man, with a face in which mortal anxiety was expressed? "I did not wish to interrupt your excellency, I only asked for the Banker Von Huber."

"I am the person."

"Yourself"? said the poor man trembling all over, and he felt as if his soles were nailed to the ground: "For God's sake, let me go!"

"I do not hold you. Who has sent you?"

"Miss Guyot."

"Wherefore?"

"That letter, you are...." With this unconcluded sentence, because the banker advanced a step towards him, he threw the letter at his feet, and ran off as if he was pursued!

Mr. Huber read Amelia's letter, frowned darkly and walked violently up and down the room.

Meanwhile he heard another knock at the door. The inn-keeper entered timorously, respectfully holding his cap in his hands and with a great many bows—"You come in due time Mr. Host; is dinner ready?" said the black Gentleman—"The dinner here is not good enough for your Excellency."

"Quite so; the things are well cooked."

"At the Golden Angel they could cook much better."

"I will hear nothing of the Angel, I remain here at the Black Cross ; you are the most modest innkeeper I ever met with in my life. Let the table be covered."

The innkeeper rubbed his cap in his hands and appeared embarrassed how to express what seemed to lie on his heart.

The black Gentleman did not at first observe it, as absorbed in thought, he hastily walked up and down the room. But whenever he approached too near the innkeeper, mine host carefully retired for four full steps.

"Do you want any thing else ?" enquired the Dead Guest.

"Alas, yes ! your excellency will be so good as not to take it amiss."

"By no means, out with what you have to say!" said the Dead Guest stretching out his arm to tap the innkeeper on the shoulder in a friendly manner. But he understood the motion differently and fancied the Dead Guest wished to make an experiment of his head and nape. Believing himself to be in this fearful danger, with the quickness of lightning he bent himself to the ground, made half a revolution with his body, took a desperate leap which carried him through the door and to the bottom of the stairs.

Von Huber, however annoyed he must have felt at such conduct, could not help laughing. He had observed this singular shyness from all the inmates of the house ; it struck him particularly since the morning.

Again a knock at his door ; it was only half and slowly opened ; a martial head with a large Roman nose and large mustaches appeared with the question, "Am I right ? Von Huber ?"

"Certainly."

A big man in the Police livery now came into the room. "The burgomaster requests your Excellency to repair for a moment to him."

"To repair to him ? that sounds somewhat in the Police style. Where does he live ?"

"At the end of the street, Your Excellency, in the large corner house with the balcony. I shall have the honor to conduct you thither."

"That may not be necessary my good friend. I like neither military nor police escorts."

"The burgomaster has ordered it so."

"Well, and you obey unconditionally. Haven't you been in the army ?"

"In the seventh regiment of Hussars."

"In which battle did you get that fine scar on your forehead ?"

"In a battle with my comrades for a pretty girl !"

"Then your wife won't like to see that scar, unless she be herself that pretty girl?"

"I have no wife."

"No matter, your sweet heart then. For whoever can show such an honorable mark for the fair sex, cannot remain insensible. But is it not so?"

The man with the mustaches frowned his brow. It amused the querist to read in the looks of this hero a kind of confirmation of his supposition; he therefore continued; "You must not lose courage, your scar ought to be a proof to your sweet heart, what you would hazard for a single look of her large black eyes, nay for a lock of her brown hair."

The police sergeant changed colour and widely opened his eyes. "Your Excellency" he stammered, "knows the girl already?"

"Why not? it is the prettiest girl in the whole town!" replied Von Huber smiling; whom it rejoiced to come at the love affairs of the police man by his bold and accidental questions. The policeman was not at all pleased; particularly with the roguish smile of that pale death-like face that appeared to have something ghastly and malicious about it.

"Your Excellency knows her already? How is that possible? only yesterday you came here? I have scarcely quitted the gate of the Milliner, and when I was not there another had to look out for me. In a visible way you could not have entered the house."

"My good friend, houses are sometimes provided with back doors."

The man with the mustaches was thunderstruck, since he indeed recollected a back door. Von Huber by the embarrassment of the police man was made more wanton, and he endeavoured to make him jealous; he said to him, "so she has become somewhat cold to your carresses? I thought so! the scar! the scar!"

"No my lord, not the scar. But, don't get angry, yourself!"

"What, I? Don't you dream of that, you are of course not jealous. Let us enter into an alliance together, you understand...."

"I understand you but too well. No alliance. God beware!"

"You introduce me to your handsome bride, and I will reconcile her to your scar."

The police sergeant made a motion as if seized with a cold shudder. Then he invited Von Huber in a dry official tone to follow him to the Burgomaster.

"I shall go, but I positively decline your company through the town."

"My order is so,"

"And I order the contrary. Therefore go and inform the Burgomaster. If you make the least hesitation, you may consider your bride as lost to you."

"My lord for heaven sake!" said the honest sergeant in great anxiety! "I obey; but I entreat your Excellency for God's sake, let the poor girl live!"

"I hope you don't suppose that I will eat the girl out of pure love?"

"Your word of honor my Lord, that you will spare the poor child; then I shall do for you whatever you may be pleased to order, should it even be my own death."

"Quiet yourself. I give you my word of honor, I will let the poor child live. But tell me how is it that in your fear, you suppose such a thing possible? who in this world can have the wish to kill a handsome girl?"

"You have given me your word of honor my Lord. I am content. How can it interest you to twist the neck of my poor Betty? I go and leave you alone, even fiends must keep their word."

With this the poor fellow left the room; behind him he heard the Dead Guest laugh aloud. It seemed to him to be a laugh of satanic scorn, and it came cutting through his ears and heart. He ran to the Burgomaster and related to his astonishment the whole story.

THE EXAMINATION.

Von Huber took his stick and hat and went off. Still he smiled at the terror of the police sergeant whose jealousy he thought to have excited.

As he crossed the street, he soon saw that he was in a small town in which every stranger is gazed at as if he were a wild beast, and where in greeting and returning the compliment a dozen hats are worn out in a year. Wherever he came people most politely receded on his approach with a low bow. Even from a great distance all uncovered their heads. More respect could not have been shown to royalty. To the right and left of the houses, as he passed by, he saw a number of curious heads looking after him through the glass windows.

But the worst happened to him when he came near the house with the balcony pointed out to him. Not far from that house in a square there is a fountain, the water of which, through seven pipes, gushed out into a large stone-bason. Round the fountain there stood a number of servant maids with buckets and tubs, busily chattering. Some scraped fish, others were washing salad, some placed their empty pails under the pipes, others carried the bucket already filled, on their heads. Von Huber, to be more certain of the house of the Burgomaster, stepped aside, to inquire of one of those busy maidens, who in the vivacity of their conversa-

tion did not at first perceive him. But as he opened his mouth, and all turned their eyes on him—help good Lord! what a loud outcry! what a confusion! all rebounded with terror. The one lets her fish drop into the water bason, the other casts her washed salad on the ground, the water tub which the third carried on her head, tumbled down, and the water dripped on the sixth as if she had been in a bath. All ran away pale and breathless, except an old woman whose feet would not obey her any longer; she edged backward against the high fountain pillar as if she wished to push it down; crossed herself with her withered hand as fast as she could move it; opened her pale lips and stared at him with eyes full of despair, whilst her thinly scattered hair stood an end.

Displeased with these foolish people Von Huber proceeded directly to the house with the balcony. He was at the right place. The Burgomaster a short and well bred man, received him very politely and conducted him to a private apartment.

“You have sent for me” said Von Huber “and indeed I come with pleasure, for I hope to clear up many riddles through you. Only yesterday I arrived in your town, and I confess, have experienced here more adventures than on all my former travels.”

“I believe it!” said the Burgomaster smiling: I heard of it and of something quite incredible. You are Von Huber son of the banker in the capital: you have connection with the house of Guyot and Co of this town; you came since Miss Guyot.....”

“All correct. Shall I legitimate myself to you Mr. Burgomaster?” Von Huber with these words took some papers out of his portfolio. The Burgomaster did not decline to glance over them, but he immediately returned them with very obliging expressions of his satisfaction.

“Having told all Mr. Burgomaster that you could wish to be informed of. I now must request of you some explanation of the various singularities of your town. Herbesheim is yet not so far separated from the remaining world, that sometimes a stranger may happen to pass it; by what chance am I....”

“I know what you are going to say Sir. You shall know all, if you will only have the goodness to answer a few questions.

“I am at your command.”

“Meanwhile, add my questions to the singularities of Herbesheim that struck you, afterward you will explain to yourself all without much difficulty. Do you dress yourself usually in black?”

“I am in mourning for one of my aunts.”

“Were you never before in Herbesheim?”

“Never.”

"Have you formed acquaintances with persons of this town, or did you by chance ever hear or read of the traditions of Herbesheim."

"Personally I knew no body of Herbesheim and I knew nothing else of the town than that there was that house of Guyot and Co. and that Miss Guyot was an extremely amiable girl which I can confirm with pleasure."

"Did you never hear or read of the story of the Dead Guest?"

"The history of Herbesheim, especially the old one is, I must confess it to my shame, Mr. Burgomaster, as strange to me as the topography of the kingdom of Siam, and the Burmese empire."—

"Well Sir, your adventures in this town, which I rather guess than know, originate from our old traditions."

"What can I have to do with your old stories? such strange things never happened to me before."

The Burgomaster smiled and said: "You are taken here for the Dead Guest, a ghost in our popular traditions and however ridiculous the idea of our burghers may be, I cannot—do not take my sincerity amiss—I cannot conceal my surprise to see that you have a most striking resemblance to the hero of that horrid tale. Supposing you do not wish to continue an old joke, that you are totally ignorant of the story of the Dead Guest, I will relate it to you just as I heard it from several persons."

Von Huber testified the most anxious curiosity. The Burgomaster said "It may be the first time that a nursery story was ever related officially" and smiling, he told, from beginning to the end, the story of the Dead Guest.

"Now I can explain the whole mystery!" said Von Huber laughing, when the story was ended: "The fair sex of Herbesheim are anxious about their necks."

"Joking aside Sir, I am yet in the dark about several things. I believe in the most singular cases of chance; but here the Goddess of fate plays her jokes so strikingly that I cannot but entertain some suspicion of you."

"How, Mr Burgomaster, you certainly are not of opinion, that I am the hero of your fable who visits Herbesheim every hundredth year to butcher poor virgins?"

"Certainly not! But accidentally you might have heard something of that ghost-story and have taken advantage of your figure to enjoy the terror of the fair in Herbesheim. Why did you just chose the first Advent sunday for your arrival, and just the moment of the most violent storm and rain, if you knew nothing of that fable."

"You are right Mr. Burgomaster, this accident is striking, I am surprised myself. However I can assure you that I so

rarely look in the Almanac that I only now have the pleasure to learn that I arrived on the first Advent. I also am ready to testify on oath that I did not give any orders for rain or storm to heaven ; on the contrary I should have liked to countermand the rain and the storm, as that weather very ill suits my present state of health."

"But how Sir, can you explain the grasp which you made wantonly this morning toward the nape of your landlord?"

Von Huber, laughed aloud : "Hah, hah ! therefore did that poor devil make a bow to the ground and give such a violent leap ; the landlord thought my innocent motion of the hand suspicious. I merely wanted to tap him on the shoulder."

"One thing more, Sir, do you know Miss Cow?"

"Many Cows Mr. Burgomaster, but no Miss that bears that handsome name."

"Yet it is positively asserted, that you not only know her, but that you know even the back door of her house."

"The back door of Miss Cow's house ! Oh now I understand. At the back door I recognise the goddess of the Police sergeant. Now the words and entreaties of that man are clear to me."

"I have something else to say Sir ; you will observe that I am informed of all your doings and of every step, and that the Police of Herbesheim, may be put on a par with that of Paris even in the time of Fouché and Savary. Till now I may explain every thing in the course of nature without having any suspicion that you endeavoured to bring terror on our pious Burghers. If you had indeed no wish to act the part of the Dead Guest, how comes it to pass that in a very few minutes only, you became so intimate with Miss Guyot."

"Then you are informed of that too?" said Von Huber, perplexed, and a blush came over his pale face which could not escape the keen eye of the Burgomaster.

"Again I beg your pardon for my curiosity" added the Burgomaster : "You know officers of the Police and medical men have the privilege to put indiscreet questions. It is known to you that the Dead Guest has especially the reputation to charm the ladies with the quickness of lightning ; an art which I think you to possess without considering you dead."

• Von Huber, was silent for a moment, and then said :

"Mr. Burgomaster I begin to be more afraid of you than all your hon'ble citizens are of my black coat. The walls must tattle to you ; for this morning only I was with the amiable Miss Guyot, and that for a very short time, if you allude to that when you talk of *intimacy*. But permit me to remain silent on that point. Either your walls have told you our whole conversation, and you know it, or if you do not, it does not become me to withdraw the veil ; unless Miss Guyot, herself will do it of her own accord."

The Burgomaster, signified with a gentle nod of the head that he did not wish to press any more on him, and he changed the conversation : " Do you intend to remain here a long time ? "

" To-morrow I shall depart. My affairs here are done and truly it is not very pleasant to be obliged to act the part of a ghost. "

The announcement of the sudden departure was welcome news to the Burgomaster. He did not say a word more about it and conversed with him on different subjects. At last he took his leave.

The Burgomaster found the case very singular. For to hold as the meeting of fortuitous circumstances that which stamped the pretended Von Huber the Dead Guest seemed unreasonable. There was too much in all this for the natural order of things. On the other hand, there was no reason to doubt the veracity of the stranger. The Burgomaster considered the case in all its bearings, whilst he looked on the street through the open window. He stepped to that window, as soon as his visitor had left the room, to observe in what manner the people in the street would look on the Dead Guest. But to his great astonishment he did not quit the house. He waited a long time ; a quarter of an hour had passed, but he waited in vain. He rung the bell. The servant came and was questioned by the Burgomaster. The servant swore to have stood a whole hour before the house gate, but that he had not seen the Gentleman in the black dress go out of the house.

The servant was dismissed : " That looks very ghost like ! " hummed the Burgomaster, and again he took his place by the window, after some time the servant entered uncalled and informed him, that the chambermaid was as pale as death, and crying, and told him, that the Dead Guest was with his daughter alone in a room. That the young lady was as familiar with that horrid figure, as an old acquaintance ; that the Dead Guest had given the lady a pair of beautiful bracelets, and spoken to her in a whisper. That the chambermaid had seen all, but understood nothing ; and that after a short time the lady had sent the chambermaid out of the room.

The Burgomaster laughed at first ; but every inclination to laugh vanished at the mention of bracelets, of the whisper, and the chambermaid being sent away. In a rough manner he told the servant to be gone : " Bracelets ? whispers with my Sophy ? How comes he to know her ? Good God ! How does my child become so soon acquainted with him ? Verily this man acts the part of the Dead Guest, too naturally ? " This he spoke to himself. Sometimes he ran to the door of his apartment opened it and was going to surprise the stranger with his daughter, but he thought of the duel between the Count Von Siebenthal and the Viscount ; he was also ashamed of his superstitious belief ; he therefore put a bridle on his anxiety. But another quarter of an

hour passed. At last he found the time too long. He wildly ran into his daughter's apartment. She was alone admiring the beautiful bracelets.

"What have you got there Sophy?" he asked in a tremendous voice. Sophia answered frankly: "A present from Von Huber for Amelia Guyot. He is going away to-morrow morning, and he has his reasons for not entering Mr. Guyot's house any more. It is incomprehensible to me; a Bridegroom, and so soon off!"

"And how do you know him, or he you?"

"This morning when I was with Amelia and her mother, we became acquainted. He certainly terrified me when I saw him for the first time. The actual Dead Guest! But he is a very good man. As he went away from you, I just left my apartment; we recognised each other, and he immediately produced those presents."

Sophy related this so artlessly that all things appeared clear to the Burgomaster, except some few trivial matters. But on the following morning the Police Serjeant was sent to see if the stranger agreeably to his word, had actually left Hebersheim.

NEW TERROR.

The Burgomaster, a man free from superstition and bigotry, had yet passed a sleepless night. But at night by the light of the moon or stars, not only the exterior figure of the world but also the interior world of mankind has a different aspect. One is more religious; more inclined to the belief of unusual and wondrous adventures, and miracles, whatever prudent reason may oppose to it. When the Burgomaster recalled to his mind the whole history of the Dead Guest and compared the time and hour when Von Huber made his appearance, his figure, his pale face, his entire black dress, the profuse and costly presents, his sudden acquaintance and intimacy with three brides—for Sophia too was on the point of being betrothed, and the story of Miss Cow, he became suspicious.—Miss Cow had indeed confessed to the Police serjeant that the Dead Guest had been in her shop, that he had made some purchases; but that he had only appeared once; but she would know nothing of that notorious backdoor. The Burgomaster had heard this from the Police Serjeant, and it gave him anxious thoughts.

He could not look upon that tall pale Gentleman as a mere wag, he was too serious for that. Again his presents were too precious for a mere joke on the fair sex of Hebersheim. Mr. Guyot always a mortal enemy of all superstitious belief, had related and complained to him of so many singular accidents, that reflection on all these things, was enough to give him a sleepless night.

Before the Police Sergeant had reached the Black Cross, the people related to him in the street that the Dead Guest with his servants had suddenly disappeared. He had taken neither the Mail Coach nor horses, and that he did not go out through any of the gates of the town. The deposition of the innkeeper only confirmed what he had already heard, and he conducted the Police sergeant to the apartments of the pretended Von Huber. There all things were in the best order, as if no one had dwelt there, the beds untouched, the chairs were all in their places, no trunk, no garment, not the smallest piece of cloth or paper; nothing was left, not a vestige! Only on the table there was the full pay of his reckoning in hard Thalers, but which he prudently did not touch.

"Let any one who wishes take away this devil's money!" said the innkeeper. "It is well known there comes no blessing with it. If I were to put it in my chest, it would turn out stinking filth. I will make a present of it to the poor in the hospital; as for me, I will not have it!" He handed the Thalers to the Police Sergeant to give them to the Director of the Hospital.

The report of the sudden disappearance of the Dead Guest was soon known throughout the town of Herbesheim. Mr. and Mrs. Guyot were informed of it by their maid servant, as soon as they got up from bed; immediately after they heard it from the book-keepers and from the treasurer.

"Wonderful!" said Mr. Guyot to his wife: "Well what do you say to that? I am glad he is off. You must surely believe that all this did not happen in the natural course of things? I tell you, that never was the son of my old and esteemed friend Huber. Who would have believed such mad stories? if he had not been witness to their truth with his own eyes!"

Mrs. Guyot made some modest objections to the declaration of the informants. The book keeper was sent to the Black Cross, but he soon returned with a full confirmation of the details. Mrs. G. smiled at those reports; but did not know what to say against them.

All at once Mr. Guyot started up with a truly death-like terror and he turned so pale that Mrs. Guyot became alarmed. For a long time he could not speak.

At last he exclaimed in a slow and tremulous voice, "Mother, if the one thing is true the other may be so also."

"What then for God sake!"

"Do you think Amelia is asleep? We were for a long time awake in bed, did you hear in the side room even the least tone, or a step, or the moving of a chair?"

"Speak out Papa, surely you will not suppose that the child is dead!"

"But if the one thing be true the other may be true also.—Oh it would be horrible! Mamma I have not the courage to look after her."

"How so? Do you fear she . . ."

"Oh! God!"

With these words the old man tortured with the wildest forebodings, started for the sleeping room of Amelia. Mrs. Guyot with anxiety went after him. He put his trembling hand on the lock of the door; slowly he opened it; scarcely did he venture to breathe, and as no voice met his ear, for a long time he could not find the heart to glance towards her bed. "Look then Mamma, I dare not!" said he with a mortal anxiety.

"She sleeps quite gently!" said Mrs. G. He turned his eyes in that direction. There laid Amelia harmless, the handsome face was still in the right place. "But is she alive?" asked Mr. G. and distrustful, he conceived the rising and falling of her breast as a deception of the eyes. Only when he touched her warm hand he found himself better, and still better when she opened her eyes, with a friendly, yet wondrous smile. Mamma, explained the purport of the visit, and related the secret disappearance of Von Huber and the consequent new terror of the Papa. But now they were all pleased and happy.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

They were still more happy and contented, when on the same evening, at supper, a carriage rattled through the paved streets and stopped before the house.

Amelia attentive, jumped up and exclaimed: "It is Watteville!" It was he. All hastened to meet him. Father Guyot pressed him in his arms much more heartily than he had ever done before. A thousand things were to be asked. Father Guyot at last made an end to those troublesome inquiries and placed the Captain next to him at table. The frolicksome joyous conversation began anew: "And only consider my dearest Captain," said Mr. Guyot: "we have had that devilish fellow, the Dead Guest in Herbesheim, in our own house. What do you say to that? Yes, what will you say, within twenty-four hours he fished out his three brides; in the first place that girl there Amelia, then the Burgomaster's Sophy, and the third Miss Cow at the milliner's. We were as frightened in this town as little children."

But the Captain laughed heartily and said: "I have dined with him to-day in Murten at the Crown; you mean surely Von Huber, and no one else?"

Mr. G. smiled in an angry mood: "Von Huber here or Von Huber there! Be he whatever he will, it was the Dead Guest in body, and that fellow shall not get my Amelia, even

if he were Von Huber. For I should not like to have a cold shudder seize me whenever I saw my son in law. Had he actually been the son of my friend, so much the worse for him, for he really looked exactly like the Dead Guest as you have described him."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Captain, "as to that he is very innocent. When on that evening I was obliged to relate the story of the Dead Guest, and as I was to describe his figure, in my haste I found no original but just that Von Huber. His appearance struck me, as he was particularly disagreeable to me. When I was ordered to Herbesheim with my Company, and as I was only a few miles distant from the Capital, on my march I made the short journey thither. Dining at the King of England with a great number of guests the unusual height of Von Huber struck me; he overtopped every mortal man by a whole head, and his black hair, his pale face, his black dress, which he wore in mourning for a rich aunt, all made an impression that could never be obliterated. I was informed that he was the son of the famous banker. He was a very indifferent personage to me at that time, yet I could not forget his figure; and I could still less forget him when he ceased to be an indifferent individual, since he—you will permit me to express it—since he sued for Amelia."

"Donner!" exclaimed Mr. Guyot laughing, and he rubbed and slapped his forehead: "A fancy trick from a rival! Nothing else! That this entered no one's brain, not even into that of the prudent Burgomaster and his Parisian Police! That I could not guess, as soon as I saw Von Huber, that that roguish Commandant might have known him and formed the Dead Guest of him? We old men remain, in spite of our grey hair, simple children—But Mr. Commandant you are the cause of these fatal stories! young Huber must be terribly angry; he will curse and swear at the manner in which he was treated here; he will call me an old idiot."

"Not so Papa!" said Watteville. He is on the contrary well pleased with the turn that things have taken. He desired me to give his compliments to you, Mrs. G. and Miss Amelia. To day he and I became really good friends. For we naturally disclosed to one another the secrets of our hearts. At first, he and I were alone at supper; we were very cold. He was gloomy and silent though he did not know me. I was gloomy and silent, just because I knew him, and thought him to be on his bridal journey to Herbesheim. Out of politeness we exchanged a few words and by chance I was informed that he came from Herbesheim and that he was on his journey home. A pardonable curiosity burned in me to hear more. Of course I could not deny that I was

well acquainted with the town, and that I was the Commandant of it. Hah! hah! said he laughing, and shook hands with me over the table. "My lucky rival, to whom I must be under obligation for his own good fortune!" Thus acquaintance was made, and frankness was the order of the day. Only think Papa, he declared that Miss Amelia herself told him that she was promised to me, and that she begged of him not to render her and me unhappy; on which he seized her hand pressed it to his lips and said that he had been obliged to obey his father's will unconditionally, to visit Herbersheim, and court Amelia; but that he had hoped to change affairs to his purpose for that he loved, and secretly had made promise to the daughter of a Professor at the university, who besides her mental treasures had few earthly ones, which to an old Banker was horror and abomination. The old Gentleman under the penalty of disinheritance, had interdicted him every thought of the professor's daughter, that the young gentleman had sworn fidelity to her, and that he was firmly resolved to marry her after his father's death."

"How?" said Mr. G. "You Amelia knew all that from him?" "Children, children, I really think you have played the fool with your father! How is it you did not tell me a word, not a syllable?"

Amelia kissed her father's hand and said, "Remember, my dear Papa, before you reproach your Amelia, that when I returned so gaily from Von Huber and went up to you to speak in his praise, and as I was going to relate every particular, how angry you grew; you know that you forbade me to speak, and that in recompense for my silent obedience you promised to substitute Watteville for Von Huber?"

"So? Have I done so?—Nothing in the world outdoes obedience, when one wishes to connect it with a little advantage!"

"Was I not obliged to obey? Did you not threaten to lock up dear Mamma and me in the cellar, if * * *"

"Very well you prating gossip! Don't recall my sins."

"But since you chattered with young Huber could not you have told him, what a singular prejudice existed against him? He surely would have been able to convince us that he was not the Dead Guest described by his roguish rival. At least you might have given a more reasonable cause for our foolish behavior!"

"That I did. As soon as he knew that there was no spare place in my heart, he was happy and related to me the story of his own heart; soon after Mamma and I invited him to dinner, but....."

"Be silent! Captain go on with your tale! He then was not in a rage with us? What must he think of the honorable citi-

zens of Herbesheim ! Did he not think that he had entered a madhouse, when he arrived in our town ?”

“Something similar he thought indeed. The behaviour of all the inhabitants must have struck him, for he related to me the most laughable and whimsical scenes occasioned by the general fear. But when the story of the Dead Guest was related to him, and he was informed that they did him the honor to take him for the Winter King, who was reported to have been so violently sent from this world two hundred years ago, he rejoiced at the terror which he innocently caused by his person.”

“And of which you, with your wicked story, are solely the cause” said Amelia—Who before that evening party knew how the Dead Guest looked ? The following day the children in the street related it to one another.

“Well, I was honest enough to confess my whole sin to Von Huber, as soon as I had recovered the use of my voice after a full quarter of an hour’s laughing. That a foolish fancy just painted his figure to my imagination, was pardonable. But at that moment I should sooner have thought of the falling of the heavens than such a consequence of my story. Von Huber laughed with me till his sides were sore. He related to me that in order to terrify the more enlightened inhabitants of Herbesheim and to strengthen them in their pious belief, he played a number of tricks in the fashion of the Dead Guest. To plague a police sergeant, he visited his bride the milliner ; to put his landlord in greater fear and astonishment, he asserted that he wished to go to bed early to set out early on the next day, but that as soon as it was dark he had his baggage removed by his own servants ; that by the moonlight he had taken a walk to the next village and that from thence only he had taken horses to the next station after a night’s rest there. Never have two men in this world so well imitated the unextinguishable laughter of the Gods of Homer about the activity of Vulcan, than we both with our convulsive laughter at the activity of the inhabitants of Herbesheim with the Dead Guest. Over a bottle of Champaign, w~~o~~ banished rivalry, made ourselves excellent friends and parted later than we first expected when we sat down to dinner.”

Father Guyot though he smiled as Watteville went on with his tale yet seemed to be at war with himself. Chagrin and gladness were singularly mingled on his countenance. Amelia coaxed him with greater tenderness for she well saw what passed within him and smoothed the contractions of his brow with kisses as often as they made their appearance.

“Children,” said Mr. Guyot ; “you now see what a train of folly and nonsense, superstition carries along with it, and even

I, old philosopher as I am, was obliged to wear the foolscap and to swim with the stream. I wish I could be ashamed but yet I find it ridiculous to be ashamed of our poor human nature. Then it is certain let no one think himself too high, firm or strong on his feet, but let him look well that he may not stumble. Mamma order a bowl of Punch that we may get cheerful with our Captain. I say we, that is to say my own little self : for you mamma, you have carried the palm of victory and require no such auxiliary to become cheerful, and as for you Amelia, it is clear that you are not very sorrowful near Watteville through whose means you have gained the object you most desired."

Mamma took the Captain's hand with a kindly and truly motherly smile and said ; " Did you well understand the last words of Papa?"

" No," said Watteville blushing and embarrassed, but I wish almost to be indiscreet enough to understand them."

" Mamma let the punch be served ; let all this idle talk be put aside. We must banish with punch that infernal story from our memory. Even the strongest and most courageous man who has heard with coolness a hundred bullets whistle about his ears has his run-away moments ; the circumnavigator who can trace his way through the wide ocean, may lose his path on a promenade ; the most pious and purest bride of heaven has once a moment like other daughters of Eve."

" Do begin to speak of something else Papa," said Amelia coaxingly.

" Bye the by, Captain" continued Mr. Guyot, " do you know that I have sold you ? For the prize of getting rid of the Dead Guest I have sold you to Amelia. Don't take it amiss that without your consent, I have disposed of you in your absence. As your former tutor I have assumed that right. Here Amelia take him. Be happy together !"

Both sprung from their seats and embraced him.

" Captain !" said he, " put away your uniform !"

" It shall be off !" said the Captain with tears of joy in his eyes.

" And quit the military Service" continued Guyot. For Amelia is to live with her parents, and I have given you away to her, not her to you."

" To-morrow I shall resign my commission !"

" Children" said father Guyot, " my joy is too oppressive ; I can hardly speak,—give me a glass of Punch—may you be happy and wise, and never tremble at such superstitious fears as those which made a fool of an old Philosopher, and turned the son of a rich banker into a DEAD GUEST."

V. R.

SONNETS.

BY CAPTAIN R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

1.

It was a Turret high, that once had been
 Most fair within that gardened space,—and frowned,
 Beetling in grandeur o'er the deep moat's bound.
 With spires and bastions towering o'er the scene:
 The steps that led to it were broken now,
 And threatened danger to th' intruder there;
 And, as I sought the battlement's steep brow,
 My steps shrunk, trembling, back; yet did I dare
 To climb the dark ascent. The hall I gained.—
 Its walls yet bright with specks of blue and gold;
 And, browsing in that desolate spot, behold!
 A solitary Goat!—how it attained
 That perilous place I know not; but it fed
 Quietly there,—starting to hear my tread.

2.

Sweet, peaceful creature!—love'st thou too to trace
 The haunts where grandeur once held revels loud?
 Where devastation boldly now takes place
 Of wassail-triumph,—and the sensual crowd
 Of pleasure's vassals?—here no longer sounds
 The laugh of frivolous mirth; nor meets the ear
 The tone of soft kitar, or lute; for here
 Afrits and spectres walk their dismal rounds!
 Oh man! dost thou not shudder thus to see
 Thy noblest works o'erthrown?—and dost thou dare
 To lift in pride thy recreant head, and bear
 The mien of one all potent?—yonder tree
 Hath flourished there for ages,—they are dust
 Who planted it!—be humble, holy, just!

ON POETRY

AND THE SUPPOSED UNSOCIABILITY OF POETS.

THERE is perhaps no man so little understood, or so ill appreciated in general society, as the Poet. He is unintelligible and even repulsive, to all but those who think and feel like himself, or who have an especial partiality for the same pursuits. While his heart overflows with social love, he is apparently the most unsocial of human beings. He is silent and reserved in crowds, and has an appearance of pride and coldness that are the very reverse of his natural disposition. One of the most essential attributes of the true poet is a profound sympathy with human nature, and with the whole external world. It is the very depth and intensity of his emotions that compels him "to wreak himself on expression," and appeal to the hearts of his fellow creatures. He is only indifferent to indifferent things: and when his companions are struck with his seeming apathy, his soul is perhaps tossed upon a sea of thought, and his whole being is involved in a tempest of wild and incommunicable dreams. At such a time it could no more be expected that he should be interested by ordinary affairs, than that a man should occupy his mind with the frivolities of fashion in a storm on the Atlantic ocean, when the elements appear to threaten the dissolution of a world.

It may be said that no human being could be continually in a state like this, and that the poet must have intervals of calm, when he should be alive to the influences of things around him. That the poet is always in such a condition of extraordinary excitement, we by no means maintain, but his thoughts and emotions, come and go, "when no one knoweth," and therefore is it unreasonable in the man of the world, to accuse the poet of a deficiency of social feeling, when he is unable to draw the curtain of the poet's heart. The man of genius is as incapable as other men of regulating his moods of mind, and he is sometimes melancholy in the gayest scenes, and cheerful in the dreariest. It is often the strong contrast of the state of the external world, with that of his inner soul, that makes him shrink into himself, and appear unsocial. But it is the world, and not the poet that is cold, and unsympathetic. If the poet were always sure that his emotions would be understood and shared in by his companions, he would not hesitate to reveal his soul, but the expression of deep feelings whether of joy or sorrow, to those whose minds are of a sterner temperament, and cannot vibrate with the same delicacy of tone,

appears absurd and unaccountable. His enthusiasm is received with a cold smile, and his grief with wonder and contemptuous pity. To add bitterness to these mortifications he is often considered either affected or insane. Even sensible and well meaning people are sometimes utterly unable to appreciate a man of genius. How frequently are the acquaintances of celebrated men, astounded at their success ! The annals of Literary Biography teem with the mistaken notions of the early friends and companions of the master-spirits of mankind. We rarely indeed meet with the near relative, or intimate associate of a poet, who does not speak of him with irreverence, or what is still more intolerable an air of indulgent patronage. Is it then to be wondered at if with "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," and unparticipated feelings, he shrouds himself in a world of his own, and is solitary in the midst of crowds ? From being thus checked in society, and unappreciated in personal intercourse, the poet devotes himself more exclusively to the cultivation of his divine art, by which he is enabled as it were in his deep retirement, to touch the general pulse with the magic of his appeal. But his love of mankind is still conspicuous. He clings to the sympathies of humanity, and rejoices in stirring with kindred feelings the breasts of thousands to whom he is personally unknown.

He feeds his inmost spirit with the manna of praise, and lives upon the public breath. When he fails to give delight, he is incapable of receiving it. His existence is inseparably connected with that of his fellow creatures, and a mental isolation would be worse than death. His pride and happiness consist in the power he possesses over the human heart. How glorious is the poet who thus shrouded in personal obscurity, causes the waves of human passion to rise and fall at his command ; who warms countless multitudes with his own enthusiasm, and stamps immortality on every burning word !

It is the fashion of the day to disparage both Poetry and Poets, and the Utilitarians would persuade their disciples that to unfold the profoundest secrets of the human heart, and to thrill, refine and elevate the soul, with

" Those thoughts, that wander through eternity,"

is an idle and profitless amusement, and unworthy the attention of a man of sense. The blind, cold and grovelling spirit, of this novel doctrine is one of the signs of the times that is far from gratifying to a truly philosophical observer. It has become an inexcusable heresy to speak of the *utility* of such men as Shakespeare and Milton, who are actually degraded in the scale of writers below Jeremy Bentham and Mr. Mill ! These sages would make man a mere automaton, a mechanical machine, whose motions are regulated by unalterable rules. Every thing approaching to enthusiasm,

and intensity of sensation is regarded by the new school of philosophy as an evidence of morbid irritability, and is treated as a disease. If poets have hitherto been reserved in society how much more so, must they become in proportion to the prevalence of these opinions. When they find themselves characterized as insignificant triflers, and their art considered an ingenious jugglery, they will speedily shrink from all personal contact with the world. It is the aim of the new sect to erect an eternal barrier between Poetry and Philosophy. They speak of the first as a fable, and of the second as "the only true thing." But while the Muse is represented as a painted and frivolous coquet, Philosophy is a coarse, and sensual being, who can scarcely see a yard before her, and who must touch every thing she hears of before she is convinced of its existence. Her eyes are ever bent upon the ground, her voice is exerted in endless complaints of the extravagance of the world, and her soul is rapt in paltry calculations. She is, in fact, a selfish and narrow-minded economist. If Poetry present her with the crystals of Castalian streams, her first and last question is how much they will produce, and to what account they can be turned. She has not even the dignity of a merchant, but is a petty retail dealer in the meanest wares. This degrading and disgusting spirit has seized for a while upon the public mind, but it cannot possibly continue unless the very elements of our human nature are decomposed by the chemistry of utilitarianism. While there is beauty in the universe, and it is acknowledged to be the production of a beneficent Power, who gives us nothing that is useless, Poetry, who bathes herself in the light and loveliness of nature, will never wholly cease to enchant and refine the heart of man.

We entertain a somewhat higher opinion not only of Poetry but of Philosophy, than the Utilitarians appear to do, and presume that those divine spirits were meant to be companions and not rivals of each other.

The word *utility* is one of the rocks on which the Benthamites have been wrecked. Now it is admitted, nothing is *useful* but as it contributes more or less to the happiness of mankind. The Benthamites maintain that happiness consists in sensual enjoyments—in eating and drinking—in good clothes and comfortable houses. The poets do not deny the value of these things, in their way, but maintain that the cultivation of the heart and mind is more essential, when it is considered that we have something superior to mere animal existence. To this the Benthamites rejoin that before we can exert the mental faculties we must support life. We must live before we can think. Therefore it is of more consequence to live than to think, and therefore those articles that support life are more useful than poetry. Would not the

same style of argument prove the inutility of virtue? If the happiness of human life resembled the happiness of brutes, the Benthamites would have the best of the controversy. It may be urged that we are caricaturing the Utilitarians, and we do not mean to assert that the entire philosophy of these people is compressed into our rapid statement, but that we have given a fair representation of the case between Poetry and Utilitarianism. We see nothing objectionable in the opposition of the Benthamites to the common systems of education, by which boys are taught words instead of things, and every language but their own:—nor are we disposed to question the truth of the celebrated doctrine respecting the “greatest happiness of the greatest number.” We think the Utilitarians have argued on these points with great acuteness and sagacity, and are likely to benefit mankind by their labours. It is against their views of the effects of the Fine Arts and Poetry, and the elegancies and refinements of life, that we are desirous to make a stand, and we feel the more inclined to do so, because we find persons on all sides of us, whose talents demand our esteem, who have not escaped the contagion of the new mania, and who actually talk with indifference and contempt of those very accomplishments which have elevated their characters, and made them what they are.

If the word *Utility*, has been used with no definite meaning, that of *Poetry*, has been still more vaguely understood. Many tolerably educated people can discover no difference between the Rhymester and the Poet, and when they hear Poetry spoken of as one of the loftiest exertions of the human intellect, they are very apt to cast up their eyes in amazement. This confounding of the *mechanism* of Poetry with the *spirit*, is one of the chief causes of the little estimation, in which the “art divine” is too often held, even by persons of liberal views, and superior understanding. But, if Poetry be so mean a thing as to consist in the mere jingling of rhymes, how is that there are so few genuine Poets, and so many pretenders, and that the notion has so long prevailed, that *Poeta Nascitur, non fit*. It is generally allowed that no art or labour will make a Poet, though more industry and good sense may accomplish almost every other attainment. The fact is that genius of the highest order is essential to the true Poet, and it is on his knowledge of the human heart, and his exquisite sense of moral and external beauty, that he must depend for success in the cultivation of his art. We shall conclude our remarks, with quoting a few words on the same subject, by one of the most profound and original-minded men of the present age.—William Wordsworth.

“There are people,” says he, “who talk of Poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely

about a *taste* for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were as indifferent a thing as a taste for rope-dancing, or Frontignac or Sherry. Aristotle, hath said, that *Poetry is the most philosophical of all writing*; it is so: it's object is *truth*, not individual and local, but general and operative; not standing upon external testimony but carried alive into the heart by passion, truth which is its own testimony, which gives strength and divinity to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. *Poetry is the image of man and nature*. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent *utility*, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who has an adequate notion of the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer or a Natural Philosopher, *but as a Man!*

"The knowledge both of the Poet and the man of Science, is pleasure, but the knowledge of the one clings to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings.*** *Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of Science.***** The objects of the Poet's thoughts are every-where; though the eyes and senses of man, are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wherever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man!"

R.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN! and the red sun thro' mottled clouds,
 Like fire bark thro' blue waves, his passage cleaves;
 In yellow raiment, all the orchard shrouds,
 And gilds with glory all the saffron sheaves,
 The wind, fleet handmaid of the harvest field,
 Curling the golden tresses of the corn,
 Brings on the breaking silence of the morn
 The reapers' song—Lo! where they gaily wield
 Their gleaming sickles, brandished high in air
 Ere they begin their merry toil!—and now
 The sun, advancing from his Eastern lair,
 Chases from sorest hearts sad dreams of night—
 For darkest waters will reflect his light!

R. C. C.

ON THE ABOLITION OF SUTTEE.

"In a just Government the life of the meanest subject is held precious."—Montesquieu.

THE surest tests of civilization are the value of human life, and the treatment of women. Where life is held so cheap, that little repugnance is felt at taking it by violence; and where woman is less the companion and the friend of man than his slave—we need look no further to be convinced that civilization amongst a people exhibiting these conclusive signs must be very imperfect.

There is a certain principle of destructiveness, so to express it, that pervades no less a state of society perfectly barbarous than a state of society even considerably advanced in civilization.—In the first; it is the effect of necessity.—In the second it is a custom derived perhaps from the barbarous precedent of the first.

Thus the Cannibal has not the slightest repugnance to killing, and devouring his neighbour, whom in fact he considers as little better than so much walking '*provan*'—nor does his conscience give him the slightest whisper that he is doing wrong. He must eat his neighbour or starve. Let this Cannibal again—have plenty of fish and the flesh of sheep, goats, &c. and a few esculent roots or vegetables, and he will no longer attack his neighbour to eat him. The barbarism of necessity now at an end—next comes the barbarism of custom. Cannibals familiar with the sight of human beings slaughtered for food—have a certain yearning for the pomp and circumstance of the thing—though no longer impelled to it by hunger. Accordingly, when one tribe beats another in battle, some of the prisoners are made slaves, as a kind of festival in honour of the event; a festival rendered perhaps the more acceptable inasmuch as both tribes may happen to be some days journey from their goats or hogs, and esculent roots. Some bright genius of a chief accordingly, proposes that they should slaughter and cook a few of their prisoners. In process of time however they are weaned from anthropophagy entirely, but still a hankering for slaughter remains, and a religious character is given to what formerly was a mere *Cannibal* festival, and the prisoners are offered up, as victims on the altars of their gods, or as sacrifices to the manes of their deceased friends.

The principle of destructiveness being now associated with religion or the doctrine of the soul's immortality falsely understood, leads as it has done in many quarters of the world to frequent suicide, mutilation, and murder.

In some places, the worst effects of the principle having disappeared before the ameliorating light of gradual civilization, its traces are to be found in certain cuttings and maimings, and savage austerities and penances. At this stage of society, however, the effects of the principle are personal not relative, and the individual is contented in his gloomy and superstitious notions of the most merciful and compassionate creator of the Universe, with executing such penance or punishment upon himself alone.

Connect this destructive principle in some way, not only with the superstitions, but the self-interest, or emolument of individuals, and then the difficulty of reforming it, becomes much increased.

Even in Great Britain now so polished, history informs us, that Cannibalism once prevailed; and after its disappearance followed the human sacrifices of the Druids, a people considerably advanced in civilization, and gentle traces of whose system are still very perceptible in those parts of the country where the tide of commerce, with the manners it induces, has not swept away all the ancient land marks. Amongst the natives of Otaheite too when our navigators became first acquainted with them, human sacrifices, and child murder, were common, but both in Britain and Otaheite the detestable practices alluded to, were abolished by the pious and persevering exertions of the Christian missionaries, who inculcated a system of revelation and mercy before which the other vanished,

‘As Etna’s fires grow dim before the rising day.’

It would be in vain to enquire how the practice of Suttee first arose. The custom itself betrays in its hideous features, that it is the offspring of barbarity and superstition. It prevails we believe more in Bengal than in any other part of India, and Kali too, has more worshippers in Bengal than any where else, so far as we are aware of, and there can be little doubt we believe, that human victims were once offered up on the altars of this goddess.

Amongst our countrymen at home, and indeed in Europe generally, the Hindoos are considered as a humane, polite, and highly civilised people. We by no means deny that they generally are so, nor will it be unaccountable to a close observer of human nature, that a people extremely scrupulous about the life of an insect, or a reptile, should under certain circumstances not only be careless of human life, but absolutely claim it as a privilege, to cast their children to the sharks. Extraordinary as it may appear it may still be philosophically accounted for, how a man that would shudder at killing a calf, will, without compunction, give his assistance in having his aged mother roasted alive.

Here then we have a very revolting illustration of the operation of that principle of destructiveness to which we have referred and upon which we could expatiate at greater length, but that we scarcely deem it necessary. Here we have the terrible reaction previous to perfect civilization of the last workings of evil and oppression upon the weaker vessel, while man himself strong in his selfish decrees and immunities, sacrifices nothing whatever, no, not even his convenience. Here we see the most helpless and destitute of human beings, a widowed woman, perhaps the mother of a weak and forlorn family, called from their soft endearments, and the genial influences of nature, (never so precious as when we are to be torn from them abruptly, and forever,) to be consigned to a sudden and terrible death.

We cannot, however say, that we feel any surprise at absurdities however monstrous of which Superstition is the mother and self-interest and wordly emolument, are the sponsors! We are not astonished at any horrid or barbarous anomalies among a people where women are almost nonentities, or have no palpable weight in the moral scale.

Certainly nothing is further from our intentions than to allude in the slightest degree, disrespectfully, to the Religion of the Hindoos, or that of any other people on the face of the earth. So long as such religion does not sanction crimes incompatible with public justice, and in violation of the express law of nature as respects human life, the Government have nothing to do with it, but to tolerate it. When however, it passes the proper, the eternal bounds of justice and humanity, we would say to it in the sublime words of the sacred oracles. "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be staid."

Once more to refer to this destructive principle of human nature, we may state that it was an old custom with some of the natives of the Eastern Archipelago to waylay some of their own countrymen and Europeans, for the purpose of cutting their heads off, to be used *secundum artem* in some superstitious ceremony. When the British Government had a more extensive connexion with the Indian Archipelago than it has at present, the practice in question was found to be a dreadful evil, especially, as the heads of Europeans happened to be more in request than those of Natives. What did the British Authorities to the Eastward do under these circumstances? Did they permit this pretty system of assassination to proceed, because forsooth the Malays urged that the practice had a religious source? No, they put it down in every instance by bringing the decapitators to trial for the murder, and if found guilty, they were executed.

Formerly the Natives of Bengal had a fancy for throwing their children into the sea at Saugor point, and leaving them to be devoured by the sharks and alligators, and all on the score of religion. It is useless to argue with the ignorant and the superstitiously besotted ;—but will not the better informed even for a moment reflect, how unlikely it is, that the wanton and cruel sacrifice of life, should be acceptable to the most beneficent author of life, or that if he required it he would not have unequivocally manifested his desire, instead of leaving it to nature to outrage itself on the plea of propitiating him?

That atrocity was put down at once, by a decree of the Government, by in short, the justice and the fearlessness of the Marquess of Wellesley, and what was the result, Bigots grumbled a little at first, but the body of the people and even the Kali worshippers in Bengal not being wholly alien to the filial influence of mother nature, were soon reconciled to an order to desist from a practice that those feelings which may sleep, but are never eradicated, told them was wrong, in the utmost degree. The custom now is only a matter of history, and some of the natives hesitate not to say that such a monstrous abuse could never have existed. The very enactment of a law however, proves the crime to have existed even in the absence of more positive proof, and we trust the time is not far distant, when, the majority will doubt that there ever was such a thing as Suttee.

When Suttee was first permitted by the British ruling power it certainly was upon the express understanding that the practice was not only peremptorily enjoined in the shasters, but that the sacrifice should be perfectly voluntary, and in *no* way, either directly or indirectly enforced by other parties.

For a long time the amomaly went on without, perhaps attracting so much notice as it ought to have done. Murmurs not loud, but deep, were heard against the custom as well in India itself as in different parts of Europe. At length out of the very body of the Hindoos themselves stepped forward an enlightened, and intrepid assertor of the laws of nature and humanity. This was not however a mere well meaning, but ignorant zealot. No, the person in question was a man of extraordinary talents, and endowments, and of a benevolence equal to his intellect. He was too, a Brahmin, a learned Brahmin, and he proclaimed it to his deluded countrymen that Suttee was no where enjoined in the shasters! We are too much accustomed in the wordliness of daily *parlance* to attribute many things to chance or mere human ability. We must confess, that to us it appears, that the finger of providence was visible in a proceeding, which out of the very ranks of bigotry and superstition, called forth a powerful and enlightened advocate for the interests of truth, nature, humanity and true religion.

Add to this, that it was proved beyond doubt that in many instances the sacrifice was by no means voluntary, but that scenes of undisguised, and wanton atrocity took place; and that numbers of intelligent natives expressed their surprise that the British Government did not put the practice down, seeing that it was little better than a local abuse of which the great body of the people did not approve. Nay with an adroit stroke of sophistry, the advocates of Suttee turned round upon us, shifting the arms of barbarity from their own shoulders to those of their masters, and argued because the British magistrate came to see that the woman herself desired to burn, that it was British authority that kept up the custom of Suttee and not themselves! Here then was a practise in its mildest form, culpable in the extreme; but in its worst perfectly horrid, and forming a foul blot on the annals of British connexion with India. What a debt of gratitude then do we not all, as well as the natives themselves owe to that distinguished member of an illustrious House, that truly *English* statesman who has stretched forth his arm strong in justice, and while he bestowed a meed of measureless mercy for which thousands still unborn will yet bless his memory; cleared the British name from the stain that so long has unhappily tarnished it!

Much delusion mixed itself up for years with the Suttee question, producing a difference of opinion respecting the expediency of what all were agreed upon as to the abstract principle. Accordingly there were, and for ought we know, are Europeans, who supposed that any interference of authority with the practice would only increase an evil that it was so desirable to put an end to altogether. The fallacy of this objection is perceptible at a glance. It was as much as to say that our hands were not strong enough to put down a system of murder, a position which if it were true would prove that the British were unfit to Govern India, for if authority is not strong enough to protect the weak against the strong, even when backed by the demon of superstition, it is strong for nothing.

By the repeal of the Suttee, which formed no canon of the Hindoo religion, and which even if it had ought not to be permitted by any Government, since toleration then would become cruelty; and it is an axiom of all Governments that crime in the subject must not be permitted to go unpunished. By the abolition of this abhorred practice we say, that the toleration most wisely and properly extended by the British Government to the Hindoo religion remains perfectly untrrenched upon.

A Government may tolerate much, but to expect that it should continue to tolerate the destruction of human life under its very eyes, no matter on what pretext, is too absurd to any mind, but one besotted by prejudice, ignorance or superstition. After the

information that accumulated on the subject, and the ~~awful~~ circumstances that were distinctly developed, the only course left, and the only one worthy of a great and just power to pursue, was, since Suttee had been so abused, since it had advanced from its first less revolting position of suicide, to abolish the practice in toto.

That *all* the Hindoos will approve of the abolition is not to be expected. There are two leading reasons why *some* of them won't like it. These are, the objection of prejudice, and the objection of interest.

Montesquieu in philosophising on national characteristics, attributes to delicacy of organization, some Eastern peculiarities. 'If, he says, to that delicacy of organs which renders the Eastern nations so susceptible of every impression, you add likewise a sort of indolence of mind, naturally connected with that of the body, by means of which they grow incapable of any exertion or effort; it is easy to comprehend that when once the soul has received an impression she cannot change it. This is the reason that the laws, manners, and customs, even those which seem quite indifferent, such as their modes of dress, are the same to this very day in Eastern countries as they were a thousand years ago.*'

As to the objection of interest, it is not one of the least extraordinary features of the practice of Suttee, that it came to be regarded as a measure of domestic economy! What says the philo-suttee, is the use of a widow, especially an old one? She only incurs expence, 'come my worthy good woman, you surely cannot be so lost to the honour of your family as to survive your dearly beloved husband, even though he did occasionally give you a beating.' The poor creature thus appealed to cannot resist, and fanaticism or drugs, finish the good work, and thus a burden is got rid of! We grant that many through the sorcery of delusion, might be actuated by more exalted motives, but it will be impracticable for the stoutest advocate for the burning system to deny that it was to a certain extent felt to be economical.

A great and just principle is not to be eventually kept down by such objections, any more than the stone rolling down the mountain's side, is to be turned from its course by a few mice running against it! There are certain things that cannot be permitted to be merely conventional. One of these is the preservation of human life. The abolition measure has therefore vindicated the cause of humanity, justice, and good Government, for as our motto, irrefragably proclaims.

IN A JUST GOVERNMENT, THE LIFE OF THE MEANEST SUBJECT IS PRECIOUS.

J.

* Spirit of Laws, Book xiv. chap. v.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

LADY—though no poetic fire
 Breathe in my verse—no Muse inspire
 My soul with that resplendent lore
 That glitters in the page of MOORE—
 With WORDSWORTH's sentiment profound—
 Or BYRON's storm of thought and sound—
 Or classic CAMPBELL's patriot glow—
 Or SCOTT's free strain, whose numbers flow
 As wildly as the wandering rills
 Mid Scotia's proud romantic hills—
 The state, the tenderness, and power
 Of SOUTHEY in his happier hour—
 The gentle truth, and visions bold,
 Of him* the "*Tale of Love*" that told—
 Or SHELLEY's wilderness of dreams,
 His thunder clouds, and meteor-gleams—
 Though powers like these alone are given
 To spirits touch'd with light from heaven,
 Who seem upon this earth to wave
 Celestial wands—and thousands crave
 A spark of their immortal flame,
 To cheer them on the path of fame,
 Yet crave in vain—and mid the throng
 E'en I have dared an idle song—
 Though barren rhymes my labours raise,
 Poor shrubs on which the sun of praise
 But seldom beams,—I do not fear
 Fair LADY! thine indulgent ear;
 For promptly at thy soft command—
 And who could check his heart or hand
 At Beauty's call—I've framed a lay
 Whose sound perchance some future day
 May bid thee hail with kind regard
 The memory of thy friend and bard.

But turning to my task and theme,
 What rays of glory round me stream!
 The dazzling gems these leaves enclose—
 The various spells that Genius throws
 On every page—the flow'rets rare
 Transplanted in this bright Parterre—
 Strike dumb the faint descriptive muse,
 As sun-beams mock the painter's hues;—
 Nor need these simple verses tell
 The hand of TASTE hath chosen well.

D. L. R.

* Coleridge.

THE VICTIM.

A FRAGMENT OF AN EASTERN TALE.

* * * * The voice came through the thick darkness deep and thrilling as the note of the Abyssinian trumpet, but solemn and sweet as the call of the moollah when it floats over the sleeping city on the breath of the grey morning. "Where my star rests there is the victim; thrice must the blow be struck ere the portals of my glory yield entrance to my worshippers; be firm! be fortunate!" A noise like the far off muttering of receding thunder was heard, the darkness cleared away, the bright moon lighted up the frost fogs and the mists of the valley. Amurath stood alone in the shadow of the terrible Dewalaghiri, above him hung those awful summits of eternal snow, around him was the silence of death.

* * * * * There was stillness in the palace of the great merchant Kara Mostapha, the bridal feast was over, and nothing broke the quiet of the marble halls but the murmuring of the soft night wind amongst the branches of the jassamin and rose trees, and the splash of the numerous fountains as their silver waters glittering in the moonlight fell back like showers of pearls into their basons of jasper and agate.

Mourad the brave soldier who rescued Kara Mostapha from the Bedouins, who had made the Koords tremble before the banner of the crescent, who at the risk of his own life saved the only daughter of the great merchant, when her boat sunk in the rapid waters of the Tigris, has this day espoused her, the beautiful, the rose of Bagdad—the pearl of terrestrial loveliness. "Do you see that dim purple light like a star that seems to hover over the house of Kara Mostapha?" said a solitary passenger in the still and deserted street to a soldier of the night watch. I do, replied the soldier, and now the moon has set, it seems brighter; may the prophet avert evil omens! See it sinks into the gilt roof of the Harem, now it is gone; how fast the black clouds are gathering, the big rain drops are beginning to fall heavy and frequent, and hark to the thunder growling a far off—salaam salaam alikoom; I must reach the caravanserai ere the storm comes on. There was a scream louder than the howling of the tempest, another and another, a scream of death from the haram of the palace of the rich merchant; lamps and torches blazed and gleamed with a dusky flame in the white glare of the ceaseless lightning, and glanced upon spears and flashing scimitars and the unturbaned heads of men who had risen and grasped their arms

in wild haste. Shouts, execrations and threats of vengeance were mingled with the roar of the increasing storm, and the ceaseless cry of despairing women—the bride lay murdered on the bridal couch, where was the bridegroom ?

* * * * *

The sun was sinking in all the glory of a Persian summer evening—the hills, the woods, appeared as if viewed through a transparent dew of gold, far in the distance arose the vast peak of Demawend reflecting back from its summit of eternal snow the crimson radiance of the western sky, but with a softer hue, like that rosy light which fills the fourth heaven ; nearer were the white slender Meenars of the modest village musjeed, rising above the dark tamarind foliage which encompassed them like columns of pearl in the green caves of the ocean. The purple mist was gathering in the vallies and there was no sound to break the deep tranquillity of the hour save the long solemn call of the Mezzouin to evening devotion. Amurath gazed upon the scene before him and for a moment the visions of revenge, and the remembrance of past glory, faded from his mind, his head drooped, he covered his face with his hand and sighed deeply, the sound aroused the little Yousef, who was reclined contentedly on the flowery bank, his head resting on the knees of his friend, and his eyes fixed upon the beautiful clouds which floated around the setting sun. Alas you are unhappy ! said the affectionate child, removing Amurath's hand from his face, and gazing with kind earnestness upon the noble but wasted features of the exiled prince, you are unhappy Mourad, how shall I please you ? Dear Mourad how shall I make you happy ? shall I climb those trees over the stream for a cool pomgranate to refresh you ? shall I bring your kulleean ? shall I tell the tale poor Leila taught me ? what shall I do to make you look less sadly ?—nothing, nothing my excellent child answered Amurath, kissing his snowy forehead, it is sunset, my strength is scarce equal to the fast our faith enjoins, but the evening meal will restore me—well, cried the delighted boy, how glad, how glad I shall be, there are the beautiful grapes my uncle Mostapha has sent, and I have gathered some fresh oranges, and my mother has prepared a wheaten cake, and then my uncle you know sups with us, and, added he laughing and clapping his little hands, he has ever a flask of sheeraz wine and that shall restore you Mourad. But you forget my dear Yousef, said Amurath, in a melancholy tone, you forget in anticipating the pleasures of our feast that it is to be the last we shall partake together. Alas alas ! cried the child, why did you remind me of that, unkind Mourad ; as I rested with my head upon your knee and watched the beautiful sky, I ceased to think upon the miserable tomorrow. Oh Mourad, Mourad ! do not say that we part to meet

no more, tell me that you will come to me in Missr, I shall be a great man, my uncle says I shall—I shall have camels and horses and slaves and gold, but I will give all to you; and then I will cool your sherbet, and bring your kullian, and twine my fingers in this beautiful hair, and kiss you, as I do now—nay Mourad do not speak sadly, do not look sorrowfully upon me, but call me your own Yousef, your little brother—and bid Allah bless me as you did that night when I found you lying by the side of the swollen stream, worn out by the storm, fainting with hunger and fatigue; and warmed your cold hands and gave you beed muskh. The obdurate heart of the Prince was touched—with a trembling voice and downcast eye he called upon Allah to bless his little preserver, whilst the tears coursed down his cheeks and he pressed the innocent to his breast. But stay, cried the child, suddenly breaking away from him, I have heard Fakcer Moolhummud Moolah say that when our hearts wish for happiness, we should pray to God and his Prophet who are alone able to grant it to us—hark to the Allah Hu! it is the hour of the evening Numaz. I will pray Mourad that we may meet again, do thou pray with me and I know that Allah will give us what we ask, I know he will not refuse *you* any thing for I am sure *I* could not—with these words he turned his face to the South and prostrated himself in humble adoration before the Eternal. His prayers ascended to the seventh Heaven with the incense of the sweet flowers around him, an offering not more pure than that of his simple and loving heart—Amurath who had been much affected by the whole of the child's behaviour viewed him with humid eyes and with a fondness which he had not imagined he could have felt again towards any human being. If ever I am restored to Empire, said he internally, and his eye was brighter with the thought: that boy shall be high among the highest, but poor Yousef I will not hurt thy gentle heart even now—my prayers!—poor child! he little knows that while my head bows my heart cannot bend: but no matter I will not deny him all the gratification an empty ceremony can afford to his innocent mind. Making these reflections Amurath stepped towards his little friend with an intention of prostrating himself by his side; but he was spared this mockery of adoration. On a sudden he stopped like one frozen by the breath of the Sassir, his face became livid, large drops of agony trembled on his forehead, his features were convulsed, he stared wildly for a moment and beheld—Merciful Allah!—over the head of the kind hearted, the innocent, the gentle Yousef hovered the still solitary violet star which called for his destruction. At first the wretched Amurath desired to doubt the evidence of his senses, he struck his eyes violently with his clenched hand as if to

blind them to the fatal object, but the star remained burning dimly and silently over the devoted victim. Amurath's breath came thick, the original black drop that poisoned his heart's blood spread like fire through every vein, yet still he hesitated to execute the dreadful office he had bound himself to perform. Curses on my hesitation, muttered he convulsively—is it thus I prove myself worthy of the aid of the inflexible and mighty being who only asks this poor sacrifice in return? is it thus I prove myself worthy of empire, of revenge—have the young and the brave fallen beneath my sabre, has my dagger drank the blood of the grey-haired and the beautiful, and am I to be balked when on the very threshold of my glory by compassion for a foolish child? Curses on my woman's heart, but curses on ye, ye fiends who exact this sacrifice. Come round abhorred, despised, spirits of murder and of darkness; guide my steel, receive your victim. He advanced with a noiseless but unsteady step towards the prostrate infant, again he paused for the sweet accents of the little Yousef's childish Namaz came upon his ear like a fresh breeze upon the brow of a fainting traveller. "Spare Mourad," prayed the unsuspecting child, "Spare him Gracious Allah until I am rich and great, and can make him happy." Amurath had not lost all human feeling and affections—his heart was hard, but it was not of steel or of marble; for a moment the struggle was dreadful within him, his breast was torn and his frame was shaken by a thousand contending feelings, his good genius appeared for a single instant to triumph; Empire, revenge, all were forgotten; Amurath might still have lived to repent—slowly then was he sheathing his half drawn dagger, while a tear he endeavoured in vain to repress trembled on his cheek, his purpose was given up, and he turned to fly from the dangerous spot, when suddenly a light scornful burst of laughter floated in the air above him, like the hum of bees when there is the silence of hot noon in the still valleys of Sylhet—Amurath started, he glanced wildly and savagely around, his fierce and indignant spirit appeared to blaze in every feature of his face, his teeth were set—his eyes flashed fire, he grasped his dagger and the next moment it was buried to the very hilt in his preserver's body. No scream, no struggle announced the sensations of his innocent victim; the stroke was sure as it was sudden, the luckless Yousef fell upon his face without a groan and yielded up his holy and spotless soul to Azrael the Angel of Death.

THE ANNUALS FOR MDCCCXXX.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING—FORGET-ME-NOT—BENGAL ANNUAL.

We have been favored with the proof sheets and engravings of the *Friendship's Offering* for 1830, and as we have reason to believe that we possess the only copy of the work in this country it affords us great pleasure to be able to make liberal extracts from its pages for the amusement of our Readers. It is really surprizing to observe the rapidity with which the *Annals* are now prepared for publication. The present work must have been nearly finished in the early part of August, and Ackermann's *Forget-me-Not*, was ready perhaps a month before. We hear that the latter publication has also been received in this country, and will be exposed for sale, perhaps before the appearance of our Magazine. Should we be fortunate enough to procure a copy in sufficient time we shall give our Readers some account, with a few specimens, of its contents.

The FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING for 1830 will support, but not increase the reputation, of this pleasing and elegant publication. We believe it is still edited by Mr. Thomas Pringle, though as our copy is defective in the title page and preface, which were not printed at the time the book was sent us, we cannot be sure that we owe the selection and arrangement of the articles and engravings to his acknowledged taste and experience. Whoever may be the Editor, however, the work will reflect credit on his name. It opens with the following very pleasant prologue in which, as the talkative little Book is represented as of the feminine gender, we can excuse an air of good humoured vanity, and a slight touch of jealousy and pretension.

PROLOGUE.

(*Liber Loquitur.*)

KIND Reader—here thine ear incline :
 I am the SEVENTH of my line ;
 Before me six fair sisters passed,
 Each sweet one lovelier than the last ;
 With charms to win both ear and eye,
 They came—they conquered—and swam by.
 'Tis now my turn—and I am told—
 (For though I blush to seem so bold—
 So vainly vaunting of my beauty,
 I must, you know, perform my duty)
 I'm told that I shall far outshine
 The elder sisters of my line ;

That the first talents of the land
 Have in my ~~te~~ing had a hand ;
 That money has been freely spent
 In giving me accomplishment ;
 And nought, in short, has been awaiting
 To make me perfectly enchanting.

Nay more : my kind admirers hint
 (Though I dare say there's nothing in't)
 That even the brilliant SOUVENIR
 Will be eclipsed when I appear ;
 That the meek, prudish AMULET
 With bitter jealousy will fret ;
 That KEEPSAKE, GEM, FORGET-ME-NOT,
 And some whose names I have forgot,
 Who dress themselves in silk attire,
 For very envy will expire.

I mention this by way of jest—
 Not that I credit it the least.
 Comparisons might seem invidious—
 I just shall hint—I'm not *quite* hideous :
 We ALL, I trust, shall lovers gain,
 For men by diverse charms are ta'en ;
 Some fancy looks demure and grave,
 Such as my serious cousins have,
 OFFERING and AMULET, dear creatures ;
 Some like the more coquettish features
 Of KEEPSAKE, that court-loving dame,
 Who sets all Bond-street in a flame ;
 Some doat on pretty BIJOU ; many
 Prefer sweet SOUVENIR to any ;
 Others, again, have ne'er forgot
 Their dear first love, FORGET-ME-NOT ;
 Still, on the whole—if friends don't flatter—
 I bear the bell. But that's no matter ;
 We are a band of bright compeers—
 Why should we pull each others' cars ?
 Our competition brings much good,
 If followed in a generous mood.
 'Tis owned that our own glorious land
 Alone can boast so fair a band :
 Then, let our jealousy be shewn
 How best to keep that boast our own ;
 And teach our off-spring to inherit
 The noble RIVALSHIP OF MERIT.

Oct. 1829.

F. O.

The next article is a poem entitled "*A Cry from South Africa.*"
 by James Montgomery, the celebrated Bard of Sheffield. It con-

tains perhaps more religion and philanthropy than good poetry though even as a literary composition it is by no means discreditable to his genius.

The next article that attracts our notice is *The outline of a Life* by William Kennedy, the author of a little volume of Poetry, entitled "Fitful Fancies." There is considerable power and condensation in this story, but it is too desperately sad, and there is occasionally a visible hankering after startling effects. These faults are also observable in the Author's Poetry, which with some energy and spirit, is a little melo-dramatic, and betrays at times the "toil and trouble" of the author, and his determination to be outrageously wretched. He is capable of better things, and if he would only look on the sunny side of the moral and external world, he would be a happier man, and a more useful and agreeable writer.

We think it one of the greatest objections to our Literary Annuals that so many murky and miserable narratives are allowed to darken their pages and invest them with a character of gloom, that is utterly at variance with the nature of a Keepsake, which should rather inspire gladness and merriment, than tears and horror. If these melancholy contributions are encouraged and increase upon us, a Literary Annual, will eventually resemble Pandora's box, and be the last thing in the world that we should offer to a friend. What often renders these horrible stories, the more objectionable, is that they have no moral end in view, and gratuitously harrow up the reader's mind for no better purpose than to prove the author's power of inflicting pain.

On the whole however the prose compositions in the volume before us, though too often imbued with the melancholy, we have just reprobated, are more able and spirited than the poetical. The reverse is usually the case in the other Annuals. There are nevertheless many very beautiful verses, scattered through the work, and a few of them we must lay before our readers. The following little poem entitled "*The Song of the Forsaken Maid*" is full of simple pathos.

SONG OF THE FORSAKEN MAID.

I.

OH, weel I mind! the moon sang bricht
 Upon the wave her quivering flame;
 The birds sang love frae hove and heicht,—
 An' ane was by I daurna name.
 The fields are mute, the sangsters flown;
 The leaves hae left the silent tree;
 In haste awa the Spring has stown;
 An' my fause love's forsaken me.

II.

Forgotten is that minstrel strain,
 Sae loved an' lost; without regret
 The wave in darkness sleeps again—
 An' why maun I remember yet?
 Oh, gin that lesson I could wrest
 Frae thy deep heart, thou darksome sea!
 An' whare suld I sae saftly rest,
 Sin' my fause love's forsaken me?

Some "Lines to the Redbreast," by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, though rather too long for extract have much of the tenderness and truth of Burns. The Stanzas entitled "The Hills and Freedom," by C. Redding, the acting, though not ostensible Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, have spirit and animation.

This gentleman has lately published a volume of Martial Songs, and though it has not yet reached India, as we had formerly the pleasure of perusing it in manuscript we can testify to the energy and fervour of its contents.

The following are the Stanzas we have just alluded to, and though they are by no means equal to some of the Author's collected Songs, they exhibit his love of Freedom, and deserve the praise we have awarded them.

THE HILLS AND FREEDOM.

BY C. REDDING.

THE hills, the hills, eternal hills!
 O for the hills on high!
 Their dizzy steep that fear instils,
 Their wild blast's hollow sigh.
 The hills, the hills, the eternal hills!
 O for the hills, again!
 Their name the soul with freedom fills—
 The slave dwells on the plain!
 The eternal hills that prop the sky!
 Their mane of rolling cloud,
 The lightning their red canopy,
 Their music thunder loud;
 Or clad in purple robes that vie
 With Tyrian colour bright,
 Proud of their brave regality,
 Encrowned with starry light.
 Dark forests on their shaggy side,
 And heaths of rich perfume,
 Tall brows of adamant pride
 Frowning o'er dells of gloom,
 Where mountain nymphs in robes of blue
 Confess love's genial tie,
 And nurse a hardy race, and true
 To deathless liberty.

The hills, the hills, the eternal hills !
 O for their shades once more !
 Their breath of life, their heaven-fed rills,
 Their torrents' dashing roar :
 Leave slaves their plain and Capuan ease,
 'The stagnant waters home,
 Me the eternal mountains please,
 And cataracts wild in foam.

Our next extract is a Sonnet of much elegance and beauty.

LAKE SCENERY.

A LINE of glorious light upon the hills
 Edged the horizon. All the landscape lay
 In deepest shadow ; but the living rills,
 Like veins amid the mountains, lapsed away
 Through the purpureal garment of the day,
 Sparkling in silvery beauty. At my feet,
 Clad in a garb of twilight-tinctured grey,
 'The stirless lake reposed in slumber sweet ;
 And in its waveless mirror were enshrined
 The sun-tipt mountains and the laughing streams
 And shadowy landscape—perfectly defined,
 As childhood's visions are in after dreams.
 Above the sky was beautifully blue,—
 And one fair star beamed tremulously through.

R. F. H.

The next is almost as good though its merit is of a different character.

SONNET.

DEATH AND TIME

TIME, taunting, said to Man with austere brow,
 "Thou fool to pile up monuments of fame ;
 Thy lesser works are durable as thou—
 The pyramids bear not the builders' name."
 Death, 'Time's dark page, to Man in triumph said,
 "Thy mighty schemes of little power resign,
 Millions, whence thou art sprung, are with the dead,
 Canst thou escape ? even Time himself is mine."
 Then Man looked round with a despairing eye,
 'And asked his heart and heaven, 'if this were so ?'
 Straight from the blooming earth, and glorious sky,
 And from the soul, came the full answer—"No !"—
 Immortal hope then raised Man's brow sublime,—
 And from him shrunk the Conquerors, Death and Time !

The following "Lines written in an Album," are by Mr. Thomas Pringle, and are creditable to that accomplished and interesting writer.

This fair Volume to our eye
Human life may typify.
View the new-born infant's face
Ere yet Mind hath stamped its trace,
Or the young brain begun to think—
'Tis like this book ere touched by ink.
Look again: As time flows by
Expression kindles in the eye,
And dawning Intellect appears
Gleaming through its smiles and tears;
Lightening up the living clay,
Year by year, and day by day;
While the Passions, as they change,
Write inscriptions deep and strange;
Telling to observant eyes
Life's eventful histories.

Lady, even so thy book
By degrees shall change its look,
As each following leaf is fraught
With some penned or pictured thought,
Or admits the treasured claims
Of endeared and honoured names;
While gleams of genius and of grace,
Like fine expression in a face,
Lend even to what is dark or dull
Some bright tinge of the beautiful.

Farther still in graver mood
Trace we the similitude?
Apter yet the emblem grows
As we trace it to a close.
Life, with all its freaks and follies,
Mummeries and melancholies,
Fond conceits, ill-sorted matches,
Is—a book of shreds and patches;
Stained, alas! with many a blot,
And many a word we wish forgot,
And vain repinings for the past:
While Time, who turns the leaves so fast,
(The hour-glass in his other hand
With its ever-oozing sand,)
Presents full soon the final page
To the failing eye of Age,
Scribbled closely to the end—
Without a space to mar or mend.

We have now perhaps extracted enough of the Poetry, and must proceed to a further notice of the prose and make a few selections from this department of the book. The prose piece, entitled "*Reading the News*" by Charles Knight, and which was written to illustrate an engraving of a picture after Wilkie, is one of the most meagre productions we have seen for a long time, and is wholly unworthy of the subject.

"*The Voyage Out*," by Mrs. Bowdich, is not much better. The circumstances that occasionally happen on a sea-voyage are not naturally introduced, but are forcibly crowded together, like beasts in a menagerie, for mere show. We are surprized at this want of tact and verisimilitude, in a talented and experienced writer like Mrs. Bowdich. These faults however, are perhaps partly to be attributed to the confined limits permitted to a story-teller in the London Annuals. When materials which would form a volume, are to be condensed into eight or ten pages, it is not easy to preserve nature and consistency, and writers in such cases, anxious to omit nothing, which they deem characteristic or important, fill the space allotted them with more than it can fairly hold. The consequence is a want of harmony and connection that is destructive of all effect.

The story of "*The Cobbler over the Way*," by Miss Mitford, though a little too puerile, is told in the easy and pleasant manner, which characterizes that popular writer. "*The Lover's Leap, a Highland Legend*," by Leitch Ritchie, is an extremely powerful and well wrought narrative, but would be more to our taste, if its conclusion were less distressing. "*The White Bristol*," the production of one of "the O'Hara Family," is lively and clever. But we are weary of particularizing every separate article, and suspect our weariness may be contagious. We shall therefore proceed at once to our extracts. Our first shall be a graphic Irish sketch, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

LARRY MOORE.

"THINK of to-morrow!"—that is what no Irish peasant ever did yet, with a view of providing for it: at least no one I have had an opportunity of being acquainted with. He will think of any thing—of every thing but that. There is Larry Moore, for example: who, that has ever visited my own pastoral village of Bannow, is unacquainted with Larry, the Bannow boatman—the invaluable Larry—who, tipsy or sober, asleep or awake, rows his boat with undeviating power and precision!—He, alas! is a strong proof of the truth of my observation. Look at him on a fine sunny day in June. The cliffs that skirt the shore where his boat is moored are crowned with wild furze; while, here and there, a turf of white or yellow broom sprouting a little above the bluish green of its prickly neighbour, waves its blossoms, and flings its fragrance to the passing breeze. Down to the very edge of the rippling waves is almost one unbroken bed of purple thyme, glowing and beautiful;—and there Larry's goat, with her two sportive kids—sly, cunning rogues!—find rich pasture—now nibbling the broom blossoms, now sporting amid the furze, and making the scenery re-echo with their musical bleating. The little island opposite Larry considers his own particular property; not that a single sod of its bright greenery belongs to him—but, to use his own words—"sure it's all as

one my own—don't I see it—don't I walk upon it—and the very water that it's set in is my own; for sorra' a one can put foot on it widout me and the coble,* that have been hand and glove as good as forty years." But look, I pray you, upon Larry:—there he lies, stretched in the sun-light, at full length, on the firm sand, like a man-porpoise—sometimes on his back—then slowly turning on his side—but his most usual attitude is a sort of reclining position against that flat grey stone—just at high water mark: he selects it as his constant resting-place, because (again to use his own words) "the tide, bad cess to it, was apt to come fast in upon a body, and there was a dale of throuble in moving; but even if one chanced to fa! asleep, sorra' a morsel of harm the salt water could do ye on the grey stone, where a living mer-woman sat every new year's night combing her black hair, and making beautiful music to the wild waves,—who, consequently, trated her sate wid grate respit—Why not?"—There, then, is Larry—his chest leaning on the mer-maid's stone, as we call it—his long bare legs stretched out behind—kicking occasionally, as a gad-fly or merry-hopper skips about, what he naturally considers lawful prey:—his lower garments have evidently once been trowsers—blue trowsers; but as Larry, when in motion, is amphibious, they have experienced the decaying effects of salt water, and now only descend to the knee, where they terminate in unequal fringes. Indeed his frieze jacket is no great things, being much rubbed at the elbows—and no wonder for Larry, when awake, is ever employed, either in pelting the sea-gulls (who, to confess the truth, treat him with very little respect), rowing his boat, or watching the circles which the large and small pebbles he throws in form on the surface of the calm waters—and as Larry, of course, rests his arm, while he performs the above-named exploits—the sleeves must wear, for frieze is not 'impenetrable stuff.' His hat is a natural curiosity—composed of sun-burnt straw, banded by a misshapen sea-ribbon, and garnished by 'delisk,' red and green—his cutty pipe, stuck through a slit in the brim, which bends it directly over the left eye, and keeps it "quite handy widout ony trouble." His bushy reddish hair persists in obstinately pushing its way out of every hole in his extraordinary hat, or clusters strangely over his Herculean shoulders—and a low furrowed brow, very unpromising in the eye of a phrenologist:—in truth, Larry has somewhat of a dogged expression of countenance, which is relieved, at times, by the humorous twinkling of his litle grey eyes—pretty much in the manner that a star or two illumine the dreary blank of a cloudy November night. The most conspicuous part of his attire, however, is an addressed wide leather belt; that passes over one shoulder, and then under another strap of the same material that encircles his waist: from this depends a rough wooden case, containing his whisky bottle; a long narrow knife; pieces of rope of various length and thickness; and a pouch which contains the money he earns in his 'vocation.'

"Good morrow Larry!"—

"Good morrow kindly, my lady! may be ye'r going across?"—

"No thank ye, Larry—but there is a silver sixpence for good luck."

"Ough! God's blessing be about ye.—I said so to my woman this morning, and she bothering the sow! out o' me for money, as if I could make myself into silver, let alone brass:—asy, says I, what trouble ye takes; sure we had a good dinner yesterday; and more by tokens the grawls were so placed wid the mate, the craturs! sorra' a morsel o' pratee they'd put into their mouths;—and we 'll have as good a one to day."

"The ferry is absolutely filled with fish, Larry—if you would only take the trouble to catch it!"—

"Is it fish! Ough! Sorra' fancy I have for fasting-mate—besides it's mighty watry, and a dale of trouble to catch. A grate baste of a cod lept into my boat yesterday, and I lying just here, and the boat close up; I thought it would ha'sted asy while I holloed to Tom, who was near breaking his neck after the samphire for the quality, the gomersal!—but, my jewil! it was whip and a way wid it all in a minit—back to the water.—Small loss!"

"But Larry, it would have made an excellent dinner."

"Sure I'm after telling y'er ladyship that we had a rale mate dinner by good luck yesterday."

"But to-day, by your own confession, you had nothing."

"Sure you've just given me sixpence."

"But suppose I had not!"

"Where's the good of thinking that, now?"

"Oh Larry, I'm afraid you never think of *to-morrow*!"

"There's not a man in the whole parish of Bannow thinks more of it nor I do," responded Larry, raising himself up; "and to prove it to ye, madam dear, we'll have a wet night—I see the sign of it for all the sun's so bright—both in the air and the water."

"Then Larry, take my advice, go home and mend the great hole that is in the thatch of your cabin."

"Is it the hole! where's the good of losing time about it now, when the weather's so fine?"

"But when the rain comes?"

"Lord bless ye, my lady, sure I can't hinder the rain!—and sure it's fitter for me to stand under the roof in a dry spot, than to go out in the teams to stop up a taste of a hole.—Sorra! a drop comes through it in *dry weather*."

"Larry, you truly need not waste so much time: it is ten chances to one if you get a single fare to-day—and here you stay doing nothing. You might usefully employ yourself by a little foresight."

"Would ye' have me desert my trust! Sure I must mind the boat. But God bless ye, ma'm darlint, don't be so hard intirely upon me; for I get a dale o' blame I don't by no manner of means deserve.—My wife turns at me as wicked as a weazel because I gave my consint to our Nancy's marrying Matty Quough; and she says they were bad to come together on account that they had'n't enough to pay the priest; and the upshot of the matter is, that the girl and a grand-child is come back upon us; and the husband is off—God knows where."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Larry; but your son James, by this time, must be able to assist you."

"There it is again, my lady! James was never very bright—and his mother was always at him, plaguing his life out to go to Mister Ben's school and saving, a dale about the time to come; but I didn't care to bother the cratur—and I'm sorry to say he's turned out rather obstinate, and even the priest says it's because I never think of *to-morrow*."

"I'm glad to find the priest is of my opinion: but tell me, have you fattened the pig Mr. Herriott gave you?"

"Oh! my bitter curse (axing ye'r pardon, my lady) be upon all the pigs in and out of Ireland—that pig has been the ruin of me,—it has such a taste for ateing young ducks as never was in the world; and I always tethers him by the leg when I'm going out;—but he's so cute now, he cuts the tether."

"Why not confine him in a sty—you are close to the quarry, and could build one in half an hour?"

"Is it a sty for the likes of him!—cock him up with a sty! Och Musha! Musha! the tether keeps him asy for the day!"

"But not for the *morrow*, Lagy."

"Now ye'r at me again—you that always stood my friend. Meal-a-murder, if there isn't Rashleigh Jones making signs for the boat! Oh! ye'r in a hurry are ye?—well, ye' must wait till ye'r hurry is over—I am not going to hurry myself, wid whiskey in my bottle, and sixpence in my pocket, for priest or minister."

"But the more you earn, the better Larry."

"Sure I've enough for to-day."

"But not for *to-morrow*, Larry."

"True for ye, ma'm dear—though people takes a dale o' trouble, I'm thinking, when they've full and plenty at the same time; and I don't like bothering about it then—and it'll be all the same in a hundred years. Sure I see ye plain enough Master Rashleigh.—God help me—I broke the oar yesterday—and never thought to get it mended—and my head's splitting open with the pain—I took a drop too much last night and that makes me fit for nothing—"

"On the *morrow*, Larry."

"Faith! ma'm dear, you're too bad! Oh dear! If I'd had the sense to set the lobster pots last night, what a power I'd ha' caught; they're dancing the hays merrily down there, the cowardly blackguards—but I did not think—"

"Of the *morrow*, Larry."

"Oh then let me alone, lady dear! What will I do wid the oar! Jim Connor gave me a beautiful piece of strong rope yesterday, but I did n't want it—and—I believe one of the childre got hold of it—I did n't think—"

"Of the *morrow*, Larry!"

"By dad I have it!—I can poke the coble on with this ould pitch fork; there's not much good in it; but never heed—it's the master's; and he's too much of a jontleman to mind trifles; though I'm thinking times an't as good wid him now as they used to be; for Barney Clarev tould Nelly Parell, who tould Tom Lavery—, who tould it out forenent me and a dale more genteelmen who were taking a drop o' comfort at St. Patrick's—as how they bottle the whisky and salt the mate at the big house; and if that isn't a bad sign, I don't know what is—though we may thank the English housekeeper for it, I'm thinking wid her beaver bonnet and her yellow shawl, that my wife (who knows the differ) says, after all, is only calico-cotton."

"What do you mean by bottling the whisky and salting the meat, Larry?"

"Now, don't be coming over us after that fashion; may be ye don't know, indeed? Sure the right way, my lady is to have the whisky upon draught; and then it's so refreshing of a hot summer's day to take a good hearty swig;—and in winter—by the powers! Ma'm, honey—let me just take the liberty of advising you never to desert the whisky; it'll always keep the cold out of y'er heart, and the trouble from y'er eye.—Sure the clargy take to it—and the lawyers take to it, far before new milk;—and his holiness the Pope—God bless him—to say nothing of the king (who's the first king of hearts we ever had)—drinks nothing but Innishown—which, to my taste, hasn't half the fire of the rule Potteen. It's next to a deadly sin to bottle whisky in a jontleman's house:—and as to salting mate!—sure the ancient Irish fashion—the fashion of the good ould times is just to kill the taste, and thin hang it by the legs in a convenient place; and, to be sure, every one can take a part of what they like best."

"But do you know that the English think of *to-morrow*, Larry?"

"Ay, the tame negress! that's the way they get rich, and sniff at the world, my jewel; and they no oulder in it than Henry the Second; for sure if there had been English before his time, its long sorry they'd ha' been to let Ireland alone."

"Do you think so, indeed, Larry?"

"I'll prove it to ye, my lady, if ye'll jist wait till I bring over that impatient chap, Rashleigh Jones, who's ever running after the day, as if he hadn't a bit to eat:—there, d'ye see him? he's dancing mad—he may just as well take it awy. It's such as him give people the fever. There's that devil of a goat grinning at me; sorra a drop of milk can we get from her, for she won't stand quiet for a body to catch her; and my wife's not able, and I'm not willing, to go capering over the cliffs. Never mind! sure whisky is better nor milk."

At last Larry and his boat are off, by the assistance of the pitchfork, and most certainly he does not hurry himself; but where is Rashleigh going to? As I live! he has got into Mr. Dorkin's pleasure boat, that has just turned the corner of the island, and will be at this side before Larry gets to the other. Larry will not easily pardon this encroachment; not because of the money, but because of his privilege. I have heard it rumoured that if Larry does not become more active he will lose his situation; but I cannot believe it: he is, when fairly on the water, the most careful boatman in the county; and permit me to mention, *in sotto voce*.—(I would not have it repeated for the world)—that his master could not possibly dismiss him on the charge of heedlessness, because he himself once possessed *unincumbered* property by field and flood,—wooded hills, verdant vales, and pure-gushing rivers. Those fair heritages are, however, unfortunately passing into the hands of other proprietors; and the hair of the generous good-natured landlord has become white, and sorrow has furrowed his brow, long before sixty summers have glowed upon his head. His children, too, do not hold that station in society to which their birth entitles them; and latterly he has not been so often on the grand jury, nor at the new Member's dinners. The poor love him as well as ever; but the rich have

neglected, in a great degree, his always hospitable board. Rats, it is said, desert a falling house: have nobles, then, the same propensity. Be it as it may the parish priest told me, in confidence, that all the change originated in our excellent friend's never thinking of TO-MORROW.

Our next and last prose extract from the volume is a very eloquent and striking Italian Story, by Mr. J. A. St. John.

LUCIFER.

IN ancient chronicle of Arezzo, which still remains in manuscript in the church of St. Angelo, in that city*, there is found the following very extraordinary story of the painter Spinello Aretino, to which Lanzi alludes briefly, in his History of Painting in Italy. No farther notice has, I believe, been taken of it by any other writer whatever, although it appears to me to be singularly well calculated to gratify or to excite the curiosity of those who love to pry into the mysteries of human nature, and to mark the strange avenues by which mortals sometimes approach the gates of death. Though I was not permitted, while at Arezzo, to copy any portion of the manuscript, the adventures, if they may be so called, of this unfortunate artist, made so profound an impression upon me, that they frequently present themselves to my memory when I least desire it, and float in long and fearful procession before my inward sight saddening and harrowing up my soul. However desirous, therefore, I may be to banish such unpleasant images, forgetfulness is altogether out of the question; and, indeed, I have generally remarked, that when once a disagreeable idea has got footing in the mind, no effort of the will is capable of driving back the unwelcome intruder into oblivion. Perhaps by clothing the vision with words I may in some measure vulgarize it, transform it into a mere tale that is told, and thus prevent it from tormenting me any further; as persons sometimes get rid of a ghost by pointing him out to another.

When Spinello first arrived at Arezzo, he took lodgings in the house of an artist, who, although he possessed no great share of genius, had contrived to amass considerable wealth: This artist was no other than Bernardo Daddi, whose son, also named Bernardo, afterwards became the pupil of Spinello, and almost eclipsed his father's reputation. Besides this son, Bernardo had several other children, and among the rest a daughter named Beatrice, then just verging upon womanhood. With this daughter it was to be expected that Spinello would immediately be in love; but our young artist had left behind him, in his native village, a charming girl, to whom he was in a manner betrothed; and he was the last man in the world to look upon another with a wandering heart. He, therefore, lived in the same house, and ate at the same table with Beatrice, without even discovering that she was beautiful; while they who merely caught a glance of her at church, or as she moved, like a vision, along the public walk, pretended to be consumed with passion.

Fathers, whether their children are beautiful or not, are often desirous of preserving an image of them during their golden age, when time, like the summer sun, is only ripening the fruit he will afterwards wither, and cause to drop from the bough. Bernardo was possessed by this desire; and as he never dreamed that any pencil in Arezzo, but his own, could reproduce upon canvass the lovely countenance of Beatrice, he spent, as from his opulence he could now afford to do, a considerable portion of his time in painting her portrait. The girl, however, who was not greatly addicted to meditation, and could not read, for books had not then come into fashion, grew melancholy during these long sittings, and her father perceived it. At first no remedy presented itself. He endeavoured, indeed, to converse with her a little in his uncouth way; but he had not cultivated the art of talking and quickly exhausted his topics. He next introduced his son Bernardo, the junior of Beatrice by one year, whose efforts at creating amusement, being constrained and unnatural, for he came against his will, were little more successful than his own. At length the idea of engaging the services of his lodger, with whom he had observed that Beatrice sometimes laughed and chatted of an evening, occurred to him, and he forthwith mentioned the subject to Spinello. The young man entertained a very strong affection for Bernardo, who, if

he wanted genius, was far from being destitute of amiable and endearing qualities ; and therefore, notwithstanding that he felt it would greatly interfere with his studies, and trench upon his time, he immediately determined to comply with the old man's desires.

The next morning saw Spinello installed in his new office. Beatrice was seated like a statue in an antique chair, with her arms crossed upon her bosom, her eyes fixed upon vacancy, and her features screwed, in spite of herself, into an expression of weariness and impatience. By degrees, however, as Spinello conversed with her, now of one trifle, then of another, her eyes involuntarily wandered to that portion of the room in which the young dialectician sat involved in shadow, and exerting all his eloquence and ingenuity to awaken her attention. The experiment succeeded. Spinello was entreated to be present the next day ; the day following, and, in fact, every day, until the portrait was completed or, at least, nearly so. By this means the young man was led to gaze for whole hours together upon the face of Beatrice ; until at length, feeling from a distance, as it were, the influence of beauty, he was enabled to explain as well as the old philosopher, why Cupid is painted with arrows. He gazed, as I have said, upon the face of Beatrice, and would sometimes spend a moment in examining the inanimate representation of it, and in instituting a comparison between it and the original ; and one day, forgetting in his idolatry of loveliness the respect due to old age, he snatched the pencil from the hand of Bernardo, and with singular ardour and impatience exclaimed—" Let me finish it !" Without uttering a word, the old man, awed by the vehemence of his manner, yielded up the pencil ; and Spinello proceeded, as if in a dream, to embody upon the canvass the ideas of beauty which inhabited his soul. When his fit of enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, he perceived what he had done, and began with many blushes, to apologise for his extravagance : but the old man, charmed with the delicacy and freedom of his touches, declared that he alone was competent to represent the charms of Beatrice, and that to him he yielded up the honour.

Spinello, thus entrapped by his own enthusiasm, could do no other than proceed with the portrait. Though infinitely desirous not to wound the feelings of Daddi, he perceived at once that it would be necessary to recast the whole design of the piece, to change the style of colouring—in a word, to paint a new picture. Daddi, who loved his child still more than his art, and wished to preserve and transmit to posterity a likeness of her, by whomsoever painted, was not offended, though he was a little hurt by this freedom, and without murmur or objection allowed Spinello to accomplish his undertaking in whatever manner he pleased. The young man went to work with a satisfaction and alacrity he had never before experienced ; and the image of Beatrice, passing into his soul, to be thence reflected, as from one mirror, upon another, on the canvass, shed the slight of paradise over his fancy—as the musk-deer perfumes the thicket in which it slumbers.

Though this picture is greatly celebrated in Italy and especially at Arezzo, I shall not pause to describe it minutely, or dwell upon the effect which it produced upon my imagination when I first beheld it. Perhaps, as I knew the story of the artist, my feelings might be traced to another source ; but I well remember how strongly I was moved on first beholding the pale and thoughtful countenance of Beatrice. She is represented reclining, in a chaste and thoughtful attitude, on an antique couch at the foot of a pillar : flowers and flowering shrubs appear to shed their perfume around ; and a spreading tree, with a vine loaded with grapes climbing up its trunk and branches, stretches over her. In the back-ground the sky only, and a few dusky trees, appear. The design, it will be perceived, is meagre enough, but the execution is incomparably beautiful ; and it may be safely affirmed, that if immortality upon earth was all that Bernardo coveted for his child, his prayer has been granted. A thousand pens have been employed in celebrating this picture, and Italian literature must perish ere Beatrice be forgotten.

It were as easy to count the billows which roll before the breath of the tempest over the wintry sea, as to describe that series of signs by which the soul reveals through the countenance the changes which take place in its condition ; and therefore I shall not pretend to say by what means, since it was not by words, Spinello discovered that he was beloved by Beatrice : but assuredly the discovery gave him considerable pain ; for he was not one of those vulgar men, who, like the pagans of old, can pass with unconcern from the worship of one idol to another. The

woman, whose image he had first set up in his heart, though the image only had latterly been visible to him, was still the deity of the shrine, and he neither dared nor wished to bend the knee to a new object. Still the form of Beatrice would rise up both in his sleeping and waking dreams before his fancy, among his most cherished associations; and her features, although he observed it not, mingled themselves, as it were, with the elements of every picture he painted.

While this was the state of his mind and feelings, Spinello was engaged to paint his famous picture of the 'Fall of the Angels,' for the church of St. Angelo at Arezzo. The design of this great work, which has been celebrated by Vassari, Moderni, and other writers on Italian Art, was at once magnificent and original; and the countenance and figure of Lucifer, upon which the artist appeared to have concentrated all the rays, as it were, of his genius, were conceived in a manner fearfully sublime. Spinello disdained the vulgar method of binding together, by an arbitrary link, all the attributes of ugliness, which artists have generally pursued, when they would represent the greatest of the fallen angels; and, after meditating long upon the best mode of embodying the principle of evil, determined to clothe it with a certain form of beauty, though of a kind not calculated to delight, but on the contrary to awaken in the soul all those feelings of uneasiness, anxiety, apprehension and terror, which usually slumber in the abysses of our nature, and are disturbed only on very extraordinary occasions. In short, the beauty of Spinello's Lucifer was that of the lightning, dazzling, pale, and fearful, such as it appears, to the benighted traveller on some unknown and unsheltered heath, when the bright flashes, as they pass, appear to be the arrows of death, and himself the quarry at which they are successively darted.

From the moment in which he began to delineate his miraculous figure, a singular change seemed to have taken place in his whole nature. His imagination, like a sea put in motion by the wind, appeared to be in perpetual agitation. He was restless and uneasy when any other occupation kept him away from his picture; and when he returned to it the motions of his mind, far from subsiding into that delicious tranquillity which generally accompanies the performance of a beloved task, only grew more violent and untractable. As his health was good, and his frame vigorous though susceptible, this state of excitement was at first rather pleasing than otherwise. He indulged himself, therefore, with those agitating visions, as they may be called, which the contemplation or recollection of his Lucifer called up before his mind; as daring and ostentatious men sometimes sport upon the edge of a precipice. At length, however, the idea of the mighty fallen angel, whose form he had delighted to clothe with terror and sublimity, began to present itself under a new character to his mind; and instead of being a subject to be fondled, as it were, and caressed by the imagination, seemed as it approached maturity to manifest certain mysterious qualities, which, like the carnivorous propensities of the lion reared in domesticity, were altogether unexpected by the fosterer, and engendered terror and apprehension rather than delight.

Spinello's studio now began to be a place of torture to him, and he turned his eyes towards the amusements of the world, which he had hitherto shunned and scorned. He frequented the society of other young artists, with whom he often strolled into the woods, or rather groves, for which this portion of Etruria was always remarkable, sometimes traversing or descending the Val d'Arno, at others roaming about the ruins, or visiting the site of Pliny's Tuscan Villa. On returning in high spirits from one of these excursions, he learned by the letter of a friend that the object of his first love had proved unfaithful, and been united in marriage to another. This event, though it had no connexion whatever with his former cause of uneasiness, threw a new gloom over his imagination, in the midst of which the figure of Lucifer, dilating, like an image in the mists of the desert, to superhuman dimensions, stood up to scare and torment him afresh.

The unhappy young man, wounded in his feelings, and haunted by the shadow of his own idea, now fled to Beatrice for relief; and her tone of thinking, which had in it something of the Stoic cast, united with a manner at once playful and dignified, delighted him exceedingly. They conversed together on many occasions for whole hours; and the trains of thought which at such times swept like glorious pageants through his mind, followed each other too rapidly to allow of the existence of melancholy. Sometimes, indeed, Spinello would observe that when he gazed in rapture,

rather than in passion, upon the face of Beatrice, a certain something, like a ray of light, or a spark of fire falling upon an altar, would penetrate his soul, and kindle a sudden and fierce pain; but it usually passed quickly away, and was forgotten. By degrees, however, its recurrence became more frequent, and the pain it inflicted more intense; and consequently there soon mingled a considerable portion of uneasiness in his intercourse with his fair and beautiful friend. The existence of this strange feeling, however, appeared to him so extraordinary and inexplicable, that he now began to feel extremely desirous of tracing it to its source, to discover whether it indicated any hateful or abominable quality in the cause of it, or was merely the result of some peculiarity in his own organization. He meditated on the subject in vain. Beatrice always came out of the furnace of examination more bright and pure than ever; and the perplexed, irritated, and unhappy artist, unable to account for the phenomena by which he was tormented, gradually learned to consider them as some of those mysteries of nature, which, however we may scrutinize them, we can never, penetrate.

At length the picture was completed, and placed in the church of St. Angelo, above the altar; and Spinello felt relieved, as if the weight of the whole universe had been removed from his spirit. He now chatted with Bernardo, or with his pupil, and the other young artists of Arezzo; or enjoyed the passionate and almost solemn converse of Beatrice, who from a lively, laughing girl, had now been transformed, by some hidden process of nature, into a lofty-minded, commanding woman.

His constant and almost devotional application to his great picture had considerably shattered his nerves, and he felt his natural susceptibility so much increased, that although it was now summer, and the earth covered with glorious verdure, and the air peopled with balmy breezes, which seemed to have dipped their wings in all the spices and perfumes of the East, the horrible idea which had so long haunted him soon returned; and a cloud spread itself over his imagination, which all the hurricanes that vex the ocean could not have blown away. To dissipate this unaccountable sadness, he wandered forth alone, or with Beatrice, over the sunny fields; but he felt, as he wandered, that his heart was a fountain which sent forth two streams, ---the one cool, delicious, healing, as the rivers of Paradise; the other dark, bitter, and burning, like the waters of hell: and they gushed forth alternately, accordingly as his thoughts communicated with the recollection of his own picture, or with the landscapes around him, painted in celestial colours by the hand of God. Beatrice, who walked by his side, was herself a mystery. To feel the pressure of her hand, to hear her breathe, to listen to the music of her voice, was a bliss unspeakable; and there was a sovereign beauty in her countenance which seemed to cast forth rays of joy and gladness upon every thing around her, as the sun lights up with smiles the cool waves of the morning. Yet Spinello felt that as often as this fragment of Paradise, as it might justly be termed, was turned towards him, lightnings appeared to gleam from it which dismayed and withered his soul. At such moments a piercing cold darted through his frame; and when it passed away, a tremor and shivering succeeded, which withered all his energies. In fact, whether in the society of Beatrice or not, Spinello now found that the terrible form of Lucifer, which his genius had created, was ever present with him, standing, as it were, like a mighty shadow, between him and the external world, and eclipsing the glory of earth and heaven. And when in the gloom of the evening he sometimes instinctively closed his eyes, as if to shut out some corporeal sight, he discovered that, like the image of the Oriental lover, the abhorred figure had taken up its abode between his eyelids and his eyes, and was not to be shunned.

The summer passed away in this manner, and autumn drew near; and as the glories of the sun became dimmer, the figure of Lucifer appeared to increase in dimensions and brilliancy, and acquired more power over the imagination of Spinello. The apparition usually made choice of the night for its most awful visits; and when the unhappy artist lay down to court slumber upon his couch, the Lord of Lost Spirits seemed to lie down beside him, in all his fearful beauty, to project himself into the sphere of his sleeping fancy, and to envelop himself in all the folds of his dreams.

Tortured by an enemy who appeared to have passed by some dreadful process into the very core of his being, Spinello felt his energies and his health departing from him; while his imagination, into which every faculty of his mind appeared to be fast melting, increased in force and volume, as a wintry torrent is increased by the waters

of every neighbouring streamlet. At length it occurred to him that perhaps this demon of his fancy, which he was well convinced was an unreal phantom, yet could not banish, might possess no resemblance to the figure his pencil had produced; and might disappear, or at least be reduced to the condition of ordinary ideas, by a comparison with the bodily representative of his original conception. This thought presented itself to his mind one night in October, as he lay tossing about in sleepless agony upon his bed. He instantly started up, dressed, threw on his cloak, which the coolness of the night, windy and dark, rendered necessary; and seizing a lighted torch, issued forth towards the church.

The holy edifice stood in those days, when Arezzo was but a small place, at some little distance from the dwellings of the citizens, and was surrounded by a thick grove of sycamores mingled with pine trees. The townsfolk had long retired to rest, and the streets were empty and desolate. Not even the shadow of a monk flitted by him as he passed, with his torch flaring in the wind, and casting an awful and almost magical light upon the houses, painted according to the fashion of the time and country, in broad stripes of deep red and white. As he approached the church, the wind, whistling through the pine branches, which swung to and fro, and flapped against each other, like the wings of the fabled Simoorg, or of some mighty demon struggling with the blast, sounded like numerous voices issuing from the black roof of clouds above him, and shrieking as he passed. At length he entered the church, which in those times stood open day and night to the piety of the people, and drew near the altar. Upon the walls on both sides were suspended rude images of the Saviour carved in wood, and blackened by time, and numerous antique scripture-pieces by Giotto, Cimabue, and other fathers of the art, which seemed to start into momentary existence as Spinello's torch cast its red light upon them. At every step, his heart beat violently against his side, and appeared as if it would mount into his throat and choke him. But his courage did not fail, and he ascended the Mosaic steps of the chancel, and, with his torch in one hand, climbed up upon the altar and lifted his eyes towards the picture. As he stood on tip-toe on the altar and passed his torch along the wall, the mighty ranks of the fallen angels, in headlong flight before the thunderbolts of heaven, seemed to emerge from the darkness, with the awful form of Lucifer in the extreme rear reluctantly yielding even to Omnipotence itself, while blasting lightnings played about his brow and eyes, that flashed with the fires of inextinguishable fury. On first casting his eyes over his picture, a feeling of self-complacency and pride stole over the soul of the artist. No one had ever before succeeded, as no one but Milton has since, in delineating that tremendous majesty which sits upon the throne of hell. But as he continued to gaze with a kind of idolatry at the work of his own hands, his imagination became excited by degrees, and life appeared to be infused into the figure of the gigantic demon. In spite of the singular beauty of the features, which looked like those of an arch-angel, the face before him appeared to be but a mask, beneath which all the passions of hell were struggling, gnawing, and stinging, and devouring the heart of their possessor. "The baleful eyes, that witnessed huge affliction and dismay," appeared to flame in the obscure light, like the fabled carbuncle of the Kaianian king; and the mighty limbs seemed to make an effort to free themselves from the canvass, and spring forth upon the floor of God's temple. As this idea rushed upon the mind of Spinello, the wind, moaning through the aisles, and multiplied by the echoes, sounded like the voices of wailing and desolation, which, the imagination may suppose, mingled in dismal concert when the spirits fell from heaven; and the artist, overpowered by the crowd of horrors which fastened like hungry vultures upon his fancy, sprang from the altar, and, stumbling in his haste, extinguished his torch. His imagination, now wrought up to a frenzied pitch by the awful scene, distinguished in every moan of the blast the shrieks of a fallen spirit; and the wind, as if to increase his misery, raised its voice and swept through the sacred building with tremendous power, howling, and shrieking, and gibbering as it passed. The demoniac excitement of the moment now became too great to be endured. Spinello sunk upon the ground, struck his forehead against an angle of the altar, and fainted away. How long he remained in this condition, he could never conjecture; but when he recovered his senses, all around him appeared like the illusion of a dream. The wind had died away, the darkness had disappeared, the moon had risen, and was now throwing in its mild and beautiful light through the long win-

dows upon the chequered pavement ; and, rising from the ground, he crawled out of the church and reached his lodgings.

The next day he was too unwell to leave his bed ; and Bernardo, with his whole family who loved the young man, and were anxious to discover and remove the cause of his misery, came to see and console him. Beatrice was the first who entered ; and when Spinello heard the sound of her footsteps, which he could most accurately distinguish, a beam of joy visited his heart, a tear of delight trembled in his eye, and he blessed her fervently. When he lifted his eyes to her countenance, however, the vision of the preceding night seemed to be renewed, and the hated form of Lucifer, with all his infernal legions, swept before his fancy. Ignorant of what was passing through his mind and with a heart yearning towards him with more than a sister's love, Beatrice approached his bed, and, kneeling down beside it took hold of his hand which was stretched out languidly towards her. She felt that it was burning with fever, and that his whole frame was at that moment agitated in a fearful manner. He spoke not a word ; but turned away his face, as if by a desperate effort to recover his composure, while he held her hand with a convulsive grasp. She saw his chest heave, and his eyes roll awfully as he gradually turned towards her. And at length, finding it was vain to struggle any longer to conceal his feelings, he threw himself upon his face, pressed her trembling hand to his lips, and burst into a passionate and uncontrollable flood of tears. Beatrice, surprised and overcome by the scene, hid her own face in the clothes and wept with him ; while her father, her mother, and the whole family, stood motionless upon the floor of the apartment, transfixed with sorrow and oblivious of every other consideration.

By degrees the young man recovered his composure, as persons generally do after shedding tears, and his heart seemed to be relieved. Beatrice also experienced the same change ; and her father a humane and compassionate old man, supposing that love might have some share in the misery of his lodger, after motioning his whole family to leave the room, drew near the bed, and inquired of Spinello whether his affection for Beatrice had any share in his present unhappiness ; and whether her hand, for her heart he perceived was already his, would make any change in the state of his mind. At this new proof of the old man's love, Spinello could scarcely contain himself. For the moment Lucifer left him, while visions of delight and joy painted themselves upon his fancy. To reveal to Bernardo, however, or to any other human being, the real cause of his misery, would he was fully persuaded, expose him to the suspicion of insanity ; and that we can, on such occasions, conceal what passes within us, is an advantage, the full value of which is not always understood by the vulgar. His expressions of gratitude, though few and brief, were vehement and sincere ; and his mind becoming wholly occupied with this new idea, his fever soon left him ; and in a few days he was again able to breathe the balmy air, with his future bride by his side.

His health still appeared, however, to be but feeble ; and the benefit of change of residence being understood in those times as well as in our own, Spinello was counselled to remove for a season to some sea-port town on the coast of Naples. Through mere chance, and not from any classical predilection, he chose Gaëta, anciently Cajeta, whither Lælius and Scipio used to retire from the politics of Rome to amuse themselves with picking up shells upon the sand. To render the excursion more pleasant and profitable, Bernardo determined to accompany his intended son-in-law, and to make Beatrice also a partner of the journey ; and their preparations being soon completed, they departed in good spirits, and in due time arrived at the place of their destination.

Lodgings were taken in the neighbourhood of the town, near the beach ; and the lovers now comparatively happy, daily strolled together along the margin of the Tyrrhene sea, which, rolling its blue waves in tranquil succession towards the shore, broke in soft murmurs at their feet. For a time the mighty demon of his imagination seemed to have deserted him for ever, while Love, with his playful mien and celestial countenance, sported in his stead in the warm recesses of his fancy. He now began to experience a secret exultation, in his delivery from his inexorable enemy ; and as he walked with Beatrice along the sand, or sat down on some wave-worn rock beside the waters, he would gaze with inexpressible triumph and delight upon the glorious form of his mistress, as the wind lifted her heavy golden tresses

from her shoulders which sparkled like alabaster in the sun. Ever and anon, however, when the beautiful creature suddenly turned her dark eyes upon him, a sharp pang would dart through his frame, and throw him into momentary but fearful perturbation. But these fits were not of frequent recurrence, and all his endeavours to discover their mysterious cause were vain and fruitless.

They had now been some months at Gaëta, when Beatrice was suddenly called home by her mother who had been seized with a dangerous illness. Her father of course accompanied her on her return; but Spinello in spite of his entreaties and remonstrances, was compelled to remain where he was; as Beatrice, who feared that Arezzo might recall all his gloomy ideas, peremptorily insisted that he should never return, but settle at Gaëta, or remove to Naples. He therefore submitted but with a heavy heart; and saw his guardians, as it were, depart from him, and leave him to himself.

What he seemed to fear when they left him, soon came to pass. With solitude Lucifer returned; and he now presented himself so frequently, and in such awful colours to Spinello's mind, that the little fabric of health which had been reared with so much care was quickly thrown down while visions of horror swept over the ruins. It should here be observed, that Spinello had now learned to associate every hateful, and abominable idea with this tremendous demon of his imagination; and they who know that countless hosts of phantoms can be drawn from the regions of fear, and marshalled in terrible array by the fancy, will not greatly wonder at the effect which the fearful vision that perpetually floated before the eyes of the artist at length produced upon his mind and body.

His health which now declined more rapidly than ever, was soon irrecoverably destroyed; his frame wasted visibly away; and as his body grew weaker, his visions increased in horror, until at length the intellect tottered upon its basis, and almost gave way beneath their intolerable pressure. In a few weeks he was shrunk to a skeleton while his eyes shone with preternatural brilliancy; so that the people of the house where he lodged, were terrified at his appearance and avoided his looks. For his own part he was scarcely conscious of the existence of the external world, every thing around him appearing like the creations of a dream---mere shadows with whom he could have no sympathy. There seemed, in fact, to be but two beings in the universe---himself and Lucifer; and he felt that he was engaged in a struggle which must terminate the existence of the one or the other. When he succeeded in freeing himself for a moment from the fangs of this vision and could repel it to some little distance from his mental eye, he perceived, as distinctly as possible its illusory nature, and wondered at the power it exerted over his imagination. If, however, he obtained a momentary respite of this kind, it was not, as in the case of Prometheus (whose vulture was of the same brood as his demon,) by night, but at sun-rise, when the God of the Magi stepped, as it were, upon his throne to receive the homage of the earth. The hour of repose, as night is to the fortunate and the happy, was to him the hour of torture; and he daily lingered about the sea-shore, anxiously watching the setting sun, and trembling more and more as the glorious luminary approached the termination of his career and disappeared behind the purple waves. As soon as darkness descended upon the earth, Lucifer, if absent before, invariably alighted with it, and stood beside his victim, who, clapping his hands upon his eyes, would fly with a howl or a shriek towards the habitations of men.

At length he became convinced that his last hour drew near; and he blessed God that his struggle was about to terminate. As soon as this idea took possession of his mind, he grew a little more tranquil; and excepting when he thought of Beatrice, awaited the final hour with a kind of satisfaction. In this pious mood of mind he one evening wandered to his usual haunt on the sea-side. The sun had set---the moon and all the stars were in heaven---and the earth and the sea were sleeping in the silver light. He sat him down on a lofty rock overhanging the sea, which was deep and still in that part; and with the waves on his left, and the earth in all its loveliness on his right, he raised his eyes towards heaven and was absorbed in devotion. At that moment a face of unutterable beauty presented itself in the bright moonlight before him. With a single glance, he discovered it was that of Lucifer, but softened to angelic loveliness. Uttering a wild and piercing shriek he started from it towards the edge of the precipice. Beatrice--- for it was she---instantly caught him

by the hand to drag him back ; and pronounced his name. The words and the touch dissipated his illusion ; and with the rapidity of lightning revealed to his mind the fatal secret of his misery. He now saw that, having been occupied with thoughts of her when he painted his picture he had lent a portion of her beauty to the fallen arch angel ; and hence the pain her looks had occasionally inflicted on him. While this conviction darted into his mind, he was already falling over the precipice ; but he still grappled at the rock, and made desperate efforts to recover himself. Beatrice, also, finding that he was going and drawing her after him, for she still held him by the hand, caught hold of a tuft of grass which grew on the edge of the cliff and grasped it convulsively. In this situation they hung for an instant, suspended over the abyss ; but the grass-tuft by which she clung gradually gave way ; and in another instant, a sullen plunge in the deep waters below told that the loves and miseries of Spinello and Beatrice were ended.

We have now to give some account of the engravings of the *Friendship's Offering*, but as we have already occupied so much space with the Literary department of this publication, we must be brief in our remarks on the embellishments. The best of these is a brilliant line engraving by E. Goodall from a Painting by G. Arnold, entitled "Echo." This is one of the most poetical compositions we have met with for some years. Echo is personified in a light, and aerial female form, floating over a still secluded lake.—The portrait of a beautiful female, with an open and lively expression of countenance, painted by a promising young artist of the name of Wood, and engraved by Edwards, is a very exquisite production. The engraving is clear, sharp and sparkling.—" Mary Queen of Scots, presenting her son to the Church Commissioners" painted by Stephanoff and engraved by R. Baker, is interesting and well designed, but there is that dwarf-like appearance about the figures observable in the works of Hans Holbein, and the engraving has too much colour in some parts and too little in others. The child has the face of an old woman. We recognize however that air of theatrical elegance about the costume and manner of the Queen, which Stephanoff usually throws around his female figures, some of which are the perfection of loveliness, and refinement.—" Catherine of Arragon," painted by Leslie and engraved by Humphreys is a very superior production, though the drapery is somewhat hard and heavy. In æther respects great taste and spirit are exhibited both by the painter and engraver.—" The Spæe Wife" by Stothard, has his usual stiffness and mannerism.—A little child gazing on a Dead Bird, from its plainness, and want of proportion, and the peculiar shape of its hands, we should take to be Westall's, though the impression before us is a proof before the letter, and no artist's name is attached. A sketch of "Spoleto" is very beautiful as a landscape, but the engraving is feeble and cold. "Vesuvius" though we object to the hacknied nature of the subject is admirably handled by Turner, the first of our living Landscape Painters.—"The Masquerade" after Kidd, engraved by Armstrong is coarse and com-

mon-place.—“Reading the News” a picture by Wilkie engraved by H. Robinson, is interesting from the name of the Painter, for who does not prize every production, however humble, of the immortal Wilkie. It has much of his peculiar humour and simple nature, but the engraver has scarcely done justice to the original.—“Lyra,” painted by Wood, is very sweet in the facial expression, and the engraving is excellent of its kind, though being stippled, it does not seem in its place among so many highly finished line engravings.—We have now gone rapidly over all the embellishments, and may be thought not to have spoken of them in a very enthusiastic way, but to confess the truth, we expected something better. They are very beautiful, and even superior perhaps to those of the last year, but the great efforts now making in the departments of the Fine Arts for the London Annuals, are apt to excite our expectations of almost absolute perfection, and as they fall short of this standard we feel proportionably disappointed; nevertheless it is but bare justice to acknowledge that there are very few similar publications that afford a stronger display of either Artistical or Literary Talent than the *Friendship’s Offering for 1830*.

FORGET-ME-NOT, FOR MDCCCXXX.

We had almost despaired of being able to gratify our readers with specimens of the *Forget-me-Not* in this month’s Magazine; but a copy having just reached us we hasten to give a hurried notice of its contents, and to select a few brief specimens in prose and verse. The Literary department contains many excellent articles by writers whose names and talents are familiar to the public. The first prose composition in the book is entitled “A quarter of an Hour too soon,” and is a very clever and amusing production. The writer commences by quoting Lord Nelson’s remark that “if he had ever done any thing worth talking of in the world, it was by being always a quarter of an Hour before his time,” and proceeds to show that this saying might be reasonable enough in the hero of Trafalgar, but it could not be rendered applicable to common mortals. He illustrates his position with his own history, in which every untoward accident that befalls him is attributed to his having been fifteen minutes too soon. If we recollect rightly, an article written in a similar style appeared in the last *Forget-me-Not*, entitled, “An hour too many.” “The quarter of an Hour too soon,” is too long for an entire extract, but we give a brief specimen of it. Our author had obtained an Ensign’s Commission in one of the King’s regiments, with which he had just embarked for the continent. He

had not been long at sea before he experienced the inconveniences of a gale of wind.

"Our ship still lay a hundred yards from the shore; and the waves which had brought her so far were not yet tired of playing the same antics with her as they had done for some time past; she pitched and rolled hideously. Before me lay the pleasant land of the canteen, the coffeehouse, and the hotel. A crowd of jovial-looking *militaires* had already gathered on the beach to welcome us home, and were roaring with laughter at our unwilling manœuvres. "Flesh and blood can bear this no longer," said I to the colonel, who, without boots, epaulettes, or stomach, was clinging for his life to the juremast of our dancing ship. The words were no sooner pronounced than I jumped overboard, and was, like Cæsar, "buffeting the waters with fierce controversy." The waters took their revenge: I was the last of their victims, and they determined to make me remember them. The billows did with me just as they liked. When I was within ten yards of the shore on the back of one, the next conveyed me fifty yards to sea. No boat was at hand to determine "the controversy," and, in as few minutes as possible, a huge hill of foam, tumbling back from the beach, carried me with it, insensible, down Channel.

I awoke in the hands of a committee of country surgeons, at the critical moment when the men of science were on the point of carrying it against the philanthropists, and I was about to be consigned to the forceps of a fashionable lecturer on the *post mortem* peculiarities of man. Here, perhaps, I began to breathe fifteen minutes too soon; for *one quarter of an hour more* was the time in which the philanthropists had agreed to give up the experiment of my recovery. Less promptitude on my part would have saved me a good deal of after-trouble.

But I was fated to disappoint every one; and I disappointed the men of science of their prize, jumped into a post-chaise, and flew back to quarters. The first man whom I met in the streets of Portsmouth was my friend Jack, taking a tranquil saunter among the print-shops. He was goodnaturedly glad to see me. "But you were unlucky," said he, "in venturing to swim from the vessel. The tide was going down; in *another quarter of an hour* she was lying high and dry, and you might have landed in a cabriolet."

"But the regiment, where is it to be found?"
 "You have nothing to do with it now; you were returned drowned, for every ensign in the corps would have pledged every thing but his epaulette, that you were gone to the bottom. Your commission is given away, and now you have only to go to town and fight them out of another, if they will take your own word at the Horse-Guards for your being alive."

"But what are you doing in Portsmouth, Jack?"

"My duty. I have been gazetted to the regiment; and have the honour to be at this moment lieutenant in the company you left behind, when you were in such a hurry to see service."

I cursed the fifteen minutes in the depths of my soul."

Mr. Shoberl, the Editor of the *Forget-me-Not* has published, as he supposes, a very early production of Lord Byron, but we can hardly think it genuine, and if it is, it reflects no great honor upon his Lordship's Juvenile Muse. It is a very poor imitation of Shenstone. We extract it, however, as a curiosity.

TO MY DEAR MARY ANNE.

BY LORD BYRON.

The lines addressed "To my dear Mary Anne" were written about a year or less before my marriage, and when Lord Byron left Annetty.—MARY ANNE MUSTERS.

ADIEU to sweet Mary for ever!

From her I must quickly depart.

Though the fates us from each other sever,

Still her image will dwell in my heart.

The flame that within my breast burns
 Is unlike what in lovers' hearts glows ;
 The love which for Mary I feel
 Is far purer than Cupid bestows.

I wish not your peace to disturb,
 • I wish not your joys to molest :
 Mistake not my passion for love,
 'Tis your friendship alone I request.

Not ten thousand lovers could feel
 The friendship my bosom contains ;
 It will ever within my heart dwell,
 While the warm blood flows through my veins.

May the Ruler of Heaven look down,
 And my Mary from evil defend !
 May she ne'er know adversity's frown.
 May her happiness ne'er have an end !

Once more, my sweet Mary, adieu !
 Farwell ! I with anguish repeat—
 For ever I'll think upon you,
 While this heart in my bosom shall beat.

Our next poetical extract shall consist of some very sweet and touching verses by Miss Emma Roberts. —

SONG.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

UPON the Ganges' regal stream,
 The sun's bright splendours rest ;
 And gorgeously the noon-tide beam
 Reposes on its breast :
 But in a small secluded nook,
 Beyond the western sea,
 There rippling glides a narrow brook,
 That's dearer far to me.

The lory perches on my hand,
 Caressing to be fed,
 And spreads its plumes at my command
 And stoops its purple head ;
 But where the robin, humble guest,
 Comes flying from the tree,
 Which bears its unpretending nest,
 Alas ! I'd rather be.

The fire-fly flashes through the sky,
 A meteor swift and bright;
 And the wide space around, on high,
 Gleams with its emerald light;
 Though glory tracts that shooting star,
 And bright its splendours shine,
 The glow-worm's lamp is dearer far
 To this sad heart of mine.

Throughout the summer year, the flowers
 In all the flush of bloom,
 Clustering around the forest bowers,
 Exhale their rich perfume.
 The daisy, and the primrose pale,
 Though scentless they may be,
 That gem a far, far distant vale,
 Are much more prized by me.

The lotus opens its chalices,
 Upon the tank's broad lake,
 Where India's stately palaces
 Their ample mirrors make:
 But reckless of each tower and dome,
 The splendid and the grand,
 I languish for a cottage home,
 Within my native land.

Miss Mitford has given an historical sketch of the Trial of Charles the First, but she has very feebly handled so fine a subject. The simplest prose narration of the circumstances attending this important event would be more interesting than any ordinary writer could ever hope to render it in declamatory blank-verse. We have no wish to speak disrespectfully of Miss Mitford's powers generally, but certainly in this instance her nerveless versification, is peculiarly ineffective. The prose story of the Exile, by Mr. W. H. Harrison is clever and agreeable. We can afford room for a brief specimen of it.

"I would inquire after certain of our friends in Flanders. How is Frank Sackville? The king promised to take care of his fortune."

"And has kept his word most royally, to the last stiver of it," was the answer.

"And where is poor Frank now?"

"In a garret at Brussels," said Pierrepont, "of such circumscribed dimensions, that he cannot stretch himself without flinging open the window for elbowroom."

"And does he flaunt it as bravely as ever?" pursued the querist.

"Alas, no!" was the reply. "Poverty is now his only tailor, and has slashed his doublet sadly. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that the last of his shirts he had six different ways of getting into, until, on undressing himself one night, he missed it altogether, and at last found its melancholy remains confined in his boot."

"Has he recourse to the wine-bask as frequently as was his wont, drowning his cares after the manner of Clarence!" said Winterton.

"Oh, no?" rejoined the other; "he has descended to the alcohol, which he obtains as he can; begs, borrows, or perhaps steals it, as did Prometheus fire of another sort, and like him; suffers for it in his liver."

"And how fares it with old Sir John—absent Jack as we used to style him? Is he still subject to those fits of abstraction, under the influence of which he was accustomed to forget his meals?"

"Fortunately for him, as much so as ever," replied Pierrepont; "a circumstance that administers marvellously to his convenience, seeing that his dinner is frequently as absent as himself."

"He had a turn for poetry, had he not?" said Winterton.

"Call it a twist," replied the incorrigible Pierrepont; "for nothing could be more foreign to his nature. He had a fancy for bell-ringing, you will remember; and when he gave that up, he took to jingling of another sort, and nick-named it poetry."

"Gliding, by a natural transition, from poetry to music, I would inquire how goes the world with my friend Dick Crotchet; is he as indefatigable a scraper as ever?"

"Confound him! yes," said Pierrepont; "he lodged in the next room to me, where he fiddled from morning till night, and taught me, by sad experience, that the punishment of the bow-string is not confined to Turkey."

The lines on *The Stolen Kiss*, by Captain M'Naghten, have all the spirit and fervour that the subject required.

Barry Cornwall's verses on the *Place de Jeanne D'Arc*, at Rouen, and addressed to Prout the Painter, are replete with his worst faults. It is strange that this Poet who has a great deal of fancy and delicacy of feeling, should deform his productions with so much affectation, bad taste and absurdity.

His present Poem for instance commences in this fantastical manner.

Oh thou brave Art of Painting! with what skill, &c. &c.
and proceeds with such stuff as the following:—

Oh! a brave Painter art thou, Samuel Prout:
By Jupiter! I would not live without
A Drawing from thy Pen, though I should feed
To-morrow on Chamelions!

Oh! were I you, friend Artist, I would roam, &c. &c.

We shall now extract some pretty verses by Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly, the author of the popular Song of "Oh! no we never mention her."

SCNG.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

Oh! does he think, when I assume

This cold unmeaning smile,

That I forget his vows of love?—

That I forgive his guile?

'Twas he that left remorse to pine

Where Peace was wont to dwell;

And shall the trampled foot forget?—

Oh, I remember well!

I sought him not :—my mother's love
 Then left me nought to seek ;
 My heart was gay, my step was light,
 And health was on my cheek.
 He came, and bought the simple wreaths
 My mother used to sell ;
 He whisper'd praises in my ear—
 Oh, I remember well !

He linger'd near my village home,
 And said 't was for *my* sake ;
 He deign'd to be my partner, too,
 At harvest-home and wake :
 He placed a ring upon my hand ;
 And could I then repel
 The token of a blameless love ?—
 Oh, I remember well !

The summer pass'd—he came no more—
 I thought I should have died.
 When next we met, a noble dame
 Was smiling at his side.
 He saw me—but his guilty eyes
 Abash'd before me fell ;
 The lady soothed him, and he smiled—
 Oh, I remember well !

They told me 't was his wedding day,
 They bore me to the church ;
 And pale, and cold, and statue-like,
 I linger'd in the porch :
 I heard his wedding peal—I *felt*
 The beating of the bell ;
 I saw him kiss his lovely bride—
 Oh, I remember well !

And I have met him in the world,
 And I have heard him speak,
 And madly forced a smile to light
 My flush'd and feverish cheek :
 Do I *forget* ? No ; let him wait
 Until he hears my knell ;
 For till I rest beneath the turf
 I shall remember well !

Our next and last extract shall be a very good story entitled

THE RED MAN.

It was at the hour of nine, in an August evening, that a solitary horseman arrived at the Black Swan, a country-inn about nine miles from the town of Leicester.

ter. He was mounted on a large fiery charger, as black as jet, and had behind him a portmanteau attached to the croup of his saddle. A black travelling cloak, which not only covered his own person, but the greater part of his steed, was thrown around him. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, with an uncommonly low crown. His legs were cased in top-boots, to which were attached spurs of an extraordinary length; and in his hands he carried a whip, with a thong three yards long, and a handle which might have levelled Goliath himself.

On arriving at the inn, he calmly dismounted, and called upon the ostler by name.

"Frank!" said he, "take my horse to the stable; rub him down thoroughly; and, when he is well cooled, step in and let me know." And taking hold of his portmanteau, he entered the kitchen, followed by the obsequious landlord, who had come out a minute before, on hearing of his arrival. There were several persons present, engaged in nearly the same occupation. At one side of the fire sat the village school master—a thin, pale, peak-nosed little man, with a powdered periwig, terminating behind in a long queue, and an expression of self-conceit strongly depicted upon his countenance. He was amusing himself with a pipe, from which he threw forth volumes of smoke with an air of great satisfaction. Opposite to him sat the parson of the parish—a fat, bald-headed personage, dressed in a rusty suit of black, and having his shoes adorned with immense silver buckles. Between these two characters sat the exciseman, with a pipe in one hand, and a tankard in the other. To complete the group, nothing is wanted but to mention the landlady, a plump, rosy dame of thirty-five, who was seated by the school-master's side, apparently listening to some sage remarks which that little gentleman was throwing out for her edification.

But to return to the stranger. No sooner had he entered the kitchen, followed by the landlord, than the eyes of the company were directed upon him. His hat was so broad in the brim, his spurs were so long, his statue so great, and his face so totally hid by the collar of his immense black cloak, that he instantly attracted the attention of every person present. His voice, when he desired the master of the house to help him off with his mantle, was likewise so harsh that they all heard it with sudden curiosity. Nor did this abate when the cloak was removed, and his hat laid aside. A tall, athletic, red-haired man, of the middle age, was then made manifest. He had on a red frock coat, a red vest, and a red neckcloth; nay, his gloves were red! What was more extraordinary, when the overalls which covered his thighs were unbuttoned, it was discovered that his small-clothes were red likewise.

"All red!" ejaculated the parson, almost involuntarily.

"As you say, the gentleman is all red!" added the schoolmaster, with his characteristic flippancy. He was checked by a look from the landlady. His remark, however, caught the stranger's ear, and he turned round upon him with a penetrating glance. The schoolmaster tried to smoke it off bravely. It would not do: he felt the power of that look, and was reduced to almost immediate silence.

"Now, bring me your boot-jack," said the horseman.

The boot-jack was brought, and the boots pulled off. To the astonishment of the company, a pair of red stockings were brought into view. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, the exciseman did the same, the landlady shook her head, the parson exclaimed, "All red!" as before, and the schoolmaster would have repeated it, but he had not yet recovered from his rebuke.

"Faith, this is odd!" observed the host.

"Rather odd," said the stranger, seating himself between the parson and the exciseman. The landlord was confounded, and did not know what to think of the matter.

After sitting for a few moments, the new-comer requested the host to hand him a nightcap, which he would find in his hat. He did so: it was a red worsted one; and he put it upon his head.

Here the exciseman broke silence, by ejaculating, "Red again!" The landlady gave him an admonitory knock on the elbow: it was too late. The stranger heard his remark, and regarded him with one of those piercing glances for which his fiery eye seemed so remarkable.

"All red!" murmured the parson once more.

"Yes, Doctor Poundtext, the gentleman, as you say, is all red," re-echoed the schoolmaster, who by this time had recovered his self-possession. He would have gone on, but the landlady gave him a fresh admonition, by trampling upon his toes; and her husband winked in token of silence. As in the case of the exciseman, the warnings were too late.

"Now, landlord," said the stranger, after he had been seated a minute, "may I trouble you to get me a pipe and a can of your best Burton? But, first of all, open my portmanteau, and give me out my slippers."

The host did as he was desired, and produced a pair of red morocco slippers. Here an involuntary exclamation broke out from the company. It begun with the parson, and was taken up by the school-master, the exciseman, the landlady, and the landlord, in succession. "More red!" proceeded from every lip, with different degrees of loudness. The landlord's was the least loud, the school-master's the loudest of all.

"I suppose, gentlemen," said the stranger, "you were remarking upon my slippers."

"Eh—yes! we were just saying that they were red," replied the school-master.

"And, pray," demanded the other, as he raised the pipe to his mouth, "did you never before see a pair of red slippers?"

This question staggered the respondent: he said nothing, but looked to the parson for assistance.

"But you are all red," observed the latter, taking a full draught from a foaming tankard which he held in his hand.

"And you are all black," said the other, as he withdrew the pipe from his mouth, and emitted a copious puff of tobacco smoke. "The hat that covers your numskull is black, your beard is black, your coat is black, your vest is black; your small-clothes, your stockings, your shoes, all are black. In a word, Doctor Poundtext, you are——"

"What am I, sir?" said the parson, bursting with rage.

"Ay, what is he, sir,?" rejoined the schoolmaster.

"He is a black-coat," said the stranger, with a contemptuous sneer, "and you are a pedagogue." This sentence was followed by a profound calm. Not a word was spoken by any of the company, but each gazed upon his neighbour in silence. In the faces of the parson and schoolmaster anger was principally depicted: the exciseman's mouth was turned down in disdain, the landlady's was curled into a sarcastic smile; and as for the landlord, it would be difficult to say whether astonishment, anger, or fear, most predominated in his mind. During this ominous tranquillity the stranger looked on unmoved, drinking and smoking alternately with total indifference. The schoolmaster would have said something had he dared, and so would the parson; but both were yet smarting too bitterly under their rebuff to hazard another observation.

In the midst of this mental tumult, the little bandy-legged ostler made his appearance, and announced to the rider that his horse had been rubbed down according to orders. On hearing this, the Red Man got up from his seat, and walked out to the stable. His departure seemed to act as a sudden relief to those who were left behind. Their tongues, which his presence had bound by a talismanic influence, were loosened, and a storm of words broke forth proportioned to the fearful calm which preceded it.

"Who is that man in red?" said the parson, first breaking silence.

"Ay, who is he?" re-echoed the schoolmaster.

"He is a bit of a conjurer, I warrant," quoth the exciseman.

"I should not wonder," said the landlord, "if he be a spy from France."

"Or a travelling packman," added the landlady.

"I am certain he is no better than he should be," spake the parson again.

"That is clear," exclaimed the whole of the company, beginning with the pedagogue, and terminating as usual with the host. Here was a pause: at last Doctor Poundtext resumed—"I shall question him tightly when he returns; and if his answers are impertinent or unanswerable, something must be done."

"Ay, something must be done," said the schoolmaster.

"Whatever you do," said the landlady, "let it be done civilly. I should not like to anger him."

"A fig for his anger!" roared her husband, snapping his fingers; "I shall give him the back of the door in the twinkling of an eye, if he so much as chirps."

"Anger, indeed!" observed the exciseman; "leave that to me and my cudgel."

"To you and your cudgel!" said the stranger, who at this moment entered, and resumed his place at the fireside, after casting a look of ineffable contempt upon the exciseman. The latter did not dare to say a word; his countenance fell, and his stick which he was brandishing a moment before, dropped between his legs.

There was another pause in the conversation. The appearance of the Red Man again acted like a spell on the voices of the company. The parson was silent, and by a natural consequence his echo, the school-master, was silent also: none of the others felt disposed to say any thing. The meeting was like an assemblage of quakers. At one side of the fire sat the plump parson, with the tankard in one hand, and the other placed upon his forehead, as in deep meditation. At the opposite side sat the schoolmaster, puffing vehemently from a tobacco-pipe. In the centre was the exciseman, having at his right hand the jolly form of the landlady, and at his left the Man in Red; the landlord stood at some distance behind. For a time the whole, with the exception of the stranger, were engaged in anxious thought. The one looked to the other with wandering glances, but, though all equally wished to speak, no one liked to be the first to open the conversation. "Who can this man be?" "What does he want here?" "Where is he from, and whither is he bound?" Such were the enquiries which occupied every mind. Had the object of their curiosity been a brown man, a black man, or even a green man, there would have been nothing extraordinary; and he might have entered the inn and departed from it as unquestioned as before he came. But to be a Red Man! There was in this something so startling that the lookers-on were besides themselves with amazement. The first to break this strange silence was the parson.

"Sir," said he, "we have been thinking that you are—"

"That I am a conjurer, a French spy, a travelling packman, or something of the sort," observed the stranger. Doctor Poundtext started back on his chair, and well he might; for these words, which the Man in Red had spoken, were the very ones he himself was about to utter.

"Who are you sir!" resumed he, in manifest perturbation. "What is your name?"

"My name," replied the other, "is Reid."

"And where, in heaven's name, were you born?" demanded the astonished parson.

"I was born on the borders of the Red Sea." Doctor Poundtext had not another word to say. The schoolmaster was equally astounded, and withdrew the pipe from his mouth: that of the exciseman dropped to the ground: the landlord groaned aloud, and his spouse held up her hands in mingled astonishment and awe.

After giving them this last piece of information, the strange man arose from his seat, broke his pipe in pieces, and pitched the fragments into the fire; then, throwing his long cloak carelessly over his shoulders, putting his hat upon his head and loading himself with his boots, his whip, and his portmanteau, he desired the landlord to show him to his bed, and left the kitchen, after smiling sarcastically to its inmates, and giving them a familiar and unceremonious nod.

His disappearance was the signal for fresh alarm in the minds of those left behind. Not a word was said till the return of the innkeeper, who in a short time descended from the bed-room over-head, to which he had conducted his guest. On re-entering the kitchen, he was encountered by a volley of interrogations. The parson, the schoolmaster, the exciseman, and his own wife, questioned him over and over again. "Who was the Man in Red?—he must have seen him before—he must have heard of him—in a word, he must know something about him." The host protested "that he never beheld the stranger till that hour: it was the first time he had made his appearance at the Black Swan, and, so help him God, it should be the last!"

"Why don't you turn him out?" exclaimed the exciseman.

"If you think you are able to do it, you are heartily welcome," replied the landlord. "For my part, I have no notion of coming to close quarters with the shaft of

his whip, or his great, red, sledge-hammer fist." This was an irresistible argument and the proposer of forcible ejectment said no more upon the subject.

At this time the party could hear the noise of heavy footsteps above them. They were those of the Red Man, and sounded with slow and measured tread. They listened for a quarter of an hour longer, in expectation that they would cease. There was no pause: the steps continued, and seemed to indicate that the person was amusing himself by walking up and down the room.

It would be impossible to describe the multiplicity of feelings which agitated the minds of the company. Fear, surprise, anger, and curiosity, ruled them by turns, and kept them incessantly upon the rack. There was something mysterious in the visitor who had just left them---something which they could not fathom---something unaccountable. "Who could he be?" This was the question that each put to the other, but no one could give any thing like a rational answer.

Meanwhile the evening wore on apace, and though the bell of the parish church hard by sounded the tenth hour, no one seemed inclined to take the hint to depart. Even the parson heard it without regard, to such a pitch was his curiosity excited. About this time also the sky, which had hitherto been tolerably clear, began to be overclouded. Distant peals of thunder were heard; and thick sultry drops of rain pattered at intervals against the casement of the inn: every thing seemed to indicate a tempestuous evening. But the storm which threatened to rage without was unnoticed. Though the drops fell heavily: though gleams of lightning flashed by, followed by the report of distant thunder, and the winds began to hiss and whistle among the trees of the neighbouring cemetery, yet all these external signs of elementary tumult were as nothing to the deep, solemn footsteps of the Red Man. There seemed to be no end to his walking. An hour had he paced up and down the chamber without the least interval of repose, and he was still engaged in this occupation as at first. In this there was something incredibly mysterious; and the party below, notwithstanding their numbers, felt a vague and indescribable dread beginning to creep over them. The more they reflected upon the character of the stranger, the more unnatural did it appear. The redness of his hair and complexion, and, still more, the fiery hue of his garment, struck them with astonishment. But this was little to the freezing and benumbing glance of his eye, the strange tones of his voice, and his miraculous birth on the borders of the Red Sea. There was now no longer any smoking in the kitchen. The subjects which occupied their minds were of too engrossing a nature to be treated with levity: and they drew their chairs closer, with a sort of irresistible and instinctive attraction.

While these things were going on, the bandy-legged ostler entered, in manifest alarm. He came to inform his master that the stranger's horse had gone mad, and was kicking and tearing at every thing around, as if he would break his manger in pieces. Here a loud neighing and rushing were heard in the stable. "Ay, there he goes," continued he. "I believe the devil is in the beast, if he is not the old enemy himself. Ods, master, if you saw his eyes: they are like--"

"What are they like?" demanded the landlord. "Ay, what are they like?" exclaimed the rest with equal impatience.

"Ods, if they a'n't like burning coals!" ejaculated the ostler, trembling from head to foot, and squeezing himself in among the others, on a chair which stood hard by. His information threw fresh alarm over the company, and they were more agitated and confused than ever.

During the whole of this time the sound of walking over-head never ceased for one moment. The heavy tread was unabated: there was not the least interval of repose, nor could a pendulum have been more regular in its motions. Had there been any relaxation, any pause, any increase, or any diminution, of rapidity in the footsteps, they would have been endurable; but there was no such thing. The same deadening, monotonous, stupefying sound continued, like clockwork, to operate incessantly above their heads. Nor was there any abatement of the storm without; the wind blowing among the tress of the cemetery in a sepulchral moan; the rain beating against the panes of glass with the impetuous loudness of hail; and lightning and thunder flashing and peeling at brief

intervals through the murky firmament. The noise of the elements was indeed frightful, and it was heightened by the voice of the sable steed like that of a spirit of darkness; but the whole, as we have just hinted, was as nothing to the deep, solemn, mysterious treading of the Red Man.

Innumerable were their conjectures concerning the character of this personage. It has been mentioned that the landlady conceived him at first to be a travelling packman, the landlord a French spy, and the exciseman a conjurer. Now their opinions were wholly changed, and they looked upon him as something a great deal worse. The parson, in the height of his learning, regarded him as an emanation of the tempter himself; and in this he was confirmed by the erudite opinion of the schoolmaster. As to the ostler, he could say nothing about the man, but he was willing to stake his professional knowledge that his horse was kith and kin to the evil one. Such were the various doctrines promulgated in the kitchen of the Black Swan.

"If he be like other men, how could he anticipate me, as he did, in what I was going to say?" observed the parson.

"Born on the borders of the Red Sea!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Heard ye how he repeated to us what we were talking about during his absence in the stable?" remarked the exciseman.

"And how he knew that I was a pedagogue?" added the schoolmaster.

"And how he called on me by my name, although he never saw nor heard of me before?" said the ostler in conclusion. Such a mass of evidence was irresistible. It was impossible to overlook the results to which it naturally led.

"If more proof is wanting," resumed the parson after a pause, "only look to his dress. What Christian would think of travelling about the country in red? It is a type of the hell-fire from which he is sprung."

"Did you observe his hair hanging down his back like a bunch of carrots?" asked the exciseman.

"Such a diabolical glance in his eye!" said the schoolmaster.

"Such a voice!" added the landlord. "It is like the sound of a cracked claxonet."

"His feet are not cloven," observed the landlady.

"No matter," exclaimed the landlord; "the devil, when he chooses, can have as good legs as his neighbours."

"Better than some of them," quoth the lady, looking peevishly at the lower limbs of her husband.

"Meanwhile the incessant treading continued unabated, although two long hours had passed since its commencement. There was not the slightest cessation to the sound, while out of doors the storm raged with violence, and in the midst of it the hideous neighing and stamping of the black horse were heard with pre-eminent loudness. At this time the fire of the kitchen began to burn low. The sparkling blaze was gone, and in its stead nothing but a dead red lustre emanated from the grate. One candle had just expired, having burned down to the socket. Of the one which remained the unsnuffed wick was nearly three inches in length, black and crooked at the point, and standing like a ruined tower amid an envelopment of sickly yellow flame; while around the fire's equally decaying lustre sat the frightened cat, narrowing their circle as its brilliancy faded away, and eyeing each other like apparitions amidst the increasing gloom.

"At this time the clock of the steeple struck the hour of midnight, and the tread of the stranger suddenly ceased. There was a pause for some minutes—afterwards a rustling—then a noise as of something drawn along the floor of his room. In a moment thereafter his door opened; then it shut with violence, and heavy footsteps were heard trampling down the stair. The inmates of the kitchen shook with alarm as the tread came nearer. They expected every moment to behold the Red Man enter, and stand before them in his native character. The landlady fainted outright: the exciseman followed her example: the landlord gasped in an agony of terror: and the schoolmaster uttered a pious ejaculation for the behoof of his soul. Doctor Poundtext was the only one who preserved any degree of composure. He managed, in a trembling voice, to call out "Avaunt; Satan! I exorcise thee from hence to the bottom of the Red Sea!"

"I am going as fast as I can," said the stranger, as he passed the kitchen-door on his way to the open air. His voice aroused the whole conclave from their stupor. They started up, and by a simultaneous effort rushed to the window. There they beheld the tall figure of a man, enveloped in a black cloak, walking across the yard on his way to the stable. He had on a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, top-boots, with enormous spurs, and carried a gigantic whip in one hand, and a portmanteau in the other. He entered the stable, remained there about three minutes, and came out leading forth his fiery steed thoroughly accoutred. In the twinkling of an eye he got upon his back, waved his hand to the company, who were surveying him through the window, and, clapping spurs to his charger, galloped off furiously, with a hideous and unnatural laugh, through the midst of the storm.

On going up stairs to the room which the devil had honoured with his presence, the landlord found that his infernal majesty had helped himself to every thing he could lay his hands upon, having broken into his desk and carried off twenty-five guineas of king's money, a ten pound Bank of England note, and sundry articles, such as seals, snuff-boxes, &c. Since that time he has not been seen in these quarters, and if he should, he will do well to beware of Doctor Poundtext, who is a civil magistrate as well as a minister, and who, instead of exorcising him to the bottom of the Red Sea, may perhaps exorcise him to the interior of Leicester gaol, to await his trial before the judges of the midland circuit.

The Engravings of the *Forget-me-Not* for this year, though hardly equal to those of the last volume, are in many instances very beautiful. There is a little group of figures, *The Orphan Family*, painted by Chisholme and engraved by Davenport, that is characterized by much of that simple truth of expression in which Wilkie is so felicitous.—The engraving entitled "*The tempting moment*" is one of similar merit; an old apple Woman has fallen asleep in her chair, and a number of young boys are stealing the roasting treasures with timid cunning, and burning their mouths and fingers in their hurry. It is drawn by W. Collins, and is very beautifully engraved by Shenton.

Mr. Ackermann generally contrives with excellent judgement to secure the assistance of Prout, whose bold, broad and masterly style, is so much admired both by the critics and the public. His view of a street at Rouen in the present volume, engraved by the talented H. Le Keux, is full of his usual richness and power of effect. "*The Flower Girl*" by P. A. Guagain, to those who have seen Murillo's, will only excite contempt, and even without reference to that admirable work, the present will be considered a very ordinary and common place engraving. "*The Land Storm*" drawn by Clennell, is not without spirit, but it reminded us too much of a French composition, any thing approaching to which, is usually our abomination. Stephano, whose success in the *Keepsake* has brought him into great request has been called upon for his assistance, but he has not been so happy on this occasion, as on a former one. *The Death of the Dove* drawn by Stewardson and engraved in a bright and sparkling manner by W. Finden, is a very beautiful little work, as is also Daniell's drawing of an *Indian Ghost*, which is softly and delicately finished. We had almost forgot-

ten to mention *The Spanish Princess*, by Wilkie but it is not in his usual or best style.

There are two or three other embellishments that we have not alluded to but we have noticed the most noticeable, and our Printer will bitterly complain of us if we further extend our remarks at the eleventh hour. We regret much that we did not receive the London Annuals at a more convenient time when we should have entered into fuller details, and have done more justice to their merits.*

THE BENGAL ANNUAL, MDCCCXXX.

As the BENGAL ANNUAL, is conducted by the Editor of this Magazine, we are placed in a rather delicate position, for it is not fair towards the publishers, nor even to our readers, that the work should be altogether passed over on this account.

Our best plan perhaps will be to offer no remarks of our own, but content ourselves with quoting the following flattering notices from the Calcutta Papers.

[FROM THE INDIA GAZETTE.]

We have been favoured by the Editor with the loose sheets of the *Bengal Annual*, and we have much pleasure in availing ourselves of his courtesy to make our readers acquainted with some of its interesting contents. The attempt to get up an Indian Annual is worthy of high commendation; and if we may judge by the variety and excellence of the contributions, it has been rewarded with a degree of public support eminently flattering to the projectors. Amongst the names of the writers we find those of Dr. Wilson, Dr. Grant, Miss Roberts, Mr. Derozio, Mr. Parker, Colonel Young, and others, whom we cannot enumerate, all of whom have contributed from their stores to present a rich and varied treat to the Indian public. Considering the disadvantages under which the *Bengal Annual* has been given to the world, it may appear invidious to institute any comparison between it and the similar publications that are received from Europe. But we do not think that it need shrink from the comparison; for the taste and beauty of many of the pieces, the true poetic inspiration under which they have been conceived and expressed, appear to us to give the entire work a general style of excellence and power superior to its European compeers. Most of the eminent poets of the present day who contribute to the English Annuals, seem to furnish only the sweepings of their study—the mere *exuviae* of the poetic character: several of the contributors to the *Bengal Annual* have, on the contrary, put forth their powers, and their productions are consequently worthy of themselves, and the public to whom they are addressed.

The nameless writer of the Introductory Stanzas* concludes his tender and plaintive lines with the exclamation

*Home! Home! there—there alone
The minstrel's harp gives all its tone.*

But the real pathos, the glow of poetic feeling, which pervades his own verses, shows that even the Exile's harp can give forth tones which find their ready response in the human heart. Yet why regard ourselves as Exiles? Why not make this the land of our adoption, and endeavour to make it all that the patriot and philanthropist can desire? * * *

* * * * *

[FROM THE GOVERNMENT GAZETTE.]

Literature—to use an American phrase, seems to be progressing among us.—Not only is an Annual to be issued in a few days from the Press of Calcutta—but we are promised a Monthly Magazine too.—We have been always aware that there was no want of talent for composition amongst our Indian Sojourners—and that all that was requisite for its development, was some kind of motive or stimulus to call it forth. To the spirited Editor of the “Bengal Annual”—it is due to acknowledge—that he has given the required motive for literary concentration by announcing that he would undertake a task never tried here before—and which rendered it a point of honour in his literary Brethren to put their shoulders heartily to the wheel, to help him.

We have been favoured with the unbound sheets of the work—and its typographical execution is really most creditable. Of its literary merits we would, rather leave our Readers to judge for themselves—when, however, we state that amongst the contributors to its pages are to be found the names of the fair authoress of the “Houses of York and Lancaster”—of the Translator of the “Hindu Theatre”—and of the author of “The Draught of Immortality”—we say enough, we presume, to indicate that a work distinguished by such aid cannot fail to be worthy of consideration.

It is dedicated to Lady Wilham Bentinck, and we trust will prove the *avant courier* of many others in *esse* and *posse* still more deserving of the honor of such patronage.

The chief end of publications like the one in question, has hitherto been to amuse, accordingly the matter of the Bengal Annual is, for the most part, of a light and entertaining character—the Poetry and Prose being pretty equally balanced.

A few pictorial embellishments are to be found in the work—which are the friendly contributions of Amateurs. Although not wanting in elegance of design and spirit of execution, they are not of course amenable to those rigid rules of Criticism which hold in England, and which considering the infant state of the arts in Calcutta, to apply here, would be to use a giant's strength as a giant—and therefore tyrannously. They will, some years hence, be interesting, were it only as showing the progress of the European arts in this quarter of Asia. * * *

* The author of these Stanzas is Mr. Parker.—Ed. Cal. Mag.

THE SEASON IN LONDON. MDCCCXXX.

BY CAPTAIN MCNAGHTEN.

[FOR THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.]

Good morrow to the Season! — it is coming round again,
 And though I shall be divided from its revels by the main,
 I shall not forget the sooner all the joyousness it gave,
 When to every eye that smil'd on me, I bow'd a willing slave.
 When every form I gaz'd on (if 'twere like a Sylph's at all)
 In the crush-room of the Opera, or the glories of a ball,
 And every cheek of rosy hue, and every snowy hand,
 Had a charm for one so newly from the sable-beautied land.

So, good morrow to the Season! with its witching revelry,
 So quickly coming round again—though coming not for me.

Good morrow to the Season!—will each girl I left behind,
 When on another, as on me, she throws her glances kind,
 Remember him she flirted with, through many a mellow hour,
 In the noise of glittering parties, or the silence of the bower:
 Will she, whose cheek was crush'd to mine, on that unvictual'd day,
 When the horticultural people* sent us empty all away,
 Remember those soft whispers that were in her ear distill'd,—
 The only really “good things” with which that day she was “fill'd.”

Oh! good morrow to the Season! with its witching revelry,
 So quickly coming round again—though coming not for me.

Good morrow to the Season!—what a change be in that heaven,
 Among the angels, bright and fair, I knew in twenty-seven!
 Young Phoebe may have settled down a rul'd, or ruling, spouse,
 And Lucy may to Gretna Green have gone to take the vows.
 Gay Julia may have turn'd a Saint, or turn'd — a fopling's head,
 And pretty little Jessy may have left her Booby's bed.
 Jane still may play the light guitar, or play the lighter fool,
 And Fanny's younger sister may have made her lover cool.

But good morrow to the Season! with its witching revelry,
 And to all its blooming beauties—though they bloom no more for me.

Good morrow to the Season! — by the Ganges, distant shore,
 I have sat me down, an alter'd man from what I was before,
 I am never going to flirt again — pink cheek and lily brow,
 May blush and beam—they once had pow'r—but that is over now.
 An eye could play the deuce with me, unless it ebanc'd to squint,
 And I should have thought it hard to find a female heart of flint.
 But the greenness of my youth is o'er—that effervescent time—
 And I listen more to reason now, and rather less to rhyme.

So good morrow to the Season! — with its witching revelry
 And to all its blooming beauties—though they bloom no more for me.

Good morrow to the Season!—when life's tree to autumn's brown
 Its verdure yields, I'll go and pass the winter months in town;
 And if some old familiar form should cross my downward path,
 With wrinkles where the blushes are which she at present hath:
 Borne slowly on her tottering feet, down life's declivous hill,
 Which now so lightly float her through the waltz and the quadrille;

* No one who was there will ever forget the Horticultural Breakfast of 1827! The gourmand who deemed it a new “pleasure” to feel hungry, might have had it, on that occasion, to his heart's content, but whether to his stomach's also is quite another question.

'T will be pleasant (if she have not got a wheezing husband by her)
To try and eye her wither'd shape as now my eye might eye her.

So good morrow to the Season! — with its witching revelry,
And a blessing on each face that ever kindly beam'd on me!

Good morrow to the Season! — I have had my fluttering day,
I have been with jilts a butterfly, but *twigg'd* their birdlime spray,
I have gone through all the forms of adoration with Coquettes,
Have admir'd their *slips* and *laces*, but kept clear of all their *nets*.
A hundred thousand foolish things, no doubt, I must have said,
But the *warm* ones never caught my heart—though the *cold* ones caught my
head.

If some of them were fond of *airs*—I fann'd them in a trice,
And if others would be chilly—why, I handed them an ice.

But good morrow to the Season! — with its witching revelry,
And a blessing on each face that ever kindly beam'd on me!

Good morrow to the Season! — I have tasted all its joys,
Its dancing, flirting, whispering, pressing, visiting, and noise.
Its scandal I have chatted, and have scann'd all my acquaintance,
The artless ones, the sinful ones, the blue ones, and the saint ~~ones~~;
But I'm not the sour misanthropist, to say I don't miss Ann,
The laughing little girl with whom my Season I began.
Nor do I look with hypocrite regret upon the past, —
I was happy while it lasted, and I'm happy at the last.

So good morrow to the Season! — with its witching revelry,
And a health to those whose gentle hearts may yet remember me!

Good morrow to the Season! — though the ocean's wide expanse
Will not let me dance again with those with whom I us'd to dance.
I cannot with Rigge's lavender, their beauteous foreheads lave,
For the briny wave compels me all that happiness to waive.
No more Mammams I chatter to about their darling daughters, —
I have left off all such nonsense, upon this side of the waters; —
But still I think with kindly warmth on both the young and old,
For this is not a clime in which a person can feel cold!

So good morrow to the Season! — with its witching revelry,
And a health to those whose gentle hearts may yet remember me!

Good morrow to the Season! — may it gaily come and go!
May eyes be brighter than its wine, and joy more sparkling flow!
May they who fear they're growing fat, ungrow again to thin!
May the puppies be rejected, and the jilts be taken in!
To sit without a partner may manœuvrers be compelled.
And may thy Hell, St. James's Street, no longer be up-held!
May sighing maids be married, and cross old ones end their lives!
And may husbands all be cuckolded who take coquettes for wives!

So good morrow to the Season! — with its witching revelry.
And may those again enjoy it, who enjoy'd it once with me.

Good morrow to the Season! — and a kind adieu to all,
Whom I have ever prattled with, in boat, or bower, or hall,
They shall all be recollected when my spirits may be high,
But one or two shall oftenest be remember'd with a sigh.
Farewell! thou pretty, warbling bird—thou guileless one in heart,
Full be thy share of every good,—of ill be thine no part!
And to thee, the warm and gentle, who hadst my dancing hand,
Be happiness, as great as mine, in this all sunny land!

Now good morrow to the Season! — with its witching revelry,
And may those again enjoy it, who enjoy'd it once with me!

THE YOUNG HOMICIDE.

In the year 18— there resided in the county of — in Scotland a country gentleman of the name of M—. My father's house was at least five miles distant from his residence, and I do not recollect that I had ever seen Mr. M—, but I had often heard him spoken of as a man generally respected. He possessed considerable landed property, and this combined with the excellence of his character, gave him some weight and consideration in the neighbourhood. He was married and had several children. At the time of which I write, his eldest son was about eighteen years of age, a tall, handsome, and intelligent young man, who had distinguished himself at the university during the preceding session. He was a high-spirited youth, somewhat presumptuous, and easily irritated by opposition, but otherwise of a kind and generous disposition, and exceedingly popular among the farmers and peasantry. His father's principal farm servant had a son of nearly the same age; a great favourite with his young master, and his constant companion in his field sports.

On the morning of the 27th of October of the year I have mentioned, these two young men went out coursing, with a couple of Mr. M—'s greyhounds. They had not returned at the usual dinner hour, four o'clock, although it was found that the dogs had been home for some time. This caused little surprise at the time, and I believe no alarm, for as it had been raining heavily since noon, it was concluded that the young men had sought shelter in one of the neighbouring cottages, from which the dogs might, either accidentally or purposely, have been excluded. As it continued to rain till a late hour, they were hardly expected that night; but considerable anxiety was excited by their not appearing on the following morning, and by noon this anxiety had deepened into serious alarm on the part of the parents; enquiries were made in every direction, but no information could be obtained. They had not been seen beyond the adjoining fields. More extended enquiries produced a similar result, and on the following day the whole neighbourhood was in commotion. The feelings of the parents of the young men I shall not attempt to describe. Every forest in the vicinity was searched and re-searched; every river was dragged; and hardly a bush escaped investigation; it was all in vain. Neither had the objects of their search been seen on any road or highway near or remote. Under such circumstances the idea of their having been murdered must have presented itself to every mind; but

to whom could suspicion attach? and what could have become of the bodies? The young men were as generally loved as known. They had nothing about them to excite cupidity; they were strong and active, and though only armed with sticks, could not have been easily overpowered, at least not by a single individual; and besides, it was a part of the country in which a murder had not been known within the memory of man. I need not repeat any of the various opinions which this mysterious circumstance engendered, regarding the means, human or superhuman, by which these two lamented youths had been swept, as it were, from the face of the earth, without a vestige being left by which their flight might be traced, or the place and manner of their death divulged. The most ingenious failed in inventing even a probable surmise, and conjecture consequently took a range far beyond the bounds of possibility; but any attempt at a reasonable solution of the mystery, was at last abandoned in despair.

I had then just completed my sixteenth year. I was not tall for my age, and had a boyish appearance, though I was not deficient in strength or agility. On the day preceding that on which young M—— and his companion disappeared, a friend of my father, who had taken a fancy to me, had made me a present of a double-barrel gun. Young as I was, I was a practised sportsman of three years standing, and had often used such a gun before, but had never had one of my own. I was proud of it accordingly. I sallied forth therefore on the following morning after finishing an early breakfast, confident in my own skill, for my aim then was as quick as it was sure, and not doubting that my new acquisition would do ample justice to it. At this late period of the season, the partridges had become shy, and though my dog was well-trained and staunch, I had bagged only a single brace. By this time I had wandered in a southerly direction about four miles from home, and now stood on the brow of an eminence, taking a survey of the adjacent country, and giving occasionally an anxious glance at the aspect of the sky, which had been lowering since morning, and now threatened rain. Before me lay a marsh, or as it is there called “a mire,” considerably upwards of a mile in length, and at its eastern end opposite to which I stood, perhaps half a mile broad; which breadth gradually decreased towards the west till it terminated almost in a point. The marsh had a brownish hue, the moss which grew upon it being interspersed with heather. The surface was much broken towards the middle, shewing longitudinal stripes of shallow water, covering a great depth of a soft mixture of mud and sand. From the spot where I stood a gentle slope led to it: a range of low hills rose more abruptly

from the opposite side. The country was open towards the east affording a distant prospect of the sea ; the view towards the west was more limited, being closed by an adjacent wood. At some distance from the western termination of the marsh, a low and narrow embankment had been thrown across, apparently in an attempt to bring that part of the marsh which lay beyond it into a state of cultivation. This having failed, a second attempt of the same nature equally unsuccessful seemed to have been made about forty paces nearer to the extremity. These embankments served now as footpaths to the sportsman. By others the place was little frequented. There was neither farm house nor cottage within sight, except at a great distance to the eastward.

I directed my course along the northern side of the marsh, in the hope that a few snipes might have made their appearance. I was disappointed and on reaching the second embankment determined to cross over. Ere I had proceeded halfway, I saw a hare come over the rising ground from the south, and run towards the embankment which lay between me and the centre of the marsh. When opposite to me, in crossing it, being within shot I fired and killed her : and immediately proceeded to the spot. I had just begun to load when two greyhounds came from the same direction, and stood at gaze on the summit of the rising ground, as if looking for an object of recent pursuit. Two young men, the owners of the dogs, next made their appearance, and came rapidly towards me. Just as I had loaded my gun, and bagged my hare, they were near enough to address me. In advancing along the narrow embankment, one necessarily preceded the other. The appearance of the first indicated his connection with the higher classes of society, while that of his follower as evidently shewed that he belonged to the peasantry of the country. The first had dark hair and eyes, those of the other were fair and blue : both were tall and good looking : the former had a common walking stick in his hand ; the latter a kind of pole, use in leaping ditches. The flashing eye and flushed brow of the first who approached me betrayed a considerable degree of irritation, for which I was not conscious of having given cause, and his language, tone and manner were from the beginning, insulting and menacing. " So my lad" he began, " you have killed our hare have you ?"—" *Your* hare !" I replied, " I have killed a hare, but I had shot her before I saw either you or your dogs, and was not aware that you had put her up"—" I dare say," but where is your certificate ? we will make you pay for your insolence !"—My smile on hearing this was one of contempt and defiance, nor had I time for further reply, for he immediately resumed—" I thought so, a poacher ! give up your gun Sir !"—One lock was immediately

cocked, and I think the look which accompanied this action must have expressed a degree of resolution, which would have deterred many from further aggression ; but to be thus braved by a boy served only to inflame the wrath of the rash and choleric youth who now stood before me. He put a just interpretation on my look and action, when he exclaimed, " So you will not give it up ! Come on Allan !" and he rushed forward to close with and overpower me.

Ere the reader condemn me for what followed, let him reflect on my immature age and on the provocation I had received, let him also consider that as a young sportsman, I looked on the retention of my gun as a point of honour. I believe also that I was naturally brave, for although on common occasions I had little confidence in myself, and was subject to embarrassment from trivial causes, yet I have since found the immediate presence of danger can nerve my heart, and compose my mind. I knew not this when young, for I had not then ever been placed in imminent peril ; although I was sensible that I was free from those terrors with which many are impressed, on beholding the convulsions of nature, and witnessing the strife of the elements. I can recollect that when a mere boy, returning home with some of my school-fellows we were overtaken by a tremendous thunder-storm—My terrified companions hurried on while I lingered behind alone, absolutely delighted with the elemental war that was raging above and around me. Yet it was an awful sight. It seemed as if a whole legion of demons had entered that dense and murky cloud, whence they were darting their forked and fiery arrows on the reptiles of the earth, while its innermost caverns reverberated the echoes of their dissonant and diabolical mirth. This however might not be courage, for the idea of danger never crossed my imagination. But be this as it may, I was when irritated by insult, as inaccessible to fear as reckless of consequences. " Come on Allan !" exclaimed my proud and impetuous assailant—the next instant he was prostrate before me, a strong sudden groan burst from his lips as he fell. The concentrated charge of shot had perforated his heart ; and he lay as lifeless as the earth, which with outspread arms he appeared to grasp. I looked on him but for a moment, the conviction flashed upon me at once that I had another antagonist to deal with who would take my life in revenge or lose his own. I was not mistaken. While I retired a few paces keeping my eye fixed upon him, he stood gazing on the body of his companion with a look of astonishment and horror ; but in a moment every other feeling seemed to be absorbed by a desire of revenge. He spoke not a word, but grasping his formidable staff with both hands sprang over the dead body. A

single blow from his weapon might have been fatal, but ere the stroke fell, the hand of the striker had been paralysed by death! He fell forward like his companion, but a little to one side of the path, and rolled over on his back. He raised his right hand as if to place it on the wound which was near his heart, but it sunk extended by his side. I heard not a groan—only the gurgling of the blood in his throat—In a few seconds he was quite dead.

It might be supposed that the feelings of a youth of sixteen situated as I now was, would have hurried him at once from the scene of slaughter, but this was not the case. Irritation had subsided, and leaning on my gun I stood looking on the dead bodies, with no other feeling but regret. I was roused from my reverie by the whining of the greyhounds which stood behind the farthest body, evidently in distress, and apparently impressed with terror, in which feeling my own dog seemed to share. I passed the bodies and called to the greyhounds, which came up to me, but with some hesitation, though they seemed thereafter to consider me as a friend. My first impulse now was to go to the nearest dwelling, and relate what had passed; but a little reflection served to convince me that even if the truth were admitted to its full extent, the known fact would have a ruinous effect on my character. My resolution was soon taken. I knew that the soil of the marsh was of the nature of a quicksand, and that the bodies if once immersed would never rise again. By the side of the path on which I stood the surface of the marsh was broken, and though the water was quite shallow, I ascertained by means of Allan's pole that the soft mud extended to a great depth. It was now raining, and there was little fear of interruption. With some difficulty I dragged the body of him whom I had first shot to the spot I have mentioned, and threw it in. I did not sink into the mud so fast as I had expected, but by stirring it with the pole it soon disappeared; and I continued to agitate it till it had sunk to a considerable depth. The other body I disposed of in the same way, and every thing that belonged to them; last of all the pole itself which I had used in submersing them. The few stains of blood upon my clothes might be supposed to have come from the hare, and though the blood which had flowed from the bodies was still visible upon the ground, yet as the rain was now falling fast, I felt confident that in the course of another hour, every trace of the awful tragedy so recently acted would be obliterated from the face of the earth.

Up to this time I had retained the utmost composure and presence of mind. It was not till I had quitted the marsh, that I became at all agitated. On pausing to look around me it seemed as if the earth had spun round, and that I now

saw the distant sea on the *western* horizon! I soon found however that instead of being on the northern side of the marsh, whither I had intended to proceed, I was now standing at the base of the low hilly ridge on the south. My attention was next called to the distress of the greyhounds, which seemed inclined to follow me, but this I discouraged, and they at last left me, though with apparent reluctance. Instead of recrossing the marsh I hastened to the adjoining wood, and emerging from its opposite side, directed my course homeward. It was never suspected that I had any knowledge of young M—— and his companion, far less that I had been the sole cause of their mysterious and untimely fate.

It has been a matter of surprise to me, that the event which I have now related should have affected me so little for some time after its occurrence, and that time should have deepened instead of erased the impression it had left—At first I felt only regret, but when I began to reflect on the promising adolescence of those whom I had slain; and the distress in which I had involved their kindred and parents, my regret became mingled with a painful degree of remorse. I left my native land, and have endeavoured to estrange even the recollection of it from my mind, as if the deed could be forgotten with the scene which beheld it. I was long cold and unsocial, and if not altogether unfriended could hardly be said to be a friend, for nearly ten years a tear never gathered in my eye; my heart, seared by remorse, was cold and hard as the polar iceberg. It was softened at last by the kindness of one individual, my better feelings were renovated, and I was again brought within the pale of human society, from which I had been alienated by my own conscience. Yet even now, if I observe in those with whom I associate, the slightest appearance of aversion or dread; if I imagine for a moment, that familiarity is repulsed, or kindness withheld: I cannot help fancying that my features still reveal the existence of that homicidal fierceness, of which the first fatal ebullition had quelled in my heart the elation of youth, and crushed the spirit of manhood—the remembrance of which had been a blight on the blossom of pleasure, and a canker at the root of happiness.

A. W..

Stanzas.

THE BOY WITH BRIGHT HAIR.

I.

Oh know you the vale of the streamlet and wood,
 Where the ash and the willow hang over the flood,
 And garden gems spring in ground rugged and hoar,—
 The site, whence a palace rose stately of yore?
 And have you forgotten the boy with bright hair,
 Who carelessly roamed with his trolling-rod there?

II.

Above on the edge of the park in their pride
 The giant oaks frown where the hares love to hide,
 Remember the steed, which the Squire bestrode,
 And the favorite hounds, that expectingly stood,
 And how his white locks were borne back by the wind
 As the gallant old man left his fellows behind
 When, on OBERON fleet as the wind, on the trace
 Of SNOWBALL and DARR he would close in the chase,
 Till they killed on the skirts of the fir-grove, and where,
 Though panting and flushed, stood the Boy with bright hair.

III.

Time flies on, Time flies on! Do you mind when the young
 And the lovely had met, and in jubilee sprung?
 When the galliard was tripped, as if life might be blest,
 And fathers, through tears, gazed on those, they loved best,
 Did you see one so beauteous of all the sweet throng,
 So fitted for love, and so worthy of song,
 As she, who still danced, though her mother was there,
 With a youth, erst the Boy of the bright curling hair?

IV.

Did you know the old church how it stood where the graves
 Rose around it, in rugged confusion, like waves:
 A stern gothic structure? Within it the pew
 Of the Lord of the Manor was chiefest in view,
 And there, bending low shone his patriarch head,
 Whose spring had been useful, by winter o'erspread,
 Heavens smiles seemed to light on his tresses of snow,
 And bless him superior to passion or woe.
 Here many sweet souls to devotion were given,
 And many I doubt not were dreaming of heaven;
 • But mark what I tell, for 'tis all of it true,
 • Heaven here was I fear little thought of by two,
 And one, who so sadly neglected her prayer,
 Was the Lady, that danced with the Boy with bright hair.

V.

Time flies on, Time flies on, and its gall-dripping wing
 Dashes cups, which we fill in lifes' garden of spring :
 In a year or an hour the nectar grows dim,
 And the goblet is bitterness, up to the brim.
 Now the young, and the gay in the valley may rove,
 By the wood and the brook they may whisper of love ;
 And the rich and the proud other pictures may place
 Than those, which were once wont the old Hall to grace ;
 And portraits may hang, if a corner's to spare
 Of the grey headed Squire, and the Boy with bright hair.

VI.

BUT OBERON'S shot ; DART and SNOWBALL are dead ;
 The Hall with new hangings and carpets is spread ;
 The Manor-pew's altered ; and death has made room
 For some, who could see little beauty in gloom,
 Who have robbed the old church of its time-hallow'd air
 Endeared to the good by whole centuries of prayer,
 Have polluted with modern inventions the aisle,
 And coated with plaster the grey frowning pile ;
 While a stone strives to number the virtues of one,
 Who to Abraham's bosom, a spirit is gone ;
 And she whom we sang of so beauteous, and fair
 Is married, but not to the Boy with bright hair.

VII.

Hark heard you the signal, which boomed round the hill
 The caves of the valley re-mutter it still.
 Ah ! some in that vessel, whose sails flap the mast,
 On the home of their fathers to-day look their last ;
 And one there is silent, and friendless and lone,
 None kiss his pale cheek, he is wept for by none,
 Not a soul says " God bless him."—The gale fresh and fair
 Bears far from his kindred the Boy with bright hair.

THE EMPTY GLASS.

Oh ! thou art like life, when its joys are all flown
 And the smiles that enlightened our manhood are gone ;
 As brief is the pleasure, that floats in the ray
 Ere the joys which thou givest, ebb brightly away.

Yet still can the Goblet, thy glories restore,
 And make thee as joyous and bright as before ;
 So the heart fondly hopes after sorrow and pain
 That the life-drops of Heav'n may illume it again.

ON MILL'S ESSAY ON GOVERNMENT.

When a certain king had the Ptolemaic system expounded to him, he ventured to say that if he had been admitted to the councils of the Deity, he would have advised a better arrangement of sun and planets. Various writers have, with less felicitous presumption, suggested improvements in political arrangements, and entire plans of Government; for it may be safely asserted that no radically new plan has ever been devised which it would be wise to adopt; or has been carried into execution without frightful disorder, terror and suffering. One of the most ingenious speculations of this sort is Hume's "Idea of a perfect commonwealth." His plan is a Republic governed by a Senate, and provincial or county legislatures; the former elected out of, and by the latter; the latter elected by all freeholders of 20 pounds a year, and all householders worth 500 pounds. Every new law was to be first debated in the senate, and passed by a majority of counties. This plan comes far short of universal suffrage, and affords considerable checks on the unstableness of the multitude; yet so sensible was Hume of the danger of trusting to the high *a priori* road to legislation, that he begins by declaring that "to tamper in this affair, or try experiments, merely upon the credit of supposed argument and philosophy, can never be the part of a wise magistrate, who will bear a reverence of what carries the marks of age; and though he may attempt some improvements for the public good, yet will he adjust his innovations, as much as possible of the ancient fabric, and preserve entire, the chief pillars and supports of the constitution."

The failure of Mr. Mill to construct a commonwealth, is the more signal in proportion as his pretensions to profundity and logical precision, even to the extent of infallibility, are higher than those of his predecessors. He has deduced the science of government, synthetically, from a handful of the principles of human nature, to the exclusion of an infinite variety of other principles, and circumstances by which the result is affected; as if the business of legislation were as simple as that of buying and selling, or the administration of criminal justice. That it is so simple, in the estimation of the Utilitarians, is manifest; but it was scarcely to have been expected that one of their chief organs, the Westminster Review, would commit itself so far as to declare that the frame of a government, though more extensive had in it

FEBRUARY 1830. B 2

no more complication than that of a Police Office; that the working of each related to the *same* operations on a different scale; and that there was no essential difference between the nature of legislative and executive functions. Yet all that is distinctly asserted in the following passage, "What did ever any body imagine to be the end, object, and design of government as it ought to be, but the *SAME* operation on an extended scale which that meritorious chief Magistrate (Sir Richard Birnie) conducts on a limited scale at Bow-street: to wit, the preventing one man from injuring another."

Mr. Mill has endeavoured to demonstrate, that good government cannot possibly result from Democracy, meaning thereby the entire, collective, unrepresented community; nor from Aristocracy, nor from Monarchy; nor from any mixture of them. He has also undertaken to prove that no such mixture can exist; and the proof is as follows. "Any two of the parties, by combining may swallow up the third. That such combination will take place, appears to be as certain as any thing which depends upon human will; because there are strong motives in favour of it, and none that can be conceived in opposition to it. Whether the portions of power, as originally distributed to the parties be supposed to be equal or unequal, the mixture of three of the kinds of Government, it is thus evident, cannot possibly exist." One of the three having been thus swallowed up, what will be the consequence if the powers of the remaining two, should be equal? "In the first place it seems impossible that such equality should ever exist. How, is it to be established? or by what criterion is it to be ascertained? If there is no such criterion it must in all cases, be the result of chance. If so, the chances against it are as infinite to one. The idea therefore is wholly chimerical and absurd." The stronger would infallibly swallow up the weaker, and there would remain but one absolute Government, or tyranny; which is proved by the usual formula: there would be strong motives in favour of it, and none that can be conceived in opposition to it. Would this result be averted even by the establishment of equality? By no means. "A disposition to overrate one's own advantages, and underrate those of other men is a known law of human nature. Suppose what would be little less than miraculous, that equality were established, this propensity would lead each of the parties to conceive itself the strongest. The consequence would be that they would go to war and contend till one or other was subdued. *Either those laws of human nature, upon which all reasoning with respect to Government proceeds, must be denied, and then the utility of Government itself may be denied, or this conclusion is demonstrated.*"

On the contrary, it is only by disregarding the laws of human nature as exemplified under the infinite diversity of Governments which have been, and now are in the world, that a conclusion so repugnant to experience can be maintained. It is only by giving to political discussions a dogmatical precision of which they are not susceptible, and which they cannot receive without excluding from consideration numberless important particulars and influential circumstances, that so many erroneous propositions are advanced in this Essay with all the confidence of physical or mathematical certainty.

Having denied the possible existence of that admirable balance of the three powers which the British Constitution has always been considered to exhibit, and which Cicero had the sagacity to characterise as the best form of government,* Mr. Mill leaves it to be inferred that in his judgment the British Constitution is an unbalanced Aristocracy, but makes no attempt to persuade us that what have been usually understood as the Monarchical and Democratical principles, are mere illusions. He seems to say that "the motley Aristocracy" collected in the House of Commons, must "insure that kind of misgovernment which it is the nature of Aristocracy to produce, and to produce equally, whether it is a uniform or a variegated Aristocracy; whether an Aristocracy all of landowners; or an Aristocracy in part landowners, in part merchants and manufacturers, in part officers of the army and navy, and in part lawyers." It is in commenting on an extract from a speech made in the House of Commons on the 6th of May, 1793 by the late Earl of Liverpool, wherein, following the theories of Paley and Burke, he represents it as one of the peculiar excellencies of the composition of the House of Commons, that from the varied sources of election and other causes, all the interests in the country, the agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, and professional, find in it representatives to explain and protect what immediately concerns them, that Mr. Mill represents such a congregation of representatives as equivalent, in point of sinister interest, to the absolute power of a homogeneous Aristocracy. He assumes, contrary to the fact, that the landholders, members of the House of Commons, must be chosen by landholders; the merchants by merchants; the lawyers by lawyers; the officers of the navy, by the officers of the navy; and the officers of the army, by the officers of the army. "Thus," he says, "it must at least be in substance, whatever the form under which the visible acts may be performed." Mr. Brougham is not placed in the House of Commons by lawyers, nor Sir Ronald Fergusson by the army,

* "Statu esse optime constitutionem rempublicam, quæ ex tribus generibus illis, regali, optimo, et populari, modice confusa."

nor Sir Joseph Yorke by the navy. One man is a landholder, and also a lawyer; or an officer in the navy, or army; and has sons at the bar, or in the army or navy. Another is a merchant and also a landholder, or the son of a landholder. It is for the interest of all that the just and reasonable interests of each should be respected; and within those limits the interests of all—*omnes omnium charitates*—are in all respects coincident.

Lord Liverpool's theory is further mis-stated by exaggerating the power of the House of Commons. "Three, four, or five, or more clubs of men, have *unlimited* power over the whole community put under their hands." "Three, or four, or five fraternities of men, composing a small part of the community, have *all* the powers of government placed in their hands. If they oppose and contend with one another they will be unable to convert these powers to their own benefit. If they agree they will be able to convert them wholly to their own benefit, *and to do with the rest of the community just what they please*. The patrons of this system of representation assume that these fraternities will be sure to take that course which is *contrary* to their interest. The course which is *according* to their interest, appears as if it had never presented itself to their imaginations!" Mr. Mill, though seeming to speak hypothetically of what *would* be the result of a certain system of representation is speaking of an actual system, the British, and having denied the compatibility of Monarchy, Aristocracy and Democracy, he must be understood to mean that the members of the House of Commons do possess all the powers of Government, and convert them wholly to their own benefit. And if the British Monarchy were indeed, as he supposes, but an ostensible pageant, such consequences might well be apprehended; and other Fyms, Vanes, Hazelrigs, and Croinwells would arise.

Mr. Mill's remedy for the tyranny which rules in England, and in all countries except, perhaps North America, is *universal suffrage* and *annual parliaments*. He makes no mention of *voting by ballot*, but the probability is that he is not a dissenter from so important an article of Benthamism. At these conclusions he arrives by more compendious but less plausible methods than the old advocates of the rights of man. "The community cannot have an interest opposite to its interest." "One community may intend the evil of another, never its own." "It is very evident that if the community itself were the choosing body, the interest of the community and of the choosing body would be the same. The question is whether that of any portion of the community, if erected into the choosing body would remain the same." "Suppose in the first instance that it embraces

the majority, the question is whether the majority would have an interest in oppressing those who, upon this supposition, would be deprived of political power? If we reduce the calculation to its elements we shall see that the interest which they would have of this deplorable kind, though it would be something, would not be very great. Each man of the majority, if the majority were constituted the governing body, would have something less than the benefit of oppressing a single man. If the majority were twice as great as the minority, each man of the majority would only have half the benefit of oppressing a single man. In that case the benefits of good government, accruing to all, might be expected to overbalance to the several members of such an elective body the benefits of misrule peculiar to themselves. Good government would therefore have a tolerable security." It follows that if the whole community are constituted the "governing," that is the electing body, each man of the community would not have the benefit of oppressing the smallest fraction of a single man, and there would be the highest security for good government. The effect of this arrangement would be to give the same preponderance of *power* to the poor and ignorant, which in all countries they bear in *number* over the rich and intelligent. The evils of so unnatural an arrangement, so violent a disorganization of society, though wasting, lamentable, and uncompensated, could not indeed but be temporary; and are never to be dreaded as the fruits of mere sophistry. While a government by King, Lords, and Commons, continues to perform its functions as well as it has done for the last hundred and forty years, and to be as susceptible of the improvements indicated by practical inconveniences, the cold and arid abstractions of Mr. Mill will remain unnoticed and unknown. Even the the momentary interest that they have excited is less owing to the small degree of perverse ingenuity which can be ascribed to them, than to the many valuable contributions to the science of jurisprudence for which we are indebted to the leader of the Utilitarians. Mr. Mill's House of Commons, thus constituted, would be a simple Democracy; the only inconvenience attending that form of government, the impossibility of continually assembling the whole community, being completely removed by "the grand discovery of modern times, the system of representation." It would be wholly unbalanced by any power residing in the King, or House of Lords; for Mr. Mill has demonstrated that "the mixture of three of the kinds of government," under whatever distribution or modification of powers, "cannot possibly exist;" and that "if any theory deserve the epithets of wild, visionary, chimerical, it is that of the balance." If you ask whether such a body of representatives would understand and respect all the interests of the

community, and be exempt from the agitations of ambition, faction, and intimidation, the answer is, that their interests are identified with those of the community; that the community within itself and with respect to itself can have no sinister interest, and is incapable of intending evil to itself. It is pretty certain that we should not find in such a House of Commons "every thing illustrious in rank, in descent, in hereditary and in acquired opulence, in cultivated talents, in military, civil, naval and political distinction that the country can afford." Some one denomination of men would greatly preponderate; and the spirit of the following passage referring to the composition of the second and third Estates of the States General of France in the year 1789, would be strictly applicable to a House of Commons after the Utilitarian model. "It is said that twenty-four millions ought to prevail over two hundred thousand. True, if the constitution of a kingdom be a problem of arithmetic. This sort of discourse does well enough with the lamp-post for its second: to men who *may* reason calmly it is ridiculous. The will of the many and their interest must very often differ; and great will be the difference when they make an evil choice. A government of five hundred country attornies and obscure curates is not good for twenty-four millions of men, though it were chosen by eight and forty millions; nor is it the better for being guided by a dozen of persons of quality, who have betrayed their trust in order to obtain that power."

Having denied the possibility of the King and House of Lords participating in the power thus concentrated in the House of Commons, let us see how Mr. Mill considers it nevertheless possible that a King and House of Lords could coexist with it. "The executive functions of Government consist of two parts, the administrative and the judicial. The administrative, in this country, belongs to the King; and it will appear indubitable, that, if the best mode of disposing of the administrative powers of Government be to place them in the hands of one great functionary, not elective, but hereditary; a King, such as ours, instead of being inconsistent with the representative system, in its highest state of perfection, would be an indispensable branch of a good Government; and even if it did not previously exist, would be established by a representative body whose interests were identified, as above, with those of the nation."

The same reason will apply exactly to our House of Lords. Suppose it true, that, for the perfect performance of the business of legislation, and of watching over the execution of the laws, a second deliberative assembly is necessary; that an assembly, such as the British House of Lords, composed of the proprietors of the greatest landed estates, with dignities and privileges, is the best adapted to the end: it follows, that a body of representatives,

whose interests were identified with those of the nation would establish such an assembly, if it did not previously exist ; for the best of all possible reasons ; that they would have motives for it, and none at all against it." Excellent security ! Admirable demonstration ! *If* the best mode of disposing of the administrative power—if a second deliberative assembly be necessary—they will place all patronage, civil, ecclesiastical, naval, and military in the hand of a King, and will allow their ordinances to be cast out by a House of Lords ! They would have motives for, and none at all against it ! Nothing is more common with Mr. Mill, nothing more rare in private and public life than to find all the motives on one side of a question. As well might it be said that, if the Emperor of Austria should consider that the best mode of disposing of the legislative power would be to divide it with a House of hereditary Nobles, and another of elective Commons, he would grant a Charter instituting such co-ordinate legislative bodies ; and for the best of all possible reasons ; that he would have motives for, and none at all against it. In the British, and in every Constitution, or form of Government, absolute or limited, the different orders in the state preserve their relative stations by the weight and consideration that respectively belong to them. None are dependent on the benevolence, caprice, or theories of the rest ; but each subsists by virtue of its inherent power resulting from the combined operation of property, law, religion, opinion, and habit.

Mr. Mill quotes Montesquieu in support of his proposition that unlimited power will certainly be abused ; but the great difference between these two writers is that the latter acknowledges the efficacy of various checks by which power is limited in European Monarchies ; whereas the former recognizes one alone, that of an assembly of representatives annually renewed by universal suffrage. Such an assembly he indeed describes as a check on the executive government, though it would be itself a depository of unlimited power ; and yet would have no motives to abuse that power by encroaching on the functions of a King, or House of Lords ! Montesquieu examines the nature and principles of Governments, under three descriptions, the Republican, Monarchical, and Despotic. According to Mr. Mill there are but two kinds ; one free, namely a Representative Democracy, under which alone freedom and justice can be enjoyed ; the other absolute, which is subdivided into Monarchical and Aristocratical. The latter, including every Government in Europe without exception, are not only absolute, but necessarily despotic, oppressive, and tyrannical ; for Mr. Mill insists that "the very principle of human nature upon which the necessity of Government is founded, the propensity of one man to possess himself of the objects of desire at the cost of another,

leads on by infallible sequence, where power over a community is attained and nothing checks, not only to that degree of plunder which leaves the members (excepting always the recipients and instruments of the plunder) the bare means of subsistence, but to that degree of cruelty which is necessary to keep in existence the most intense terror." If we say that in certain countries of Europe, in Denmark for instance, there is no such boundless rapacity and terror, he replies that "Experience, if we look at the *outside* of the facts, appears to be divided on the subject ;" for as he thinks himself compelled by historic verity to acknowledge that the people of Denmark "under their absolute Monarch are as well governed as any people in Europe," (which is more than truth will warrant,) so is he forbidden by his theory of the principles of human nature to admit that they can possibly be exempt from oppression. Wherefore, says he, "as the *surface* of history affords no certain principle of decision, we must go beyond the surface and penetrate to the springs within." On the surface he finds good government, peace, justice, mildness : what does he find beneath ? rottenness, fraud, violence ? No : but a postulate, that there is, by the very principle of human nature, an irresistible tendency, an infallible propensity in absolute Monarchs and Aristocracies to perpetrate every species of misgovernment !

On this part of Mr. Mill's Essay it has been well observed by the Edinburgh Review, (No. 97. p. 162,) that "the very circumstances he mentions prove that the *a priori* method is altogether unfit for investigations of this kind, and that the only way to arrive at the truth is by induction. *Experience* can never be divided, or even appear to be divided, except with reference to some hypothesis. When we say that one fact is inconsistent with another fact, we mean only that it is inconsistent with the *theory* which we have founded on that other fact. But, if the fact be certain the unavoidable conclusion is, that our theory is false ; and in order to correct it, we must reason back from an enlarged collection of facts to principles." To this unanswerable objection, the Westminster Review, (No. 21. p. 255,) professing unqualified adherence to Mr. Mill as a true champion of the seamless sect of the Utilitarians ; and affecting to welcome his adversary as one who from weakness and unskilfulness was "worth a host of friends", replies by flatly contradicting Mr. Mill's minor proposition, and substituting one utterly irreconcilable with his theory ! "The answer," says the Westminster, "is that the king of Denmark, is *not* a despot. He was put in his present situation, by the people turning the scale in his favor in a balanced contest between himself and the nobility. And it is quite clear that the same power would turn the scale the other way, the moment a king of Denmark should take into his head to be

Caligula. It is of little consequence by what congeries of letters the majesty of Denmark is typified in the royal press of Copenhagen, while the real fact is that the sword of the people is suspended over his head in case of ill behaviour, as effectually as in other countries where more noise is made upon the subject. Every body believes the sovereign of Denmark to be a good and virtuous gentleman; but there is no more super-human merit in his being so, than in the case of a rural squire who does not shoot his land-steward, or quarter his wife with his yeomanry sabre."

There cannot be greater discordance than between Mr. Mill and his brother Utilitarian of the Westminster. The reasoning of the former is as follows:

"It is of great importance to remark, that not one item in the motives which had led English gentlemen to *make slaves of their fellow creatures*, and to reduce them to the very worst condition in which the negroes have been found in the West Indies, can be shown to be wanting, or to be less strong in the set of motives, which universally operate upon the men who have power over their fellow creatures. It is proved, therefore, by the closest deduction from the acknowledged laws of human nature, and by direct and decisive experiments, that, the ruling One, or the ruling Few, would if checks did not operate in the way of prevention, reduce the great mass of the people subject to their power, at least to the condition of negroes in the West Indies."

Any system of representation short of universal suffrage will enable the ruling Few, and ability will, by the unfortunate constitution of human nature necessitate them, to reduce the people to the condition of negroes in the West Indies.

But in Denmark there is no system of representation; the king, by the revolution of 1660, was invested, with absolute power;* and yet property and person are there respected as much as in any country in Europe.

Therefore the testimony of experience is delusive, and we must revert to the principles of human nature in order to prove, synthetically, the major proposition.

When the glaring defects in this reasoning are pointed out, the Westminster replies

"Mr. Mill has rightly stated the propensity to plunder and cruelty inherent in human nature, and the true nature of the only effectual remedy: that is, representation by universal suffrage is indispensable to the protection of the people."

* "An absolute monarchy," says Lord Moleworth, "as any is at present in the world."

Nevertheless that remedy is *not* indispensable ! Without universal suffrage, without any system of representation, the power of the Government may be restrained by the latent power of the people as effectually as in other countries where more noise is made upon the subject ; and the people of Denmark are in as little danger of being reduced to the condition of slaves, and have as little reason to dread oppression, or misgovernment, as an English country gentleman's wife has to fear that her husband will cut off her head.

The Westminster next denies that a Government may be saturated with the objects of desire, because it would be unsafe to trust to saturation in a thief. " Tell it not in Bow-Street, whisper it not in Hatton Garden." " Why do not the owners of pocket handkerchiefs try to ' saturate ? ' " A thief takes secretly and appropriates the whole to himself. Government takes openly for the purposes of administration and luxury, according to its power as limited by law, custom, and opinion. In Asia the Sovereign in taking the rent of all the land in his kingdom takes only his own. In Europe he takes such contributions from the real and personal property of his subjects as they consider reasonable or tolerable, with reference to ancient usages and present exigencies. *Ad Cæsarem potestas omnium pertinet ; ad singulos proprietas ;* Cæsar hath power over all, and every man property in his own. But if we suppose a thief to deal in something better than pocket-handkerchiefs and silver spoons ; and to enrich himself by some whole-sale iniquity, he would really be saturated, and become himself a subject for thieves to prey on.

Nobody has described in stronger language than Mr. Mill has done in his Essay on Jurisprudence, the intensity with which men desire the good opinion of others, and dread their contempt ; yet in exaggerating the evil propensities of rulers he omits all mention of so powerful a restraint. In reply to the observations of the Edinburgh on this omission, the Westminster urges that " no one cares for the good opinion of those he has been accustomed to wrong." The planter and slave-driver care not for the opinion of the negro ; " the goodly land-owner who lives by morsels squeezed from the waxy hands of the cobbler," cares not for his hatred and contempt, but finds sufficient solace in the contemplation of his own wealth. Even the planter, however, may find that the ill treatment of his slaves exposes him not only to various kinds of vindictive retaliation on their part, but to reproachful looks and speeches from his equals and superiors. The land-owner, too, has his equals and superiors ; he cannot wrongfully squeeze a farthing from the gripe of the cobbler, and dare not offer him a personal indignity. Englishmen, Danes, Prussians, not being " accustomed to wrong," or be wronged,

are acutely sensible to pleasure and pain from the good and ill opinion of their neighbours and the public ; and so far was Horace from applying his *At mihi plaudo, Ipse domi*, universally or generally, that he refers the sentiment to some memorable miser of those days, some Athenian Elwes or Farquhar, one who by the morbid contraction of his mind, and revolting sordidness of his habits, was utterly without ambition or capacity for public life.

The Westminster is pleased to assert that "it is diametrically opposed to history and the evidence of facts that the poor *are* the class whom there is any difficulty in restraining. It is not the poor but the rich that have a propensity to take the property of other people. There is no instance upon earth of the poor having combined to take away the property of the rich ; and all the instances habitually brought forward as examples of it, are gross misrepresentations, founded upon the most necessary acts of self-defence on the part of the most numerous classes." It is utterly untrue that the French Revolution took place because 'the poor began to compare their cottages and sallads with the hotels and banquets of the rich' ; it took place because they were robbed of their cottages and sallads to support the hotels and banquets of their oppressors. It is utterly untrue that there was either a scramble for property or general confiscation ; the classes who took part with the foreign invader lost their property, as they would have done here, and ought to do every where." How, it may be asked, are the *rich* to benefit by robbing the *poor* ? The very existence of property, as distinguished from community, implies the primary distribution of the annual revenue of the whole society into rent, profits, and wages ; and its secondary distribution into the wages of productive and of non-productive labour. The rich who derive their incomes from rent, profits, salaries, and fees, cannot also appropriate the wages of the labourer ; they cannot take to themselves the means of comfortable subsistence by which the ploughman, miller, carpenter, &c. are enabled to minister to all their wants and enjoyments. On the other hand the *many* poor cannot benefit by dividing among themselves the property of the *few* rich. The great mass of mankind are doomed to live by the labour of their hands, and must do so if the existing accumulations of land and stock were equally divided among all.

The natural condition of society is that the rich exercise an influence in the administration of its affairs in proportion to their wealth, intelligence, and leisure ; and that the poor acquiesce in their preponderance and guidance. But if from abuse of power on the part of the rich, or from other causes exciting dissention and commotion, the poor are elevated into political

importance, and induced to stimulate the envious feelings of those who have placed power in their hands, property is not safe ; and will not regain its security till the new men are saturated, and the due connection between property and power is restored. It is only when there is great discordance between the political institutions and the actual state of property and opinion in a nation, especially if aggravated by dear corn or low wages, that mischief can follow from the Utilitarian doctrine, that a landholder lives by morsels squeezed from the waxy hands of the cobbler ; and that the hotels and banquets of the rich are supported by robbing the poor of their cottages and sallads. When they are thus persuaded that plunder is but self defence and resumption of their own, we do not find that their violence is stayed by the calculation on which Mr. Mill lays so much stress ; that each man of the majority would only have a ten-thousand part of the benefit of oppressing a single man.

During the French Revolution it might as well be asserted that the lives of the innocent were spared, as that their property was respected. It is not the less true, because the fury of the tempest has long past and left traces of its purifying operation, that murder and confiscation did rage uncontrolled. While the streets ran with blood, men were driven into emigration by fear, and stripped of their property for emigrating *before* the declaration of war ; and the clergy were robbed and massacred without the shadow of guilt. Such were the results of an experiment conducted resolutely on Utilitarian principles, and with every security for good government which Mr. Mill could desire. There were annual parliaments and universal suffrage. The interests of the chosen were identified with the interests of the choosers ; and the interests of the choosers were identified with those of the community ; and the community within itself, and with respect to itself, can have no sinister interest.

Having concluded a most lame and impotent reply to the Edinburgh Review, the Westminster is not more fortunate in the remainder of the article, which contains "the history of the common-sense principle of morals and politics."

That the good of the governed ought to be the object of all governments is a principle coeval with human society. The American hunter knows it, the Scythian shepherd recognizes it. It is many centuries since Cicero said, *Unum debet esse omnibus propositum ut eadem sit UTILITAS unius cujusque et universorum ; quam, si ad se quisque rapiat, dissolvetur omnis humana consortio*. The phrases *bonum publicum* and *salus populi* are more than two thousand years old, and mean that the ruling principle of statemen ought to be to promote "the greatest happiness of the greatest number for the greatest length of time ;" that "magnificent proposition," which has now received its latest

improvement by the retrenchment of superfluity, and been revealed in the simple grandeur of "THE GREATEST HAPPINESS principle." On the promulgation of that discovery we are assured that "the awful names of Justice and Liberty,—which men had long felt after, if happily they might comprehend them, ceased to designate unknown powers; and *Justice* stood forth as the rule of appropriation which produced the greatest happiness, while *Liberty* was the being subject to no restraints except what were necessary for the promotion of the same end." "All the sublime obscurities which had haunted the mind of man from the first formation of society,—the phantoms whose steps had been on earth, and their heads among the clouds,—marshalled themselves at the sound of this NEW principle of connection and of union, and stood a regulated band, where all was order, symmetry, and force. What men had struggled for and bled, while they saw it but as through a glass darkly,—was made the object of substantial knowledge and lively apprehension. The bones of sages and of patriots stirred within their tombs, that what they dimly saw and followed had become the world's common heritage." Now the only novelty connected with that vaunted principle, which was familiar to the sages and patriots who lived in the old time before our fathers, is that the Utilitarians immediately deduce from it the proposition that men "should govern *themselves*," by annual parliaments and universal suffrage; whereas no such conclusion could stand if the intervening propositions drawn from a sufficient induction of facts were supplied. They err first by misplaced and gratuitous exultation at the pretended discovery of a swaggering major, which proves nothing: secondly, by jumping from less than "demi-premises and half-principles" to the false conclusion, that because government should consult the benefit of *all*; therefore *all* should have an equal share in constituting and controlling the Government.

They err thirdly, in supposing that the principle of utility or greatest happiness, however coincident with, can ever supersede the ideas and sentiments of justice and virtue, which are distinct from, and antecedent to the observation of such coincidence. The controversy which has hitherto been maintained on this subject has related not to the rules of duty and the maxims of justice, but to the *origin* of moral obligation,* and the *merit* of justice and other virtues; whether they should be traced to *reason* or *sentiment*; whether they were deducible by argument, or impressed by natural feeling. On both sides of the question, and in a middle space between both sides, infinite ingenuity felicity of illustration, and eloquence have been displayed by Butler,

* *Utilitas justi prope mater et æqui*, says Horace.

Hume, Adam Smith, Paley and Dugald Stewart; sages whose bones will never be disturbed by the *anti*-common sense paradoxes of the Utilitarians, that before their time "Justice was an unknown power," and that what conduces to the general happiness is not only prescribed and sanctioned by virtue, but is the principle and substance of virtue itself.

Verses

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A DECEASED FRIEND.

1.

Oh, for the sweet gales of Youth's morning time!
 Oh, for the rich breath of the mountain flowers!
 Oh, for the forest birds! the cheerful chime
 Of village bells that on the ear, like showers
 On sultry meadows, fell!—Oh for the streams
 That lullabied my infancy, while dreams,
 Such as fly far from manhoods' slumber hours,
 A tissuey veil cast o'er the hidden store
 Of thoughts,—deep bedded then within my bosom's core!

2.

Oh! for the moonlight ramble by the river,
 That to the winking stars its night-chant sung!
 Oh! for those waters, gushing on for ever
 In an eternal freshness;—cool and young
 As when their spring, in far gone ages, first
 From the earth's womb in strength and glory burst,
 With a rich flood, that fertile verdure flung
 On many a spot, barren and waste before,
 But now with flowers and herbs all strewn and sprinkled o'er.

3.

Is it that o'er the smiling brow of youth
 A spell to conjure happiness is hung?
 Is it that innocence, and peace, and truth,
 Die with our childhood?—while the hopes that clung
 'To the young heart, like ivy to the rock,
 In manhood wither 'neath the tempest-shock
 That spoils the bright buds which to youth belong,
 Crushing them all;—yet Hope, though changed remains
 Sole bliss that deigns to mix with manhood's bitter pains.

4.

It is a sadd'ning and a wounding thought
 That tells us. Life for age with care is clouded.
 We toil from day to day,—we slave for nought
 Save sighs and tears, and pains in pleasures shrouded;
 We purchase aching heads and breaking hearts,
 And cheat our spirits with degrading arts,
 Until, upon our bosoms, thickly crowded,
 We heap grief-burthens, that with every hour
 Gain heavier force to quell the spirit's buoyant power!

5.

Why should we then to court the public praise
 Thus bask our hearts in pride's deceitful beam?
 Why give our youth's first purity to rays
 That do not warm, but scorch with fiery gleam?
 Oh! happiness of Innocence! O! child
 Fresh from thy Mother's breast!—as free as wild
 As is the hill-begotten vernal stream,
 Why canst thou not thus even live?—or, why
 Live on?—Now, in thy happy brightness smile, and—*die!*

SENTIMENTAL SONNETS TO A DISTRESSED COCKROACH

I.

Poor persecuted Insect! Denizen
 Of hole and corner, though the live-long day
 Modest, thou seek'st retirement, and away
 Abidest from the haunts of busy men,
 Nor till the night-fall from thy lonely den
 Thou ventur'st timid forth, a scanty meal
 To glean from useless rind—stale crust—or peel—
 Or drink from savoury oil-glass and again
 Retire thee at the approach of dawn, to dwell
 Darkling, in solitary nook, thy cell
 Some fragrant drain—old chest—or wash-hand-stand—
 — Yet all avails not; persecution rife
 Pursues thee; and against thy brittle life
 Raised is each slippered foot! uplift each deadly hand!

II.

And yet thou art not armed, like angry *Beet*,
 Or fierce intrusive *Wasp*, or musical
Mosquito; and no sting to wound withal
 Hast thou, to furnish Fear with coward's plea
 To palliate murder; e'en the tiny *Flea*
 That 'mid the fur disports (in populous swarms)
 Of pet Grimalkin, is most fierce in arms
 Compared—thou injured, harmless thing!—with thee!
 Thou dost not, as the odorous *Bug*—dispense
 Perfumes, that overpower the delicate sense
 Of Damsel, and avenge th' incautious crush:
 Then why this universal loathing? why
 With one accord resolved, that thou must die,
 Do young and old to trample on thee rush?

III.

They say thou 'rt hideous to behold! If true
 That were, at best, a very lame apology
 For giving thee a place in martyrology,
 And one, that nine in ten of us might rue—
 —Being ill favoured! But thy shape, thy hue
 To eyes unprejudiced seem lovely. *That*
 Symmetrically oval—*this*, as my hat—
 —Black; yet disclosing to fond artists' view
 Tints of Burnt-Umber edged with Burnt-Sienna
 Fading to Roman-ochre! Then thy antennæ
 Silken and taper, wandering to and fro—
 Trembling! Thy mail-clad wings so gossamery!
 Thy legs—would they were not so thin and hairy!—
 For, as to beauty, I confess they're but so-so!!

IV.

Soft is thy footstep as Camilla's! Light
 She skimmed the unbending corn; nor skimmed it brisker
 Than thou, fair Lady's curl or Dandy's whisker;
 As sallying, when bright lamps announce the night
 Thou plyest thy busy wing with whirring flight
 In brief gyrations, and exhausted drop
 On face of warbling Nymph, or sudden pop
 'Mid circling throngs, giving and taking fright,
 Changing to shrilly scream the gentle song!!
 —Alas! thy days are numbered! round thee throng
 Indignant Beaux; soon shalt thou rue the rash
 Intrusion! see! they urge the hot pursuit!
 And now beneath the stamp of ponderous boot
 Crushed is thy fragile form, with frightful squash.!!!

USSUD OOLLA KHAN.

Ussud Oolla Khan, was descended from a family of high respectability, with which nobility and royalty had connected themselves by marriage, and which had in former times obtained the gift of a Jugeer or rent free estate from the reigning prince. Like the rest of their nation Ussud Oolla's father and grandfather preferred a life of indolence and splendour to one of cautious yet honorable independence; wherefore they both continued hangers on of the court, and endeavoured to excel others twice as rich as themselves, in the rarity of their dress, in the number of their servants, and in their breed of horses. To procure funds for this extravagance, the Jageer was let piecemeal for long terms, and then as the leases fell in was mortgaged, so that matters were in a bad state and seemed speedily in a fair way to be worse. One thing alone was wanting to reduce the family to beggary, viz. five or six sons to divide the patrimony among themselves, each thinking it necessary to keep up the same state as his father. Fate, however, in this case was favourable, for what remained of the leased out and mortgaged Jugeer, descended to Ussud Oolla undivided, at the period of his father's death.

Ussud Oolla, as is the custom with Mussulmans, had married early, and as his parents, together with those of his wife, were the contracting parties, and all of them agreed in excluding the subjects of the contract from the consultation, the match could hardly be called a willing one. Yet Ussud Oolla was in no way sorry, when on his marriage day, having escaped the buffets and gibes of his harrassing friends, he secluded himself in his Zenana, to find his spouse an elegant and sylph-like being, whose gentle yet piercing black eyes seemed living fountains of love. Time which detracted in splendour from Fyzun's beauty, increased her attractions by developing her mental accomplishments, for wonderful to say, besides beating the *tom tom* she could sing well to her own accompaniment on the *Sitar*, and could absolutely read common Persian books, without making more than two or three blunders in a line. Timid as a fawn and languid as the drooping cypress, the eye of her husband rested on her proportions in luxurious repose; but Ussud found likewise, that when excited, his wife could be as resolute and fierce as the tiger famishing from a three days fast. Occasions, however, seldom presented themselves for an exhibition of these fiery qualities, and as Fyzun's whole soul was wrapped in her husband, the

thoughts of whom filled her bosom for every waking moment. Ussud thought himself a happy man at least in his own house: the more especially as he beheld so many of his friends, who quitted theirs, as if they were haunted by a ghoul.

Matters went on thus, well and peaceably in the interior of Ussud Oolla's house, but the pleasing prospect was confined to that alone. The confusion in which Ussud's father had left his concerns, still increased in spite of all his son's endeavours to unravel it; several mortgages were foreclosed, bankers pressed for payment of bonds, servants demanded wages, and the Cutwal of the city had not received his usual fee for a year. It was in vain, Ussud Oolla prayed the merchants to advance him money for the purpose of redeeming his property; all they knew was, that his estate was going rapidly, nor could Ussud by any arguments persuade them to the contrary; whenever he approached their shops, they locked up their treasure boxes and took to counting out couries. In this extremity Ussud Oolla was at his wits end, and whether he looked to the right hand or to the left, all seemed dark; yet action was necessary, for ten days more would otherwise find him in jail. Sitting one day in the cool of the evening on his house top, he had heaped a heavy sigh, and ceased ruminating on what appeared inevitable; having dropped his hookah on the ground, he sat vacantly gazing at the kites, which the native ladies and gentlemen amuse themselves by flying. His opposite neighbours on the house top, as was apparent from their joyous voices, and repeated exclamations, were deeply engaged in this aerial task, but their persons were concealed by the usual brick wall which surrounds the house tops, where females walk. This solid curtain was however, on the present occasion doomed to betray its trust; on a sudden, the string of one kite hitched on the brick wall, and to release it from thence, first appeared a snowy arm covered with jewels, and then rose a face, for a passing second, but it was such a face, that when once seen, could not be forgotten.

A sudden thought came across Ussud Oolla's mind, which made him involuntarily start—for it presented the means of gratifying his passion and of obtaining a release from his difficulties. The opposite house was inhabited by the Court Treasurer, and that the visible invisible was his daughter Ussud he could not doubt. He considered of making his proposals of and conferring the title of second wife, on this lovely flower, and why should he not, since he as yet had but one wife, while the law allowed him four. He then fell into a second reverie, in which his rapid imagination pictured to himself, two pretty wives' estates redeemed from pledge, personal liberty, official rank, and many other most Almaschar-like schemes, until he hit upon the solitary unconnect-

ed reality, his wife Fyzun. He was here at a loss; he knew perfectly well, that such a proposition made to her, would meet with instantaneous and indignant rejection; he was conscious that she would never consent to be placed, inevitably as she must be, in the second rank—and he was afraid of that feline practice, so common to cats, tigers and females, called clawing. All these were heavy considerations, and extreme dangers, but hazarded they must be, or Ussud Oolla was a ruined man. He summoned up courage, therefore, and proceeding to his wife Fyzun, in as delicate a way as possible laid his condition before her and proposed the remedy. Ussud Oolla expected an explosion, but Fyzun contrary to his expectation, said hardly a word. She spoke not much, but she said, she had read and heard of, but never till that moment had believed in, the perfidy of man. Ussud Oolla attempted to remove this impression, and shewed her the necessity of the case, but she listened coolly, and calmly looking her disbelief retired. As she went out, she seemed like the heavy sky, lowering and dark, but still as death. There was no storm as yet, but no one could say when it would burst out, and all could see, that when it came it would be terrible. Of this however Ussud Oolla had no conception, but was agreeably surprised at the way in which his proposition had been received; had Fyzun raved he would have desisted, but as the case stood he dressed himself in his best, cocked his turban on one side of his head, and combed his long hair out on the other, and crossing over the way laid his proposals before the treasurer.

Cazim Beg, the treasurer was a minion of the prince high in station from favour, but low in birth. He was glad to get an alliance with an old and respectable family, such as that of Ussud Oollus, although depressed. He broke off a match then on foot between his daughter Ameena and a young Pytaun of tolerable family, and promised her to Ussud. This affair was soon noised abroad, and a treasurer's daughter, if her father be in favor at court, can never get married without show and bustle. To Ussud Oolla the change was soon apparent, for the servants who had quitted his service returned, declaring they had only fallen sick, mortgagees offered to give up their deeds, and bondholders told him his glory was great and rather than harass him for money, they would cancel the bonds, while the merchants in the bazaar no longer locked their chests as he approached. On the next day he was made a captain in the king of Delhi's body guard, and was endowed with the title of Behadur; surely never was so great a change in a few days. Fyzun alone remained sullen and silent. But sullenness and silence could effect nothing and Ameena and Ussud Oolla, were duly married, the Cazy read the Service, and the dowry was fixed (although Ussud had

not a thousand rupees of his own) for the honor of the family, at a lack of rupees and one gold mohur. A long description of the wedding and the ceremonies, more splendid than are usually seen, might be given, but suffice it to say, that all the bystanders and visitors wished the couple good luck, and the astrologers positively declared the aspect of stars to be more favourable, but there was one star which they did not take into consideration, and that was a malignant one.

Two or three months passed in happiness without the occurrence of any particular accident worthy of note. Fyzun received her new associate and rival with all respect, nay affection, but to Ussud Oolla himself, who was assiduous in his attentions to her, she would relax nothing. Ussud Oolla on going out of his door one evening, brushed roughly against a tall personage who was standing near and looking about him; the stranger let him pass and retired, but as he went, continued gazing on the house. The circumstance struck Ussud, and apprehending no good from such strict observance, took good care to lock his door and bolt it well. The stranger did not again appear until a few days afterwards, when he was observed in the same position, and subsequently he was again seen at the back of the house. Whatever might be the meaning of this Ussud Oolla was equally bound to enquire, so arming himself he proceeded to interrogate the stranger; that person however had proceeded some way up the street ere Ussud arrived, and the latter had only time to see him speak to two individuals who were coming down the lane, and then turn the corner. These individuals he determined to accost. On going up to them he found one was an acquaintance, and on enquiry discovered that the person from whom they had just parted was Zorab Khan, the young Pytaun who had been the destined husband of Ameena, before she had been married to himself. What his feelings were at these tidings none, but a jealous Oriental, or perhaps a Spaniard can imagine; he hastened home and taxed his wife Ameena with a criminal correspondence. She, poor girl, denied any evil, and plainly declared her ignorance of what former arrangements her parents had made, and for having seen Zorab Khan, it was impossible. Truth innocence and artlessness prevailed, and the husband's heart was eased of a heavy load. Fate however had decreed that he should suffer a heavier burthen, and he had hardly time to felicitate himself on freedom from suspicion, when he was again thrown into doubt. A few days subsequently, in the evening, a heavy storm came on; the rain poured copiously, the lightning flashed, and the wind blew a hurricane, while Ussud Oollah sat smoking his *hookah* and listening to some singing girls. The storm was very loud and nearly extinguished the voices of

the minstrels, but the tymphanum of a jealous ear is tender, and Ussud thought that the trees in his garden shook with more vehemence than that of a storm. He sallied out alone and examined his garden with no effect, until a flash of lightning discovered to him a man perched in the tree above his head. Ussud drew a pistol and fired, but the ball missed its object, while the man in the tree, not liking perhaps a similar risk, let himself drop perpendicularly on Ussud Oolla, at the same time making a thrust with his dagger. This stratagem succeeded, for Ussud Oolla was borne forcibly to the ground, and ere he could arise, his foe had escaped over the wall; he discovered however that it was Torab Khan.

This new attempt at the sanctity of his house, completely bewildered Ussud; Ameena must be the object of it. Yet who could look on her gentle innocence and guileless heart, and say she was an intriguer. He passed that night in extreme distraction and did not mention the cause of his anxiety to any one, but at last resolved, before he took further measures, to consult with his father-in-law, who was a powerful man and a cunning one. When the morning arrived, Ussud Oolla went to Casim Beg; and to him related his sorrows; the treasurer heard him, but strange to say, with indifference, although the honour of his own daughter was concerned. He had made his bargain, and acquired the reputation of a good connection and for aught else, he cared not. Irritated and perplexed, Ussud Oolla was returning to his own home, when a letter as if by accident dropped at his feet, great was his surprise when on picking it up he found it directed to himself. The letter in short, but emphatic terms, apprized him of Torab Khan's clandestine visits to his wife Ameena, and informed him, that the correspondence on his side, might yet be found, if the cushions of his wife's bed were opened. He lost not a minute in making the search directed, and to his utter astonishment six letters were found, filled with the most endearing terms, addressed to Ameena and bearing the seal of Torab Khan. Ameena was too astounded to deny the accusation, it would have been useless had she done so, but her husband never asked her. To him the facts were proofs as strong as holy writ, and the resuscitation of his prophet from the dead would not have convinced him to the contrary. Fyzun, when she heard of this, bewailed loudly, but suggested a hundred different excuses assured her husband that Torab could never have entered the house, and when she found it impossible to shake his conviction, proposed various punishments, of which shaving the criminal's head was the very highest. But Ussud Oolla's mind was made up on this subject, and he informed Ameena with great coolness, that she must that night prepare for travel, and

that she should speedily be removed from her gallant and be secluded in a rural residence of her husband's. The evening was fitful and gusty, and the moon looked watery and unpleasant when Ameena's close covered carriage driven by a household slave, and followed by her husband alone, passed along the streets of Delhi. After quitting the suburbs, the road wound through a dreary plain and then turned through a grove of trees by the side of the river. Here Ussud Oolla told the driver that his mistress wished to alight, and let him retire. He then called to Ameena and told her to descend and view the scenery; she prepared to do so; and as she slowly drew back the curtains and her head appeared, her husband's sword fell, and with one stroke severed it from her body. The head he spurned with his foot, and backing the bullocks, the whole carriage with the mangled trunk and the animals, were precipitated into the river.

The rest of the tale is soon told. Ussud Oolla wiped his bloody sword, with a grim smile returned it to its sheath, mentally devoted its next stroke to Torab Khan, and rode slowly home. On his return, he found his wife Fyzun gone, but she had left a packet for him. It contained copies of all the letters found in Ameena's cushions, a forged seal resembling that of Torab Khan, and a letter to her husband, stating how she had allured Torab to the house by making use of Ameena's name, and how she had forged letters as if from him to Ameena.

The affair was never enquired into. The treasurer had influence at court, and on hearing from Ussud Oolla the details, said that God was great, what was destined to happen, would happen, and that no more would now be heard of it, wherefore no person else being interested in stirring the affair, it dropped. Ussud Oolla lived a few years longer, but was one day killed by a bullet when riding through the suburbs of Delhi, supposed to have been directed by the hand of Fyzun; of her however, nothing more was ever heard.

R.

DAY DREAMS.

No. I.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

Oft in the stillly night
 E're slumber's chain has bound me
 Fond Memory brings the Light
 Of other days around me. *Moore.*

I was always fond of day dreaming, and I rather think that it was born with me, for as a child I was most grievously addicted to stealing into bye-corners with a book in my hand and musing over the contents, while my imagination expatiated on the subject so widely as to add many instances to those contained in the volume which I was perusing. Even in the gaiety of a merry circle round the Christmas fireside, I would frequently fix my eyes on the glowing coals, conjuring up a thousand wild forms in the shape of death's Heads, witches on broomsticks, flying Dragons, and such like tickle-brain fancies. Yet alas! the long train of images which I had thus carefully raked up in the glowing ashes (like the airy castles of many of my fellow children of a larger growth) would be demolished on a sudden by an invidious thrust from my grandfather's walking stick or be buried under a huge heap of smoky chaos from the coal-scuttle.

There are few perhaps who do not love to dwell upon these dim shadowings of early imagination; for who has not clung to his nurses knee in trembling delight and listened with reverential awe to the good woman's "Tales of Eld," while the wind whistled round the house and the little circle crept closer to the fire as it cast a more fitful light around the chamber? They are amongst the earliest and most delightful impressions which we receive and perhaps they last the longest. How to account for that universal belief which has pervaded all nations of the world of the existence of airy beings and shadowy shapes "half human, half divine," we know not: but I am unwilling to philosophize on a subject which can admit of no particular proof—yet for my own part, I must confess that this disposition for the romantic and the marvellous has "grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength" for even now in my old age I often feel a sort of restless curiosity totally unworthy of my years, to listen to sundry out-of-the-way stories and adventures which never happened to any but the narrator.

Of my school days the remembrance is attended with the utmost disgust. Few love them or look back to them with

pleasure for it is a period when we feel the miseries of dependence and the rigour of restraint without being able to appreciate the value of early laying the foundations of knowledge. I was sufficiently idle to deserve punishment but generally fortunate enough to escape it. In the common amusements of boyhood I never felt very keen delight, for I was over-reached byurchins much younger than myself who were deeply skilled in the mysteries of Peg-top and Hop-Scotch and various other pastimes at which I was always a scoundrel bungler, I preferred throwing myself down under the shade of an old tree and poring over the disasters of Robinson Crusoe or tracing the Wanderings of Admiral Byron thro' the Isle of Chiloe.

For me the varied appearances of nature always held out irresistible charms. The heart indeed never expands with such placid feelings as when it is holding communion with her works. They are feelings which at different periods of after life come back upon the heart "like the remembered tone of a mute Lyre" calling up a thousand happy remembrances of those days of innocence and delight which have long passed into the lapse of ages. — There was a bank which had been partly cut away, but enough was left to nourish and support the roots of a beautiful old Beech, at the foot of which the little brook that formed the Parish boundary used to run. At the foot of that Beech I have sat for hours in a kind of Waking Dream, the past crowding upon my mind with such rapidity that the present was quite lost, while I felt myself uncsciously recurring to those pages in the volume of existence which contained the first faint memorials of my earliest childhood. In these delightful reveries, I frequently watched the gossamer-thread floating calmly about in the stilly idleness of a summer mid-day (when scarcely a breath stirred to waft it with its little aeronaut inhabitant from place to place) with all the ardour of a young and romantic mind. A single Coot or Moorhen would sometimes steal from its concealment in the Eullrush and Sedge that skirted the margin of the brook giving a wildness of repose to the scenery that sunk deep into my heart, while I scarcely ventured to breathe lest I should dissipate the delicious love of thought which the beauty of the scene had aroused. The spires of Churches dimly peeping through the trees, the faint tinkle of the sheep bell and an occasional distant swell of the bugle announcing the arrival of coaches to the surrounding villages added much food to my reveries. It is in such moments that we forget our material existence and live only in that deep voluptuous Idealism when the mind like the light thread of the gossamer floats gently about with every little breeze. It is bitter to descend from such feelings to pursue the common track

of human affairs, to be changed as it were from an airy spirit into the cold and limited form of a child of clay.

But this state of mental intoxication ceases with our boyhood, at an early age I found myself thrust out into the world to struggle with its prejudices, to imitate its follies, and to grasp at its baubles. My destination was a foreign shore, I was to mingle with men of worldly manners whose feelings and opinions were widely different from my own, I was to pant under the influence of a tropical sun and in visiting an imaginary Eldorado, to quit, perhaps for ever, that little home-scene of the heart, an English fireside. The hour of separation arrived and a tear escapes me now when I call to mind, those melancholy moments in which we try to hush up the bitterness of parting by the interchange of a thousand little kindnesses which are given and received with a suppressed sigh and a sorrowful heart. We gaze anxiously on the face which perhaps we are never to behold again and then turn away our glance with a kind of despair that burthens the heart with its stillness and embitters the few remaining moments that necessity has left us to look and love our last. But I am talking of what occurred more than forty years ago—and yet it may be forgiven in a grey headed Sexagenarian to dwell with a kind of melancholy pleasure on the scenes of his early life, to pause over those little gems of happiness which memory has snatched from the wrecks of former days, for the feelings naturally require something to lean upon and in the absence of present comfort will fondly call up the shadows of departed hours to soothe their loneliness.

To me it has ever appeared particularly harsh and unmannerly to throw down the gauntlet of defiance before our own breasts and come to an open rupture with a whole host of its better affections : yet after we have entered the world and become closely allied to its pursuits and pleasures we are apt to oust out the old tenants who formerly inhabited the little nooks and corners of our hearts—to descend from our thoughts, those who have as it were grown grey in the service of our affections and to put in their place others whom vanity, interest or caprice may point out. But my commerce with the world never relaxed the purer feelings of earlier years and my thoughts always reverted with renewed pleasure to the home of my boyhood, that place to which the affections of all at times turn—that word which conjures up such a strange medley of gay remembrances shared with the softest touches of melancholy.

It has been said, (I know not with what justice) that on going abroad, people are apt to forget England—to become paracides of good sturdy John Bullism by habituating themselves to

all the indolence and luxury of foreign climes. For others I cannot answer—for myself, how often during my exile did my heart yearn to mingle again with those scenes so deeply mirrored in my remembrance by the pure associations of early days ! How has my mind expanded with pleasure at the supposition that perhaps some careless trifle which belonged to me in my childhood, might by chance meet the eye of those with whom my dawning years glided peacefully away and be hoarded with an affectionate regret for him whom they might perhaps never see again ! With what a thrill did I anticipate the time when I should return to the home of my youth ! But in these delightful anticipations I seemed to forget that before my return, a long period would have elapsed since I left it—that times and manners would be changed and every thing modernized and refined, that the house in which my boyish revels were committed would be disrobed of its venerable tiling and diamond window panes, the trees which I had so often climbed to rob the Chaffinch of her nest would be cut down and not so much as an old post be left to hang a single recollection on ! Those who had been the sharers in my youthful gambols and frolics ; where would they be ? dispersed and scattered about the world, their affections resting on others and so diffused that scarcely a tithe would be left for their old play fellow—nay, the very urchins of the village whom I had left running about as wild and as ragged as young colts would be found decent sober Grandfathers, with a long live of strange descendant's trooping at their heels, putting me in mind of the vast lapse of time and of the few faint steps between me and the grave.

Though the greater portion of life is spent in endeavours rather to avoid its evils than to enjoy its blessings yet there is a period to which every man looks forward with calm delight ; when having shaken off the trammels and cares of daily business he may pass the rest of his days in the reciprocation of benevolence and the happy exuberance of social converse ; when competency shall have secured him from the anxiety of future provision and the maturity of age given solidity to his opinions and respect to his character. To this period the finger of hope is constantly pointing and he is content to forget present privation, in the contemplation of future enjoyment : to this period, have I now arrived—but enjoyment alas ! like the cup of Tantalus has shrunk from my lips—I have returned to the home of my childhood and found myself a stranger in the land that gave me birth, I have asked “the friends of my youth, where are they?”—and an echo has answered “where are they?” I have visited the village church-yard, and gazed upon the descriptive stones which record little else but their names and have found that my own

bosom is the only sepulchre where their virtues and tenderness lie enshrined ! It is to soothe the languor of declining years that I have now recourse to the fairy charms of imagination, and if I can cheat the reader of any single one of those many melancholy moments which the rugged reality of life is continually thrusting upon us, I shall feel satisfied that I have not written in vain.

STANZAS.

Ah ! this were but a weary world
Without its hopes and fears,
A pool by no light breezes curled
A cheerless sight appears—
A calm interminable plain
Is sadder than the stormy main ;
Yet these similitudes would be
Of endless life's monotony,
If human sighs and human tears
Ne'er stirred, nor stained the stream of years.

Oh ! God ! there are who madly dare
To question thine eternal will ;
Who own this glorious globe is fair
Yet mourn permitted ill ;
And deem it strange Almighty power
Should yield to sin one mortal hour,
Or suffer care, and pain, and strife,
To chequer all the scenes of life,
Or let one darkening shadow lie
Between us and eternity.

These see not what the wise may see
(Lost wanderers in the storm !)
How far above mortality
As man above the worm,
Is He whose awful glory seems
Impalpable to earthly dreams.
Yet man to rayless blindness given
Would pierce the mystic veil of heaven,
And with delirious boldness scan
His unseen Maker's secret plan,
Forgetful that he might not part
The curtain of his own proud heart !

A SKETCH OF RANAJIT SINH.

BY BAROO KASIPRASAD GHOSH.

Ranajit Sinh is the son of Maha Sinh, of the tribe of Sahasi. He is about fifty years of age and of a middle stature, neither too thin, nor too stout. He has lost the use of one of his eyes in consequence of an attack of the small pox. His beard is long and flowing, but he does not suffer his nails to grow, which is criminal according to the tenets of the religion of the Sheiks. His dress is plain white, and he wears his turban across his forehead, the left part of which descending down and covering the eye-brow of the left eye which is blind, so as to shade it a little. His disposition is said to be very mild, insomuch, that when he formerly used to go about his country in disguise to learn the disposition of the people towards the Government, he used to question them respecting the conduct of their Magistrates, Collectors, or their Prince; whenever he heard any complaint and was spoken ill of, he inquired into the nature of the grievance, calmly listened to it, and afterwards arriving at a station judged it impartially, and often to the satisfaction of his people.

He rises at 3 o'clock in the morning, bathes and then retires to a private room, where no one, not even his servants are suffered to go. In this solitary situation he counts over his beads and offers prayers till midday when his priest Madhusudana Pundit goes and reads to him passages from the Puranas. At this time he usually offers gifts to the Brahmanas. When it is daylight he either repairs to the Fort to see the discipline of his troops or holds his *Durbaz* till ten or eleven o'clock; after which he retires from his Court and takes his meal. The rest of his time till nine in the evening when he retires to rest is according to circumstances variously employed.

He has three sons, viz. Kherga Sinh, Shair Sinh, and Tara Sinh, but the two latter are not recognised by him as his sons and are not therefore treated by him as Princes. It is said that they were adopted by Ranajit Sinh's first wife. When they came to years of maturity, they could have no power as Princes but their mother's father having died without any other issue Shair Sinh, the elder brother inherited his estates and is at present a general under Kherga Sinh. Nevertheless the three brothers are said to bear great affection for each other.

Ranajit Sinh has a grandson named Navanehal Sinh by his son Kherga Sinh. He is a promising boy of about twelve years of age, and is a great favourite of Ranajit Sinh.

The principal officers of Ranajit Sinh may be thus enumerated, viz.

<i>Motichund,</i>		• Prime Minister, the son of Mokumchand the former Minister who was surnamed PUTEH NSEEB , i. e. "of a victorious lot," on account of the success which attended him wherever he marched.
<i>Desa Sinh,</i>		The principal Thanadar or the Collector of Lahore, and the Governor of the Fort, as also the Chief of the Criminal Authority.
<i>Visakha Sinh,</i>		Is at the head of the Civil authority of Justice.
Brothers. {	<i>Azeezuddin,</i>	The principal Treasurer.
	<i>Nuruddin,</i>	Is intrusted with the internal management of conquered provinces.
	<i>Shahabuddin,</i>	Superintendent of the eatables. This Office is of great trust with all Asiatic Princes.
<i>Dhawn Sinh, and } Golaub Sinh, } Govind Ram }</i>		Two brothers in charge of the Royal Palace and great favourites of Ranajit Sinh.
<i>The son of Nanda Sinh } Madhusudana Pundit, }</i>		Embassador of Ranajit Sinh, at Delhi.
<i>Devidas,</i>		Head Chaplain to Ranajit Sinh.
<i>Bharanidas,</i>		Chief Secretary.
		Private Secretary to Ranajit Sinh.

There is no distinct person at the head of the Command of the Army. Ranajit Singh is himself the Commander-in-Chief.

Of all the native princes of the present day, Ranajit Sinh is the only one who can be properly called independent. He is possessed of a very enterprising spirit, by which he has not only raised himself to Sovereignty over his own nation, (for the Sheiks were formerly divided into many petty independent states) but has also attacked his Mahomedan neighbours with success. His father Maha Sinh laid the ground-work of the rising power of his son. He enlarged his territories by making successful encroachments upon the adjacent states, till at last he possessed himself of Lahore on the death of Khan Behadur the Nawab of that country. He soon after died and left his acquisitions to his son, who as mentioned before by a mixture of courage and conduct completely overthrew what is called the Sheik federacy and has made considerable conquests. At first his victorious career and growing ambition were for some time checked by the dread of an invasion by Zeman Shah King of Cabul who had entertained designs of extending his dominions on this side of India, but upon his giving up those designs Ranajit Sinh was encouraged to attack the forces of the Monarch of Cabul and gained success. At present his kingdom extends from Tatta on the South, to the borders of Thibet on the

North, and from Cabul on the West, to a little beyond the Setlez on the East, comprising a very large extent of territories.

The army which Ranajit Sinh maintains is said to be very large. Besides a considerable body of cavalry on which the chief strength of an Asiatic King depends, there are eighty regiments of infantry under the superintendence of French commanders. These regiments are disciplined, equipped and armed according to the European method. Ranajit Sinh has likewise made considerable improvements in his artillery department, under the inspection of French commanders. His army is supplied with a great number of cannons which are used according to the European mode also. It is said that the French employed by Ranajit Sinh have nothing to do with the command of the divisions to which they are respectively attached. In time of war they are imprisoned, and in peace, they teach European discipline to their respective corps. But the army upon the whole is rather in the Asiatic style. It has several petty chiefs enjoying a certain degree of independence and fixed portions of land allotted to them by Ranajit Sinh. In this point of view Kherga Sinh the eldest son of Ranajit Sinh is himself a petty chief ruling over a tract of land in many ways independent of his father. The principal arsenal of Ranajit Sinh is at Amartasar otherwise called Umritsar.

But the greatest care of Ranajit Sinh seems to be to have an extensive treasury which is so much needed in time of war. His principal treasury which is at Fort Govind (or Govind-Garrah as it is called by the natives) in Amartasar is said to be very large. Its contents are variously described and the immense plunder in money received in Cabul and Moulton was all transmitted to it. Besides, a certain sum is every day thrown at the principal treasury which is never made use of, but reserved perhaps for the most urgent and necessitous times. The sort of coin used on this occasion is chiefly the Nanakshahi so called from Nanakshah the founder of the religion of the Sheiks. The Mahomedshahi money is also current in the dominions of Ranajit Sinh. He had two Mints at Amartasar where both the Nanakshahi and the Mahomedshahi coins were struck, but one of them which is said to have been founded by one of his mistresses has a few years ago been abolished; and in the other the Nanakshahi is only struck at present.

His revenue cannot be properly and accurately estimated. The land tax for a cornfield is half the produce. But the taxes of other lands vary according to the article produced. In a place where there is no established tenure or where the land is farmed without any condition, the collector of the place when the crop is ripe appoints a Moonshee with an assistant and two peons to measure out the land (if it were not previously measured) ascer-

tain the nature of the crop and fix the temporary tax for that season only under a certain fixed rate. A land holder cannot sell his estate or any part of it, but by the permission of government; the right of selling or buying lands therefore depends upon the pleasure of Government.

Visakha Sinh as mentioned before is at the head of the judicial authority and there are under him one or two or even three judges in every district. The Sheiks have no code or fixed laws, but the decision of law matters, depends entirely upon the caprice of the judge. If a person be not satisfied with the decision of the subordinate judge he may make his complaint to Visakha Sinh, and if he be still dissatisfied he may appeal to Ranajit Sinh. But in so doing there is something to be dreaded. In case the complainant loses his case by the judgment of Visakha Sinh or Ranajit Sinh, he suffers a severe punishment, not only for the unreasonableness of his complaint, but also for his presumption in having endeavoured to bring the decision, and consequently the character of the judge in question. But the power of Visakha Sinh is limited only to civil cases. Neither he nor any of the subordinate judges can judge a criminal case which should be referred to the Thanadars or the Collectors of the place, who also exercises the civil authority and whose decision is final. The Thanadar or the Collector is also the governor of a Fort if there be one.

Nothing is deemed more criminal by Ranajit Sinh or any of the Sheiks than an injury to a Brahman or a cow, both of whom are as by every other Hindu sect, regarded with great veneration by the Sheiks, and the death of either is punished with the same. This has greatly ingratiated Ranajit Sinh in the favour of his people as well as all the Hindus in general. His munificence towards the Brahmans has not less contributed to his popularity. His usual gift to a Brahman on certain religious days among the Sheiks is a golden bracelet of great or small value. It may be worth while here to observe that scarcely any Hindu prince has ever treated the Brahmans with illiberality.

A third great cause of Ranajit Sinh's popularity among the Hindus is his dreadfully ill treatment of the Mossulmans in his territories in so much that they are among the many instances of cruelty and oppression partly exercised by orders of Ranajit Sinh but mostly by his officers, prevented to utter their Namaz (a daily prayer performed at morning, noon, and evening) sufficiently loud, that is, they are allowed to read it at their home, or where it may not be heard by any Sheik without the accompaniment of all those vocal sounds which usually attend it. This exclusion of the Mossulmans from their religious ceremonies is considered by every Hindu as an act of great piety and was one of the causes of a rebellion which but a short time ago took place in Cabul, but which was subsequently suppressed after a great slaughter on both sides.

LOVE.

"Love is not in our choice, but in our fate."

Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.

Careless, jocund, mild and gay,
I past each idle hour away,
Nor, heedless, thought that ever I
Should bend beneath Love's tyranny.

The smiling rogue was vexed to see
A heart so thoughtless and so free ;—
" I'll teach thee, youth," he slyly spoke
" To bend beneath my sov'reign yoke,
" And make thee worship at the shrine,
" Where wiser heads have bowed, than thine !"
Then from his quiver snatched a dart,
And aim'd the poison at my heart ;
Straight for the mark the arrow bore ;—
— I never felt so strange before !

Too soon I found, an abject slave,
Maria's eyes the venom gave ;
Quick, quick it flew thro' every part,
And pierced at once my trembling heart,

The soft meek light of that blue eye,
Like Angel glance from yonder sky,
And all those thousand nameless charms
That keep alive true love's alarms,
Mixed such sweet pleasure with my pain,
I wished not to be free again.

Two happy years soon past away ;—
Two years, I fondly day by-day
Still worship'd at that lovely shrine,
And knew that gentle heart was mine,
But woe is me !—it was decreed
That love's true victim soon should bleed ;
— No matter why, or where, or when,
This heart was doomed to grief and pain,
— I never saw that form again !—
Yet once beneath love's tyrant power,
I feel its impulse every hour,
And never may resist the sway
Of beauty's soft bewitching ray.
My heart now wanders every where,
To fill the vacant corner there—

But Oh ! first love is sweeter far,
And burns with purer glow,
Than any other love, that e'er
The heart again can know ?

A bashful Mary next possess
Each tender feeling of my breast ;
But soon I saw sweet Caroline,
And gave her up this heart of mine,
Tho' both so fair and both so kind,
That long I was to doubt inclined ;— }
But just as I made up my mind,
— The stately Isabel stepped in,
And threw me into doubt again.—

My heart then sad and dormant lay
For many a long and weary day,
And many hopeless dreams it formed
Of her, who first that heart had warmed ;
When gentle smiling Fanny came,
Rekindled soon the dying flame ;
On those blue orbs I gazed with sighs
— They were so, like Maria's eyes,
I almost thought with thrilling pain
I bask'd in that dear light again.

Oh ! then a tyrant beauty came
And set my wand'ring heart in flame,
A quenchless fire within me burn'd
When that bright glance on me was turned,
A flame so new, so wild and fierce,
As did my inmost bosom pierce ;
All other thoughts, all other bliss,
Or feelings, were absorbed in this—
That glare of light, that glare of light, }
From these dark eyes it shone so bright,
My brain grew dizzy at the sight—
I roamed distemper'd o'er the plains,
A maniac bound in silken chains
Whom one kind word that fondness proved,
Whom one kind glance from her he loved,
Could calm, and ease his troubled pain
And bring back reason's light again—
I ne'er was under such wild sway,
Since first I felt love's warming ray.

But now that wild vision of love is o'er,
The maniac's frenzy is now no more ;
The love that bewildered his reason and peace,
Her glances have told him can never be his ;

And tho' many a heart-throb, and many a sigh,
 And many a tear-drop dashed from the eye,
 And many a pang of deep sorrow and grief,
 And many an effort to gain relief,
 Have been his—yet his passion is conquered at last,
 And he calmly can think on the love that is past;
 And he prays that a blessing from yon pure sky,
 May alight on the Maid of the dazzling eye ! A. D. C.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

SEEN FOR A FEW HOURS ONLY IN A PUBLIC ASSEMBLY

AT CALCUTTA.

Full many a sweet face smiling nigh
 Had caught my wandering gaze,
 But thine alone could claim a sigh,
 Or passion's tumults raise.

'Twas true that we no more might meet,
 Our paths were far apart,
 I might not hear thy lips repeat
 The dictates of thine heart :

But yet our meeting looks revealed
 Far more than words could tell,
 And love with eager transport sealed
 His long enduring spell.

O ! 'twas bewildering bliss to know
 The Boy-God's subtle power !
 I would not for a world forego
 The madness of that hour.

Though distant far our feet may stray
 We share love's golden dream,
 As 'neath the same unbroken ray
 The clouds, though parted, gleam. D.

A MAIL COACH ADVENTURE.

It was on a fine bracing morning in the latter end of the month of October, of the year 182— that I mounted one of those heavy vehicles, commonly called *light Post Coaches* which proceed northward from the great commercial town of Liverpool. My feelings were expanded with the idea of soon rejoining my friends from whom I had been for some period separated, and my spirits were in unison with my thoughts, as I retraced with pleasure the scenes and feats of my childhood. The coachman cheering his horses now and then, arrested my attention without disturbing the train of my reflections, and I alternately whistled or sung as we rolled along, with a consciousness of happiness I had not experienced for many months before, perhaps too there might be feelings of more powerful interest for I was at that crisis of life when tender attachments are generally more serious and lasting than on the first dawn of manhood.

We had proceeded as far as Garstang before any thing occurred to disturb the visions of my excited imagination, when just as the coach stopped to change, a beautiful female voice was heard from the inside, requesting the coachman in the most touching accents to allow her to get on the top; she was immediately accommodated with a seat, and I proceeded to render her all the attention in my power. She said she felt ill and her pallid yet lovely cheek and heavy eye did not belie the assertion. My attempt to amuse her (as we were the only outside passengers) very shortly superseded the chilling formalities of regular introduction which are now much to the comfort of travellers dispensed with in stage coaches. She soon felt considerably revived by the cool air, and in the course of the day I related to her a few of the incidents of the Summer which I had spent in the East Indies. "You are returning to see your friends," she said after a short pause, and "your mother, how happy she will be to see you again." I do not know how it was, yet I thought I had never found the name of "mother" strike so deeply upon my heart, as at that moment. The being who had given me birth, I had lost soon after she had brought me into the world, but it was in name only that I had lost her, as her place had been supplied by one who had tenderly administered to all my wants with the most careful kindness and attention.

Though my reflections had passed almost instantaneously they had not been lost upon my fellow traveller, and on raising my head to answer her question, I perceived she was observing me

minutely with an expression of deep pity. "You have then no mother?" she enquired; before I could speak, her countenance instantly assumed an expression of inward suffering so great that it was some minutes before she could compose herself. I was now convinced that my companion was unhappy and that the iron hand of affliction seemed to have set its mark upon one, whose loveliness alone might have warranted the hope of a happier existence.

I explained in a few words that I had indeed lost my mother but at so early a period of life that I had never felt that loss; she seemed to muse on my answer, and I saw the big tear steal silent and fast down her pale cheek. I remained silent, unwilling to hazard remarks the propriety of which might have been questionable on so short an acquaintance. The evening set in cold and on her complaining of its effects I prevailed on her to accept a spare top coat I had to cover her, she thanked me for my attention, and sunk again into silence interrupted only now and then with a deep sigh. To attempt to delineate my sensations would be impossible, but I believe they would be what all men would feel for loveliness in distress. It certainly was not love for I had long _____, but I felt more for this female, than I could ever have imagined a few hours before.

It was quite dark when we arrived at Burton, and on the stopping of the Coach a tall elderly looking gentleman who seemed to have been waiting for her enquired for miss T—. "I am here Uncle" answered, my companion. She extended her hand to bid me farewell and thanked me again, and I saw her depart like a pleasant dream which on waking we wish to prolong. Yet I wondered how a being whose very existence but a few hours before I was totally unacquainted with and of whom I now know nothing but her name, could have so powerfully interested me.

Two hours before day break the next morning, I was again upon the road, and for sometime I was completely absorbed with reflecting on the events of the preceding day; as the morning however advanced and the rich and magnificent scenery which lies between Kendal and Ambleside gradually opened out I was soon lost to every thing but the beauties of the surrounding country. It was not only with the feeling of an ardent admirer of nature, that I contemplated the scenes before me, for in every abrupt precipice, heath-clad mountain and wooded slope now mellowed with the richer tints of autumn just fading into winter, I traced spots familiar to my memory and endeared by youthful sports and early recollections,—they were indeed my native mountains.

After a short sojourn amongst my friends I was soon again immersed in the busy toils of life, and in less than 12 months after

the above incidents, I had become a resident in British India. Commerce and its concomitant cares scarcely left room for reflection on other subjects, and it is probable that the remembrance of my fair fellow-traveller seldom or never intruded itself upon me. Time wore on—five years had elapsed and ill health, the effects, of the baneful climate of Bengal compelled me to visit some more congenial clime and I again embarked for England.

It was six years afterwards, a little later in the year, that I again booked myself in the mail to travel the same road from Liverpool. As we passed along memory was busy on the various scenes of my chequered life which had occurred since that period. The world did not present such bright visions to my senses as it had then done. I was again returning home, but that home was altered; the enthusiasm of youth was gone and I had ceased to look upon things with a more favourable aspect than what they really presented. Sorrow, and sickness had deadened the energies of life and there were events fresh in my memory which might indeed call for the poet's question.

“ Can fancy's fairy hands no veil create
To hide the sad realities of fate.”

Insensibly the remembrance of my last fair companion stole upon me and I entertained a hope which in a short time conjured up into a certainty that we should again meet, and it was not until we arrived at Kendal in the fall of the evening that I could bring myself to relinquish it. Having refreshed ourselves for half an hour, the horses were again put to, and I had given up the hope of meeting with the mysterious lady. The night though lovely was intensely cold when we set out and for the first hour the moon had not risen, yet the snow which was thick upon the ground as we advanced into the mountainous district afforded a sufficient light to distinguish objects around. At length as we reached the summit of an eminence, the pale round moon was seen just topping the rugged height of a range of black mountains on the right, which extend between Shap and Kendal. Already the long ridge of Helvellyn enveloped with thick snow had caught and reflected her beams, and as she gradually emerged from the barrier, a portion of the beautiful lake of Windermere just tinged with her rays could faintly be distinguished from the chaos of mountains which frowned in sterile grandeur on the left. Between lay thick and dark waving larch and oak wood, and fancy could almost define in the distance the conspicuous head of gigantic Gkiddam. I had seen nature arrayed in her sublimest forms in every quarter of the earth; the Himalahas with their eternal snows; but they presented no charms or awakened no feelings that could compare in effect with these insignificant Hills. Many a night like

this I had gazed upon them, and the days of childhood, happiness, innocence and love now rushed upon my memory.

My brow felt feverish in spite of the intense frost. I thought I should feel invigorated (for I was still an Invalid) by being outside for a short time, the change was soon accomplished, but I had scarcely got myself seated and wrapped up, when descending a steep, but short declivity in the road which was now very slippery, from the frost, one of the leaders fell, and in an instant the mail was upon the poor animal. All was now in confusion. The guard and Coachman used all their exertions to rescue the beast, which was effected with much difficulty in about ten minutes, when it was found that one of the wheel horses had been lamed also, and it now became the duty of the guard to proceed with the Mail bags on one of the uninjured horses and we were left in the awkward predicament of looking out for assistance, and some place to which to convey the luggage of the Mail. Before any thing could be suggested, and whilst my only fellow traveller, a peevish old south of England gentleman, was venting his curses both "loud and deep" and in good round terms also, on the barbarous state of the country and roads, the sound of a horse's hoofs, was heard approaching at a short distance, and in a few seconds a gentleman rode up. On seeing the state of things (for the moon was now high, and the reflection of the snow made every thing as distinct as in broad daylight) he instantly dismounted and addressing himself to me expressed his hope, that no person had been hurt by the accident, and on being answered in the negative he desired my companion and myself to accompany him to his house which he said was about a quarter of a mile distant, and he would send assistance to the Coachman, who was employed with the lamed horses. We retraced the road about 100 yards and having entered a small wicket gate, which led into an avenue of half grown Scotch firs which appeared studded with myriads of diamonds from the effect of the moon-beams on their icicled branches, we perceived a cheering fire blazing through a window at a short distance and a few minutes brought us to one of those beautiful villas with which the neighbourhood of Windermere abounds. 'By what name shall I introduce you to my wife,' said our conductor, as he led us by the hand to the door my companion and myself gave our names, we were ushered into a small neat parlour, where a female was sitting sewing with a child playing at her feet, she raised her head at our entrance and judge of my surprise when I instantly recognised in the lady of our kind host, my quondam interesting fellow traveller. On my name being mentioned she looked intently, as if the recollection of having heard it before suddenly crossed her, and I took the opportunity of remarking that, "I believed we had once seen

each other before." She might well have found difficulty in recognising the emaciated figure before her, so much was I changed. On adverting to the deep melancholy, under which she was then suffering, she told me with a sigh what I had before surmised, she had lost her only parent, her mother, and was proceeding to her uncle who had been appointed her guardian, and whom I had seen at Kendal. If I had admired her in distress, she now appeared ten times more amiable in the natural liveliness of her disposition, after an hour's pleasant stay, the mail was announced to be ready for proceeding with the assistance of another horse, furnished by our kind friend. I then bade them adieu, promising if fate should lead me that road again to become their guest for a longer period.

Y. H.

THE WARRIOR MARRIED.

BY CAPTAIN R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

SHE laid his sword in the myrtle boughs
That wave o'er the rustic porch ;
And long ere the summer's sunny close
Ye might see, by the glow worm's torch,
The rusted blade, once red with guilt,
With pure dew wet,—whilst in the hilt
A sparrow had built its little nest,
Where the warrior's hand had loved to rest.

II.

She hung his spear mid the clustering vines
That clung round the window sill ;
And red is its point—and it brightly shines,
As if bathed in life's current still ;
For round it the ripest grapes twist thick,
But they hang so high that none may pick,—
They have burst, in their pride, and their juice shines o'er
The spear that shall glisten with blood no more !

III.

His shield rests now in the cottage room,
And his helmet nods on the wall,
But ah ! she hath pilfered its painted plume
For the sports of the festival !
And his war cloak is there,—o'er that basket hung,
Where his first born child, in its beauty young,
Slumbers in peace, as free from guile
As his father's breast, or his mother's smile !

THE DYING BUCCANEER.

I've been a man of daring deeds,
 Have stained my life with many a crime,
 And there's a gnawing worm that feeds
 Upon my vitals ere its time.

Yet in the fervid hour of strife
 Have I not bloodiest bathed my brow ?
 Danger and havoc were—my life !—
 And shall I be a coward now ?

Still, as I sink beneath the wave,
 No eye for me shall drop the tear ;
 No prayer shall follow to the grave
 The outcast—friendless Buccaneer ;

No sigh of memory e'er shall grace
 Of my dark life, one little spot ;—
 I shall go down unto my place
 As one whom men desire forgot.

Forgot?—It is the peaceful fate
 Of many a mightier than I :—
 Oh, could I but in turn *forget*,
 'Twere not so difficult to die.

Still—still, for that I feel my heart
 Accusing me of coward fears,—
 In death—in death I'll play the part
 Which I have lived—a Buccaneer's !

What though no memory bless my grave,
 And what though peal for me no dirge,
 I'll sleep as sound beneath the wave—
 My death-knell the eternal surge :

And let the world their falsehoods bring
 Even in my ashes to upbraid me ;—
 I am not—never was the thing
 Their blackening calumnies had made me !

To them—to them I owe this death ;—
 Ha ! but for their sakes feel it dear,
 Bequeathing with my latest breath
 The curses of the Buccaneer !

CAPEL SOUTH.

THE BETRAYED.

A TALE OF 1757.

Come rest in this bosom, my own-stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here.

MOORAH.

Thy glories, one by one,
In gloomy night have set;
All save Affection's sun
Whose light is ling'ring yet.

D.

The Ganges has so frequently changed its bed, that it is scarcely possible to speak with certainty of villages, which were in existence in Bengal ten years ago, especially of such as were upon the banks of the river. I must therefore run the risk of being considered inaccurate, should the traveller not find the village of——*poor*, opposite to Rajmahal. About seventy years ago, however, there *was* such a place; and if it is not now to be found, let it not be a matter of wonder, that Time, who lays low the palaces of the proud, and covers with oblivion the dwelling places of the mighty, should have left no trace of a small and unimportant hamlet. At no considerable distance from this village, lived, at the period I have mentioned, Dana Shah, a Mahomedan Durvesh. This man had been once in favor with Ali Verdi Khan; but the flagitious conduct, and cruel disposition of Mirza Mahomed, the Soobah's grand-son, had driven him out of Moorshedabad, and forced him to seek a privacy more suited to his sacred character. While engaged, during one stormy night, in his holy office of prayer, he heard the noise of heavy footsteps at the door of his hut; but according to a custom of the Mussulmans, who will not leave their devotions upon any account, he did not stir to ascertain what it was. Although Mahomed was obliged to go to the mountain, yet was our good Durvesh determined not to move an inch, to find out whence proceeded the noise, or what was tramping at his door. A human voice was, however, soon heard, imploring for shelter in the name of Soliman and every Peer and Puégumbur in whom the faithful trust. Dana Shah was not insensible to such a call; for, to the honor of the prophet be it known, that he has inculcated the practice of hospitality among his followers, and declared it to be a sacred and paramount duty.

In a little time, the door opened, and discovered to the Durvesh two elephants, which, as he saw by the vivid flashes of

lightning, were rather handsomely adorned with embroidered trappings, bearing in their howdahs two persons. A few servants completed the party; and they all appeared much fatigued with a long and dangerous journey. As soon as the strangers had alighted, Dana Shah perceived, that the one was an extremely handsome young man, about twenty years of age, and that the other was a female, whose youth and beauty should not have been the sport of so rude a night. Having first given them his blessing, he invited them into his cell to partake of such cheer as he could afford, and such shelter, as they might find under his humble roof. As soon as the strangers had entered, he spread a mat upon the floor for them, expressing at the same time, his regret, that it was not a carpet, such as their condition indicated they had been used to. "Alas!" cried the young man, "if you knew our condition, it would excite your pity." At the sound of his voice, the Durvesh started inwardly, but immediately suppressing his emotion, he moved a small brazen lamp towards his guest, that he might peruse his features. Looking intently upon him for a few minutes, he seemed to discover, that the face upon which he gazed was not a stranger to his eye, although Care had already begun to trace her characters upon his young and beautiful brow. The Durvesh who had been a man of the world, although he then lived retired from its business and its follies, wished his guest to tell his own story, without being questioned. For, although his suspicions of the young man's rank and importance were confirmed by the view he had taken of his face, he would have "assurance doubly sure," and, therefore, wished him voluntarily to unfold his secret. "May be, you are on a long march, and have lost sight of your attendants in this storm!"

"Well said," replied the stranger; "it is indeed a dreadful storm, that has separated me from all those who should be around their master; but God is merciful, and I yet may find a home."

"But you cannot be without a home," said the Durvesh; "your condition and appearance speak of other things; and although you have only the drivers of your elephants and a few other servants with you, I am sure there must be thousands of slaves in your father's hall to do all your behests.—But talking perhaps is irksome; let me set about preparing such food as I can offer."

"Alla reward thee;" exclaimed the young man, "Truly the night of adversity has lowered upon me, and I have no where to lay my head. They who fed upon my bounty have turned their arms against me; and thou beholdest, the representative of the house of Ali Verdi Khan thus low, imploring thy protection." Then taking off his turban, and laying it at the feet of

the Durvesh, "I am the man" continued he. "who but yesterday was named *The Mighty*, and who was taught to believe, that there was no power like his own:—but Seraje ad Dowlah is now at thy feet holy man, and he intreats thee in the name of the prophet, and for the sake of the hallowed Kaabah, not to withhold thy pity from an unfortunate, fallen prince."

"And what mishap has befallen you, son of the mighty;" said Dana Shah, "that the habitation of one so lowly should afford shelter to the Soobah of Bengal; and who is this partaker of the calamity which has fallen upon the descendant of the all-powerful Ali Verdi?"

"It is some consolation," replied the prince, "that amidst all my sufferings, and in all my hours of trouble, I have ever found the bosom of my Lutf respond to mine; and as she enjoyed my prosperity, you see she has not shrunk from sharing my adversity.—But ere I begin to detail my misfortunes, let me send away my elephants and attendants, lest their appearance at the door of thy hospitable cot should bring my pursuers upon me."

"Well suggested", interrupted the old man; "and I hope your Highness will allow me to take that duty upon myself. I shall desire your servants to proceed with the beasts in a direction, which your pursuers cannot have followed; and then send my own man, Abad al Russool, across to Rajmahal, that he may go from thence to the fakeer of the Colgong Rock, and solicit protection for you, until we endeavor to re-establish you on the musnud of your fathers."

With tears in his eyes, and with a heart too big for utterance did the young prince press the hand of his generous protector, and with that thoughtless confidence which characterized his life, and from which he suffered so much, at once assented to the proposal of the Durvesh.

While Dana Shah went out to give the necessary directions; Lutf, the beautiful, the devoted Lutf took up her sitar, which she had brought with her to divert the mind of her unfortunate husband. But before she could get the strings in tune, the Durvesh returned, and informed Suraje ad Dowlah, that every thing had been despatched, and that he might now tell the eventful history of his calamity, without the slightest apprehension.

"Alas for Palassi*!" Exclaimed the prince; "for upon that fatal field, the glory departed from my house. My army has

* *Plassey Anglice*. The names of places in India are utterly unintelligible to the natives, when pronounced by Europeans. Thus we have *Serampoor* for *Seerampore*, *Boglipore* for *Bhagulpore*, *Muttra* for *Mathura*, &c. &c. Upon its being once asked how *Serampoor* could have got that name. "Easily enough," said an incorrigible punster; "it is made up of 'Sir I'm poor,' the exclamation of every hard-pressed debtor, who flies to the Danish settlement for protection."

been defeated, my own friends become traitors"—(the Durvesh here appeared agitated)—“and they in whom I placed confidence have sold me to my enemies. Alla! Alla! was the race of Ali Verdi destined to be bartered, to be given like slaves in exchange for gold—the gold too of *Kafirs*? Is there not a day of retribution in store for those who break their faith; and is not the perjury of Jaffer Khan now numbered among his sins? But it is the will of fate that I should thus be used; fortune has turned her back upon me, and, but for the truth of the love of my own Lutf, I might add, that I am abandoned by mankind. This is my story venerable man; and you, who have ceased to regard the world, but as one who has in it no stake, will not refuse me the protection I implore, nor drive me from this shelter to the mercy of my enemies.”

“God forbid my son,” replied the Durvesh, “that the descendant of Ali Verdi Khan should meet any thing but good from my hands. So may I hope for heaven, as I treat thee; and may that hope perish for ever, if I fail in my truth!—But you seem faint with the fatigue of your journey; let me dress some food for you. I can prepare it speedily; and although Sorrow supplies a poisonous nourishment to those whom she seizes, bidding them live upon their misfortunes, yet would I hope, that time may chase away the care that now presses so heavily upon thee.” Upon this, he went into another part of his hut, and began preparing a slight repast for the unfortunate Seraje ad Dowlah.

To soothe the breast of her husband by whom she was sincerely loved, and whom she worshipped with the devotedness of an enthusiast, the tender Lutf took up her sitar again, and, “let me sing to thee,” said she to him—“my songs you said were sweet in better days; let me see whether sorrow has destroyed the music of the voice you have always loved to hear. Misfortune has spared the strings of my sitar; but those of my heart are broken, every one, but that which binds it for ever to thee.”—Then throwing her beautiful arm upon the instrument, she struck a few chords, and sang some words, something like the following to a well known plaintive air.

Ah! wherefore should thine eagle-pride
Still strive to soar above,
When thou may'st all thy sorrows hide
In this fond bosom, Love!
In vain the wounded bird would spread
Its wing when pressed with pain;
And why should thy unhappy head
Seek pomp and power again?

In darkest hour, the giant storm
 Runs madly through the sky ;
 Yet, morning sees the rainbow's form
 Like a young bride, on high.
 Thus hath our tempest past, and thus
 Our rainbow beams above :
 'Tis all that now remains for us,
 And who needs more than love ?

I cannot philosophize concerning human sympathy, and its causes ; but it is not the least of life's blessings, that we find hearts to reflect back our smiles, and to weep with us, tear for tear. The song of his gentle Lutf brought the light of other days around her husband ; her affections were all the treasure he now possessed, and the music of her voice the only comfort of which he was not deprived. For, although he had drunk the bitter cup of misfortune to its very dregs, and although he was reduced to the utmost misery, yet felt he something akin to joy, when Lutf poured out her sweet strain, like a blessing, upon his heart.

A knocking being now heard at the door of the humble dwelling, the Durvesh came out of the room where he was preparing a little food for his guests, and proceeded to see what was the matter. Seraje ad Dowlah waited his return with dreadful anxiety. His heart boded the worst, and he had no means of escape ; his elephants and attendance had been sent away, and resistance could not be successfully attempted. He therefore resolved to surrender his person, and to solicit the favor of being sent a prisoner to Colonel Clive, who was then with the army at Daoodpoor. In a moment, the little apartment was filled with men of ferocious appearance, who immediately seized the prince. Seraje ad Dowlah implored them to release him, but he implored in vain ; then turning to the Durvesh, he begged that he would exert his influence, as a religious devotee, in persuading his enemies to let him go. "Appeal not to me, thou monster of iniquity," cried the Durvesh, while the fire in his eye almost brightened the room ; "appeal not to me for assistance—that thou art in the hands of these brave men, the servants of Meer Kassim, is a fortunate circumstance and was contrived by me. Hast thou forgotten, boy, how thou didst drive me from before the face of Ali Verdi, and how, in addition to other enormities thou didst cause the murder of my last friend, my best benefactor Hosein Kouli, in the public street of Moorshedabad ? Alla has put thee in my power ; and I am happy, that the glory of having rid the world of such a tyrant will be ascribed to Dana Shah." Seraje ad Dowlah burst into tears. He was a

weak man; and his misery upon finding himself thus deceived, and thus deprived of all hope, was beyond endurance. He fell almost lifeless into the arms of the men, who had surrounded him; and they, while he was in that insensible state, conveyed him in a small boat across the river to Rajmahal. His fate, after these circumstances, is sufficiently well known. He was sent from Rajmahal to Moorshedabad; but as, at the time of his arrival there, Jaffer Khan was at Munsoorgunge, he was thrown into prison by Meerun, the son of Jaffer. His last moments were dreadfully painful: but although separated from the tender, the true partner of his joys and sorrows, and confined in a small room, life was not to him a heavy load. O! what is there in this earth, and all that belongs to it, which makes us still cling to existence, even when perhaps "'tis something better not to be." He requested the officer commanding the guard to make it known, that if his life were spared, he would willingly retire to any part of the province upon a small pension. But the peace of Bengal, or the safety of Jaffer Khan was not to be hazarded by consenting to such a proposal. His death was determined—by whom, it is perhaps difficult to say. Some maintain, that it was fixed by men of a civilized nation; but my authority states, that Meerun, the son of Jaffer, offered a sum of money to any of his attendants, who would undertake to kill Seraje ad Dowlah. At first they were all unwilling to execute such a commission; but at length, a wretch named Morad Beg, who had once been his dependent, and who from his infancy had lived upon the bounty of Ali Verdi Khan's family undertook the execution of this black, this cruel deed. When the assassin entered the apartment in which the fallen prince was confined—"Art thou come" said he "to kill me; and will they not let me live in obscurity?—no, no—it cannot be. I must die to atone for the murder of Hosein Kouli." Upon this, the ruffian gave him several wounds till he sunk, exclaiming—"enough, enough? Hosein Kouli, thou art revenged." His body was soon after removed from the prison; and in a little time, the grave closed for ever over the faults and misfortunes of Seraje ad Dowlah.

D.

STANZAS.

*On the Death of a favorite Horse, at the age of nearly nineteen years ;
more than fourteen of which he had passed in my possession.*

Farewell, my good Steed ! thy long service is o'er
Thou wilt bear me in war, and in pastime no more.
No more thou'lt be cheer'd by the sound of my voice,
No more in thy speed shall my spirit rejoice !
Stiff, stiff, are those limbs, which in life us'd to fly,
Like a storm-driven rack through the hurricane sky ;
And cold is that ardour, so generous and true,
Which age could not weaken, nor labor subdue.

My faithful old Servant, of twice seven years !
Should I blush to embalm thee with *some* manly tears,
When I think that not once, for the space of an hour,
Hast thou fail'd me in will, or in courage, or power ;
When I think how that fond and intelligent eye
Would single *me* out, though a thousand were bye ?
And remember how surely thy eloquent neigh
Would give me glad welcome, my beautiful Bay !

In the pride of thy strength thou hast borne me along,
And hast shar'd in the risk of the battle's hot throng—
Where the arrows have whirr'd, and bullets have shower'd—
But thy eye never quail'd, and thy ear never cower'd.
Thou hast seen the Pindarras' sharp, murder-stained spear,
And hast heard the hoorra of their head-long career ;
And hast witness'd when on them our vengeance was wreak'd,
How the desperate have striven, and the timid have shriek'd.

Thou found'st me in years, and in wisdom, a boy,
For the future all hope—from the past no alloy ;
Thou left'st me in years (more than wisdom) a man,
With much to mourn over which *thou* could'st not scan.
But in frolic, or hazard, in fault, or in fame,
I have still been to thee, old Companion ! the same ;
And the same hast *thou* been through the much chequer'd time,
Which on *thee* brought old age, though to me but my prime.

We have gone through strange scenes, my lost Steed, I and thou ;
And thy vigour hath sav'd me from peril ere now.
I have shar'd with thee oft my scant morsel of bread,
And lain by thy side on the same chilly bed ;
('T was the fortune of war !) and, in mischievous whim,
I've had cause to exult in thy fleetness of limb ;
For thou'st borne me full well through morass and through wood,
And gallantly breasted both upland and flood.

I us'd thee not so as to now feel remorse,—
 No spur ever gall'd thee, my noble old Horse !
 In thy wildest career, or to guide thee, or check,
 A word from my lip, or my hand on thy neck,
 Was of magical power ;—and for pleasure, or need,
 A touch of the bridle would urge thee to speed.
 The loud booming shot could not quiver thy nerve,
 Nor the thunder-ton'd Elephant force thee to swerve.

No more shall the bugle's clear note of command
 Make thy hoof spurn the earth, and thy nostril expand ;
 No more to thy curvets my sabre shall clank,
 No more make thee bound as it swings to thy flank ;
 Nor again shall that eye with proud rapture be lit,
 Midst the toss of thy head, and the champ of thy bit.
 So mild, yet so mettled,—so steady, yet free,
 Oh ! never will Steed be what thou wert to me !

I have laid thee too deeply beneath the broad plain,
 For the loathsome beak'd vulture thy limbs to profane ;
 Or the ravening wolf and the jackall to feed
 On thy mangled remains, my so long cherish'd Steed.
 In decent repose and in safety they lie,
 And oft shall I yield thee a merited sigh :
 Thou hast earn'd it by service long, varied, and true,—
 Then to all but thy memory, old Charger, adieu !

CAWNPORÉ, }
 Jan. 25th, 1830. }

R. A. MCNAGHTEN.

STANZAS.

Have you not seen these languid eyes
 Smile dimly o'er each scene,
 'Tis sorrow haunts in pleasure's guise
 The steps where joy has been.
 For pleasure's self has lost the power
 To warm this blighted mind—
 As moonlight gilds the faded tower
 But leaves no glow behind.
 Yet while I feel each hope that fed
 Life's morning dream, depart,
 Still gleams of former days will shed
 Their halo round my heart.
 So when the Day-God downward moves
 Some beams are backward cast,
 As though his light like mem'ry loves
 To linger o'er the past.

ON THE EFFECTS OF CLIMATE UPON MAN.

[It may be necessary to state, that the principal parts of the following paper were composed in 1823, while the Author was serving in the British Navy on the coast of Africa, and consequently before the valuable works of Macculloch were published ; a circumstance which is corroborative of the opinions so ably maintained by that erudite physician and profound observer of nature.]

The investigation of causes which have an extensive and diversified influence on animated nature, and more particularly on man, not merely respecting the duration of life, but in the more peculiar effects produced by them on intellectual existence, is a subject worthy the consideration of the philosopher, and the statesman. Of the numerous families of the human race scattered over the earth, and derived from a single species, it is an important fact, that no complete similarity has ever been observed between two individuals, and that the inhabitants of different soils and climates, exhibits the most marked distinction in their physiognomical appearances and mental endowments. Whence these peculiarities (which form the natural boundaries of kingdoms) have arisen, has been a subject of discussion for ages.

Some have assigned the craniological configuration as affording sufficiently marked indications of character and nationality ; others have reasoned on the approximation to, or distance from the sun's path in the ecliptic ; several have brought in support of a theory an astrological horoscope ; and at a later period political institutes have been supposed to form the operating cause.

The principle, which it is the object of this essay to unfold, is, that man is the creature of circumstances over some of which he has no control ; that his corporeal strength and mental development, depend partly on birth, but more especially on localities, viz. the nature of the soil he inhabits, and the air he respires.

The induction of facts being not only the clearest but the most just mode of supporting a proposition, it is not intended to waste time and thought on useless disquisitions and superogatory observations, but combining *cause* and *effect*, adduce such cases as bear most strongly on the point at issue, and afterwards briefly

treat of such preventives as experience and observation have suggested.

It is premised that animal and vegetable matter when deprived of the principle of vitality, and while passing through the putrefactive stage, undergo fermentation; during which period, certain gazes (varying in some degree according to the nature of the decomposing substance) are given off, which Moscati, Currie, Broechi, &c. have shewn to consist principally of carburetted hydrogen and ammoniacal gazes. This noxious production, has been designated by various terms such as *marsh-miasmata*, *paludal-effluvia*, *terrestrial-radiation*, *morbific-emanations*, *vegeto-animal-exhalations*; all of which however I shall include under the more simple and better known term of *malaria*, of which it may be requisite to observe that animal matter forms the most deadly source.

Myriads of *insects* and cold blooded *reptiles* spring into life during the seasons of rain, and perish in hot weather; the former at times darkening the air, by the swarms in which they rise from the earth, and the latter, as in the case of locusts, creating a famine by their rapacity and a plague by their speedy decomposition. With respect to miasm from vegetable decomposition it has been enquired, whether salt or fresh water is most productive of malaria? To which it may be replied, that a *small* quantity of salt materially expedites the decomposition of animal, as well as vegetable substances, and that for salt to prove antiseptic it must be abundant; hence the sickness of places where there is an occasional flux of tide to a considerable extent over a mangrove shore; and it has been observed, that where irruptions of the ocean have occurred, viz. in Holland, England, &c. plague or fever have rapidly succeeded: The Sunderbunds of Bengal, may here be adduced as affording a striking instance of the rapidity of ligneous decomposition, when aided by slightly saline water, and alternately wet and dry shores; a combination of which is extremely favorable to the propagation and dissolution of the mangrove shrub.

It is not a mere theory but a well founded opinion, that all the destructive epidemics that have afflicted this globe, have had their origin in malaria; which in a cold climate has produced typhus fever; in a more temperate one, plague and yellow fever; and within the tropics, cholera, &c.—each modified according to the Idiosyncratic state of the sufferers.

Hippocrates, Virgil, Seneca, Justin, Tacitus and many others who have transmitted to posterity accounts of various epidemics which have at different periods destroyed large numbers of mankind, have all remarked that they were preceded by heavy

rains and intense heat, and that these seasons were almost invariably to be prognosticated by the appearance of a comet. I may here enumerate a few examples;—ancient Rome was subject to frequent epidemics, generally caused by inundations of the Tiber, but in the year 81 of the Christian era, after a severe rainy season succeeded by intense heat, the mortality was so great, as to carry off *ten thousand citizens daily!* Proceeding chronologically to A. D. 1347, it is to be found narrated by historians, that that year was marked by a comet, by excessive rain and heat, and succeeded by the most dreadful mortality that we have any record of, which carried off *two-thirds* of the human race in a very brief period;—many places were entirely depopulated; *twenty millions* of mankind died in the East in one year; 100,000 perished in Venice; 50,000 were buried in one grave-yard in London; grass grew up in the streets of cities hitherto most populous, and people fled in boats and ships to sea, regardless of property and friends!!!

The years 1770 and 1771, were distinguished by a large comet being visible; an immense globe of fire was seen on the 17th of July, and the most violent earthquakes, storms, rains, and inundations occurred, succeeded by extreme heat and drought. The consequences were, pestilence and its concomitant miseries; 200,000 people perished in Russia and Poland; 1000 bodies were buried daily in Constantinople; in Bohemia 168,000 persons died in one year; 150,000 individuals perished in Canton; the streets of towns on the banks of the Ganges were filled with dead bodies, and such a number of carcases were thrown into the river, as to render the water and the fish unfit for use.

In 1817, this country was visited by a severe epidemic under the form of cholera, which evidently had its origin in malaria, as Jamieson in his report of it proves that the preceding seasons were accompanied by unusual moisture and heat, and that its general progress, was along the margin of a river, or over a low swampy tract; on such facts, we may reject the idea of the conveyance of cholera by contagion or infection to the Mauritius, or the still more improbable hypothesis, of its being blown over the surface of the Indian ocean to that island, as was stated.

In 1824, a season of unusual moisture and heat, a severe epidemic raged in Calcutta, when the mortality was not confined to man, for a large number of dogs and other animals perished; and a highly intelligent medical gentleman* states, that a similar "epidemic prevailed in some other parts of India, where the

* Mr. Twining.

situation was low, and in the vicinity of the sea or within the delta of rivers."

In 1825 an epidemic broke out at Berhampore, which spared neither age, sex, nor habit of body; and we find the reason of a difference of a year between this sickness and that of Calcutta in 1824, by observing in Dr. Mouat's description† that the rainy season did not set in, by a long period, as early as in the lower parts of Bengal.

It may be necessary now to point out a few instances of malaria, in various parts of the world, and as a general rule it may be observed, that a clayey soil is most productive of this gas, and a chalky one most free from it;—and that the most beautiful and fertile tracts in warm climates are the most sickly, after the exciting causes before adverted to.

Dr. Rush, in enumerating the causes of yellow and bilious fevers in Philadelphia says, they are as follows; exhalations from marshes and from animal and vegetable substances in a state of putrefaction; bilge water; stagnating rain water; duck-ponds; hog-styes, locusts; weeds cut down and exposed to heat and moisture near a house; and the matter which usually stagnate in the gutters, common sewers and alleys of cities, and in the sinks of kitchens. Of the ill-effects of the latter, and more particularly of gutters, many instances could be cited in this country, where durwans are liable to fevers, &c. from similar causes; it may be sufficient to mention the following circumstance quoted by the distinguished author above named. "A gentleman in Philadelphia, who had a sink in his kitchen lost a number of cats and dogs by convulsions, at length one of his servants was affected by the same disease and died; this led him to investigate the cause and he traced it to the sink, which, on its being cleared and closed up, was completely deprived of its unhealthiness."

As the same effects are experienced from bilge water on ship board, or where there are green timbers in a ship; it is unnecessary to advert to the *many* instances that have occurred in the naval and merchant service; one, as illustrative of the cause of a disease, formerly of great destruction to the maritime interests, I may here quote:—Captain Bell states, that scurvy broke out among his men on a voyage to the East Indies, in 1784, whereof several men died, and he supposed the scurvy to have been "caused by the *foul air* emitted by the green timbers" that were in his ship; for he observed, that "the hammocks which were near the *sides* of the ship, *rotted* during the voyage, while those that were suspended in *midships*, retained their *sound* and natural state."

† Vide translations of the Medical and Physical Society of Calcutta.

Moorshedabad, built on the banks of the Cossimbazar river, is a very crowded and populous city, containing upwards of 200,000 inhabitants; it is low and filthy, built with narrow streets, after the usual manner of eastern towns, and having numerous stagnant pools; there are no drains, and even the natives find it exceedingly unhealthy; scarcely a year passing without some epidemic raging in the city.

The pestilential and dreaded shores of eastern and western Africa, have proved the destruction of many of our bravest seamen and soldiers, and even the nobler animals domesticated by man, such as the horse, dog, &c. speedily perish. Of the unhealthiness of these shores, except at certain seasons, the writer of these pages has had painful experience while serving as a medical officer in the squadron, employed under the command of that distinguished officer W. F. W. Owen, Esq. who, notwithstanding the death of nearly two-thirds of his officers, among whom were included a Post Captain, a Commander, five Lieutenants, a Medical Officer, a Master, a Purser, a Naturalist, a Botanist, a Linguist, very many junior officers, and a proportionate number of seamen and marines; completed the most extensive maritime survey that has ever been made. Dear bought experience however at length taught the Commander not to attempt the survey of any bay or river, either during the rainy season, or immediately after it.

The island of Zanzibar, is situated on the east coast of Africa, in Latitude $6^{\circ} 12'$ south, separated from the main land by a navigable channel of a few miles broad; it is so low, that the sea breeze blows almost entirely over it. Nothing can surpass its fertility, and although nearly a degree in length, it appears throughout like a beautiful cultivated garden, where every fruit and vegetable of the tropics grows in the fullest perfection and abundance, where the carpet of nature is at all seasons green and bedecked with all the lowly yet lovely flowrets, that usually decorate the lawn:—Yet amidst all this luxuriance and loveliness, death is borne on the breeze that blows over this, otherwise, terrestrial Eden, and its shaft is unerring in its aim to any stranger who may be allured by the bewitching scenery around him, and the apparently ethereal blandness of the night, to sleep on the island.

Commodore Nourse and several officers and servants, were induced, partly through necessity, to sleep one night on shore; on the following morning they sailed in H. M. frigate *Andromache*, and in a few days, those who remained that *one* night on the island, perished from the effects of fever:—in fact, so sudden and uniform were the symptoms, among those who slept on shore, that it was at first supposed, they had been poisoned by the Sultaun of the Island at whose residence they had been entertained.

A boat's crew of H. M. S. "Barracouta" passed one night on shore at the watering place of the same island, in a tent, and they all died;—several sailors attracted by the extreme beauty of the place, deserted from H. M. vessels "Leven," "Barracouta" and "Albatross," but were speedily captured by the Arabs, for the usual reward of three guineas. The poor fellows however might as well have been permitted to enjoy their brief moments of liberty and happiness, as they all fell victims in a few days, to the effects of malaria.

While on the subject of malaria on this coast, a striking instance of its effects in Madagascar, (where the French have suffered so much from it) may be adverted to.—Radama, the most powerful and enlightened chief in the island, when aiming at what he ultimately obtained, namely the absolute sovereignty of the country marched from his capital, (which is situated on the high table land to the northward and centre of the island) at the head of 100,000 men, for the purpose of subduing the feudal chiefs of the southward or low provinces, and the fertile but swampy districts of Anossi. Fever and dysentery soon thinned the ranks of the invading army, and they were compelled to retrace their steps; exhibiting at one view the unhealthiness of the marshes and the strong links of affection that attach men to each other; every ten soldiers having bound themselves by a vow, that, in case any of their number perished in battle, or died from wounds or sickness, the survivors were to carry the bones of their comrades to their native country and families, for interment; hence arose the melancholy sight of one man wending homewards his sad and toilsome way, laden with the least perishable remains of perhaps four, five or six of his comrades; and in the faithful fulfilment of their plighted faith, amidst all the depression arising from discomfiture, sickness and famine, 20,000 Malagashes returned to their Highlands, from the swamps and marshes of the low, southern provinces!

Before I proceed to demonstrate how malaria is best obviated, I shall, without any particular chronological or geographical arrangement, cite cursorily a few more instances of the injurious effects of this morbid gas.

The plague in Egypt has been, after due investigation, ascribed to the slimy deposition of the Nile, subsequent to the recession of its waters, when the fervid rays of an African sun, begin to dart on vast quantities of semi putrescent animal and vegetable effluvia. In Hungary where epidemics have been so frequent and fatal, it is worthy of remark, that there are an immense number of morasses formed by the overflowing of the Danube.

Lancisius, physician to Pope Clement the II^d. relates that, "thirty ladies and gentlemen of the first rank in Rome having

been on a party of pleasure towards the mouth of the Tiber, the wind suddenly shifted and blew from the south *over the putrid marshes*, when 29 of the party were immediately seized with a tertian fever, *one only escaping.*"

The author of this essay, is the sole survivor, (after a most severe fever) of a party of three officers and sixteen seamen, who went up the river which separates the island of Mozambique from the main, having slept only one night on shore at a Portuguese monastery, about ten miles distant from Mozambique.

That accurate and able physician Dr. Lind, in describing the cause of the severe mortality that occurs on the coast of Guinea says, "There are generally perceived heavy dews which fall in the night, and the land is every morning and evening wrapped up in a fog; there are forests and thickets of trees impenetrable to refreshing breezes; the soil is either marshy or watered with rivulets whose swampy and oozy banks are overrun with sedges, mangroves and the most noxious weeds, the slime and filth of which sends forth an intolerable stench, especially towards evening."

The Arabs have evinced their knowledge of the effects of marsh miasm, by breaking down the banks of rivers, and inundating the territories of the Turks when they received injuries from them; the consequences of these shocking acts of barbarity have been, a general consuming sickness which depopulated whole towns and villages.

Although the island of Java may be considered in general as healthy, yet an exception must be taken as regards the low and swampy shores of the island; and in particular the city of Batavia, which was at one time considered the emporium of disease in the East. It was intersected with half filled canals and tanks, and so completely environed with trees and shrubs as to prevent the free circulation of air. A veritable historian has stated, that within the space of 22 years, although there was no particular extent of sickness, yet the number of deaths within the city, was upwards of one million. An intelligent Naval Surgeon has given a melancholy account of the effects of malaria in Batavia roads, in which a squadron of H. M. ships, with troops on board anchored; there are two islands in the roadstead named Onrust and Edam, the *former* well cleared of trees and underwood, nearly flat and free from swamps or marshes, with the exception of a small spot which is, however *daily* washed by the tides; the *latter* covered with jungle and long grass, and having a *stagnant marsh* in a part of the island. Sickness prevailed among the troops and seamen employed in the expedition, and most unfortunately, for some political or military reasons, the British Hospital was removed from Onrust to

Edam, the consequence of which ill-timed measure was, that although all those who were employed on shore during the *heat* of the day escaped sickness,—yet only *four* men survived out of many hundreds of soldiers and sailors who slept on the island, or remained even for a short time on shore after night fall, and those *four* men, were under the influence of *mercury*.

Arrakan and more particularly Rangobn, have afforded recent examples of the effects produced by swamps and dense jungles; the mortality which occurred in the British army (European as well as Indian,) during the campaign of 1825, being more destructive to our gallant soldiers, than the sword, spear or jingal of the wily Burman foe. Similar but more extensively fatal examples might be cited by the catastrophies of Walcheren, New Orleans, &c.

The late endemics at Mill Bank Penetentiary and Gibraltar, have been proved to owe their origin to marsh effluvia.

A low and swampy river in South America has been called by the Spaniards, Rio Morte, or *the river of death*, from the destruction attendant on all their countrymen who have attempted to settle on its banks.

Humboldt says, that the lakes situated in the valley of Tenochtitlan throw off from their surface, miasmata of sulphuretted hydrogen; (a gas probably similar to that which issues from the Grotto del Cana and Lake of Aversa.) This miasm is considered extremely unheathy, and the Atzetes in their hieroglyphical writings represent it by a *death's head*: These lakes are partly filled with plants of the family of the Junci and Cyperoides, which vegetate at a small depth under a bed of stagnating water. This extraordinary philosopher in another part of his works relating to New Spain says, "The humidity of the coasts, assisting the putrefaction of a great mass of organic substances gives rise to several maladies; for under the burning sun of the tropics, the unhealthiness of the air, almost always indicates exceeding fertility of soil;" and again he observes, "tertian fevers, &c. are the scourge of those countries exposed to humid winds and frequent fogs, although adorned by nature with the most vigorous vegetation and rich in every useful production."

At Jamaica a magnificent hospital was erected for the reception of seamen, and from its intended usefulness and grandeur, it obtained the name of "Greenwich Hospital." Unfortunately it was built near a swamp, and the patients who entered it with even trifling complaints, were soon seized with the most malignant diseases; the mortality at last became so alarming, that the medical officers were obliged to abandon the hospital altogether, and another asylum for the sick was erected in a more healthy situation. It was not uncommon to find the whole of the sentinels

who were posted at this ill-fated Infirmary, seized in the middle of the night with sickness of various natures, and several reliefs of guards be required before morning.

A remarkable instance in confirmation of my opinions on malaria occurred in the arid Island of St. Helena: in 1741, a tremendous water spout burst over the highest peak of the island, washing the slight strata of soil from the hills, and completely inundating the vallies; a severe sickness and mortality rapidly succeeded, and intermittent fever became so prevalent among all classes of the inhabitants, as to induce General Pyke to advise the Court of Directors of the E. I. C. to permit the importation of arrack for the use of the sick.

As a conclusion to this part of my essay, I may hazard a general observation, that those localities of soil which are unfavourable to men as new comers, are equally so to those domesticated animals, that most probably belong to the temperate zone;—in illustration of this I may state, that horses and dogs conveyed to the beautiful and fertile island of Zanzibar and the fortress of Mozambique, have invariably perished, and the Arabs of the former, and Portuguese on the latter island, are necessitated to use camels and asses which are apparently indigenous, or have been for a long period naturalized there. I may even generalize so far as to state, that whenever epidemics or endemics have raged, horses, cows, dogs, fowls, &c. have also suffered from somewhat similar diseases at the same period. It would be superfluous to adduce instances of a fact which is obvious to every person who has had the slightest opportunity for observation.

I shall now proceed briefly to state the more remote but not less destructive effects of malaria, and then recount the measures and preventives that have been found most efficacious in arresting the progress of this subtle and baneful destroyer, or in neutralizing its pernicious consequences.

The first effect of malaria, on those who are unaccustomed to it, is a depression of spirits—sometimes accompanied by excessive nervousness—listlessness—torpor—an acute pain across the forehead and breast, together with oppression of breathing,—the eyes become dim—the face of the sanguineous, flushed—and after a slight resistance of the nervous and vascular systems to overcome the obnoxious poison, the latter prevails and a broken slumber succeeds, which, if the sufferer be in a situation prolific of malaria, is almost sure to be fatal:—Indeed many instances have occurred of travellers who have lain down in such places, having been overcome with these sleepy sensations and never risen again; one instance of recent and contiguous occurrence may be here adduced, which together with the circumstance heretofore related of

Commodore Nourse and others, who slept one night on shore at Zanzibar, will be sufficiently corroborative of the opinions advanced. "A Sergeant of the Horse Artillery at Dum Dum, on the 7th Dec. 1828, lay down inadvertently under the night air and fell asleep; he was taken up in the morning almost bereft of sense, his eyes swelled to an extraordinary degree, and immediately conveyed to the hospital, where he soon after expired;"—after this manner have perished many of our brave but too often thoughtless soldiers and sailors, who have lain down to snatch a momentary repose in unhealthy spots, with no other canopy but the skies.

Every observer of the appearance of the lower class of people residing on the vicinity of the Pontine and other marshes or sickly situations, has described them as being in general characterized by a miserable, apparently old, and decrepid appearance,—withered and sallow in corporeal structure—having their abdomens immensely swollen—their limbs exceedingly attenuated—a leaden eye, livid complexion, shining skin, and lounging gait, and with a fatuity of mind indicating extreme age.

The difference that is manifest both in mind and body between the inhabitants of a low, hot and damp region, and the people of an elevated, cool and dry atmosphere, is too striking to require comment, and this may be sufficiently illustrated by contrasting a Dutchman with a Swiss. Indeed in many nations, although the language and the lineaments of the countenance may be common to the highlander and lowlander, yet is there very little affinity in their genius and disposition. The Tartar and Chinese may serve as an example; the *former* being bold warlike and independent, lovers of toil and of a ferocity approaching to brutality; the *latter*, a cowardly, pacific and servile race, prone to superstition, addicted to compliments and extravagant in all the littleness attending the ceremonials of behaviour. That the effects resulting to man from a residency in a marshy climate is not of recent observation, may be known from the fact, that the Greek and Latin Historians, ascribed the proverbial stupidity of the Bæotians to the humidity of their climate, and that the Britons were remarkable for the longest, and the Egyptians for the least extended, life.

All the travellers who have visited the Tierras Calientes of South America are of opinion, that the inhabitants of those warm and moist vallies will never be roused from the apathy and degradation in which they have been plunged for centuries; and they have remarked, that the residents of the Tierras Calientes, form a striking contrast with the bold and free men who inhabit the Table Land above them, who are so attached to their native soil, that "although the frost of a single night frequently deprives them of the whole hopes of their harvest,

yet they never think of descending into the fertile but thinly inhabited plains beneath them where nature showers in vain her blessings and her treasures, and where the labour of one man for two days in the week may procure the means of subsistence for a whole family for a week."

Of the effects of malaria on the range of human life I shall cursorily notice a few facts.

M. De Warville says, that he has seen in the dry, healthy parts of America, women of 60 or 70 years of age, with an air of freshness and sparkling with health; and that in many places one person in nine, attains the age of *eighty* years;—while on the low island of Oerlon, M. Moheau states, there are not more than *five* or *six* octogenarians in *fourteen thousand* inhabitants! The limit of life in Switzerland is placed by M. De Moivre at 86 years, while in Georgia it is stated that white females born there very seldom attain the age of 40, and men rarely that of 50 years.

Out of 1000 persons born at Vienna, half of them do not live to be two years of age, whilst in the province of Vaud in Switzerland, 500 out of 1000 persons born there, live to be *forty-one* years old!!!

At Petersburg in Virginia, no white person born there has ever attained the age of 23 years; one individual who attained the age of 21 (!) was quite decrepid and worn down, although he had never suffered from severe sickness; and on the West Coast of Africa, white children born there, seldom attain 10 years of age;—this is strongly contrasted with the health of the people of the capital of Norway, where there is but one physician among 30,000 inhabitants.

The preceding remarks sufficiently demonstrate the effects of climate and soil even on man, who, of all animals, is best capable of defending himself against the consequences of deleterious elements; for it cannot be denied, that in some countries his mind as well as body arrives with great rapidity and but little vigour, at maturity—when, without a perceptible intervening period of manhood, the corporeal structure hastens in an equal ratio of celerity to the grave: this fact is however but a part of the universal law of nature, that whatever is rapid in its growth, is equally speedy in its dissolution; the horse and the poplar quickly reach their height, gracefulness and beauty and are short lived;—while the elephant and the oak require nearly a century to attain their vastness, strength and grandeur, and flourish in all the pride of majesty for ages!

I shall now advert to the preventives which both savage and civilized nations, are in the habit of using, with a view to counteract the pernicious consequences of malaria.

Elevation and distance form excellent safeguards against marsh miasm, which apparently possesses such a gravity and density that it never rises high or travels far in the atmosphere; the truth of this remark may be fully exemplified. Dr. Hunter and several other army practitioners found that an elevation above the ground floor of a barrack enjoys a considerable exemption from disease, and the same remark may be made respecting the lower and upper deck of a ship of war. Several places in the vicinity of the Pontine and other marshes are elevated a few feet above the level of the plain, and the inhabitants of the raised land present a great dissimilitude to those residing on a marshy soil. This observation might be cited with respect to many situations; the marked difference between the Bengalees and the natives of the Upper Provinces of India, mentally and bodily, is sufficient for my purpose and has been too often remarked to need comment. During the prevalence of the epidemic which ravaged this country in 1817, the Marquis of Hastings ascribed the preservation of the centre division of the grand army, which he commanded in person, to having removed his encampment from the banks of the Sind river in Bundelkund, to some high and dry land in an easterly direction. At this period it was also found, that the cantonements at Agra being *dry* and *airy* were nearly exempt from the epidemic, but those at Muttra being *low* and near the banks of the river suffered much from the prevailing disease. It is also stated in Jamieson's valuable report of this epidemic that the city of Saharunpore which is *low* and filthy, filled with ruined buildings, and intersected by *foul* channels with oozy banks, suffered considerably;—and that the disease became checked on its approach to the high land, which proved hostile to its further propagation in that direction:—This latter remark of Jamieson's coincides with Humboldt's statement, viz. that 3000 feet above the level of the sea is the utmost limit of yellow fever.

Enough has perhaps been said to evince the utility of *height*;—and as respects *distance* I shall merely observe that the officers and crews of H. M.'s ships, who were employed at Walcheren, Beveland, New Orleans, Batavia, &c. (with the exception of those who slept on shore) enjoyed a perfect immunity from disease, although the vessels lay at anchor within a cable's length of the shore where so many of their brave comrades fell victims to malaria.

Respecting the other precautions such as the smoke of wood or coal—a generous diet—the use of tobacco and stimulants—the anointing the body with some oleaginous matter—the keeping up of fires—the not venturing into the open air before or after sunrise—and the wearing of a veil or covering over the

breathing apertures, a few remarks may be made. The smoke arising from coal, wood or any of the substances usually used for fuel, has been found to destroy the effects of miasmata—Bruce relates that all those persons who lived in smoky houses escaped a severe epidemic; and it has been observed, that cooks on boardship are frequently exempt from a fever which affects the whole ship's company. Men who are employed in the occupation of making charcoal or preparing turf, inhabit the most unhealthy spots of marshes for years, in the enjoyment of rude health, by constantly keeping fires in their houses and where they work, and by not being out of doors during the night. The Italian couriers when crossing the Campagna-di Roma are frequently obliged to sleep in the marshy districts, but secure themselves from any baneful consequences, by having a fire made in a well closed room, (even in summer) drinking a bottle of wine, and smoking a few segars.

The squadron of H. M.'s ships before alluded to which were employed on an extensive survey of the islands and rivers on the coasts of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar, &c. where the officers and seamen suffered considerably from the effects of malaria: after painful experience, at last found that their only safeguard when exploring a low, swampy river, was to anchor their boats in the middle of the stream, close well the tilted canopy of the boat, light a fire beneath it and sleep in the heat and smoke produced by it: by these precautions they escaped the severe fevers of which so many of their comrades had previously perished.

The crews of whaling ships who find a profitable but arduous employment on the sickly shores of Asia and Africa, frequently return to their native land without the loss of a man and in the most perfect health, although necessitated in their search after whales to toil with strenuous exertions at the oar for six or eight hours daily, beneath the fervid rays of a tropical sun—their habits are therefore worthy of notice: Their cloathing, which is seldom taken off until worn out, consists of a shirt, jacket, trowsers, cap and shoes of flannel or blanketting which soon becomes thoroughly imbued with oil; their beards and whiskers are suffered to remain unshaven, and the face becomes thereby protected from the sun; their diet is nourishing and abundant, consisting of fish, flesh, and fowl, with yams, rice, &c. (which they obtain from the natives in barter for beads, knives, iron, gunpowder, &c.) together with a moderate daily allowance of spirits; their toil is solely between *sunrise* and *sunset*, after which they retire to their crowded births, where, over a can of grog and enveloped in the fumes of tobacco, each boats crew relate the perils and achievements of the day to one another.

Men thus inured to a life of danger and hardship suffer little from the rapid vicissitudes of climate, and are as remarkable for their nautical skill and strength, as they are for mildness of temper and independence of sentiment.

With respect to the application of oleaginous substances as a preventive of disease, it has been observed that very many of the natives of Asia, Africa and America, pay particular attention to the anointing of their bodies with oil during sickly seasons, by which means they consider they enjoy a considerable immunity from disease, and are not so liable to "catch cold."

Indeed oil has been used, with great efficacy, as an antidote to the plague, an idea that suggested itself from a consideration of the fact that no oilman died of that malady during the period when it raged for four years in Egypt, and destroyed 400,000 of the inhabitants. Oliver in his travels in Africa says, that the men who make and sell butter are in a great measure exempt from epidemic diseases, and it would be corroborative if we were enabled to discover whether oil and butter men in Calcutta enjoyed a like immunity from the plague of Bengal—Cholera.

With regard to wearing a veil over the mouth and nostrils, it is said that the American Indians invariably resort to this precaution when their occupations lead them into the noxious fens of their country, and the natives of Calcutta may be observed morning and evening with their faces enveloped in one of the folds of their garments.

Whatever be the nature of this subtle and mysterious poison it seems certain by these facts, that its deleteriousness is in a great measure destroyed by a high temperature, as is obvious from the most unhealthy spots being perfectly innoxious at noon day—from the efficacy of fire and smoke as a preventive of its effects—and from the natives of countries where its effects are felt in a severe degree, guarding the respiratory organs from the inhalation of the night air, except it passes through a warm medium:—The functions of the skin being intimately associated with those of the lungs, as is evident from the fact that when a portion of the cuticle is destroyed by burns or scalds, the breathing becomes proportionately laborious, may explain the utility of anointing the surface of the body, when contagious or infectious diseases prevail.

I shall now proceed to the most important preventives of malaria, and by which a very great influence may be exercised over the corporeal nature and even mental endowments of man—and animals and plants be modified to a wonderful degree;—these are, *digging canals*—cutting out passages for stagnant waters—burning and otherwise *clearing away underwood*—*cutting down forests*—and *opening and tilling the soil*. If we look to the history of the commercial establishments and colonies

of European nations in every part of the world, we shall find that a salubrious climate, a healthy race of people—increase of wealth and a diffusion of the blessings of freedom and civilization have been the sure effects of persevering and well directed industry.

By referring to the works of Hippocrates it will be found, that he states the city of Abydos to have been several times depopulated by fever &c. but that on the *draining* of some *contiguous marshes*, the city and its vicinity became perfectly *healthy*. Can there be a stronger illustration than the foregoing, as to the benefits to be derived from draining the salt water lake and clearing and cultivating the Sunderbund waste land?

The feats recorded of Hercules may in many instances be traced to his having also drained and cleared several districts.

Barbadoes, the most southern of the Caribbean chain of Island, Lat. 13° N. has been well *drained* and *cleared*; the result of which is, that ague is not now an endemic on the island, and speedy recovery is obtained by those persons visiting it, who suffer from ague at the adjacent islands.

Humboldt and Ward state that cholera, vomito—prieto and agues are dreadfully severe in Vera Cruz and the Tierras Calientes, where the vegetation is rank, dense and luxuriant, but that on the table land of Mexico, which is cleared, these diseases are unknown.

A celebrated writer, Dr. Lind, speaking of the Portuguese settlements in Africa, observes, that the most healthy place, or the Montpelier for its air, is the town St. Salvador, notwithstanding that it lies within six degrees of the equator, and on the banks of the river Congo or Zaire; yet from “the *neighbouring* country being *cleared* of the natural *woods* and *thickets*, its inhabitants breathe a *temperate* and *pure* air, and are in a great measure *exempt* from the *plagues* of an unhealthy climate.”

The town of Kingston in the island of St. Vincent was found to be extremely unhealthy on account of an *adjoining* morass, but since the marsh has been drained and the woods cut down, the town has been comparatively healthy. Dr. Chisholm in his statistical pathology of Bristol and Clifton, so long ago as 1805, has given severing striking examples of the effects of malaria; among many others, he states, that “King Steinton stands on a portion of extensive *claybeds*; it is exposed to the *exhalations* from several marshy tracts on the side of the river (Teigne,) and several small islands which are seldom covered with water, the consequences are that the inhabitants are very short lived, and after children arrive at the age of 10 or 12 years their constitutions are affected with *miasm*, and never after recover without a change of situation; this is exemplified by the complexion of the inhabitants, and the vast number of graves in the church-

yard; these various exhalations affect the habit by producing agues, remittent fevers and dysenteries, which generally terminate in scirrhus livers and dropsies, and are most active during the warm months; if a removal however take place to the almost adjoined village of Bishop Stanton, (which is *cleared and airy*) health is secured."

The space occupied by the 'preceding' observations necessitates my postponement of several remarks, naturally arising from a consideration of the vast utility to be derived by the inhabitants of this city, from the *widening* of its *streets*—(particularly those in the native parts of the town,) the *cleansing* of the drains, sewers, and *gutters*—the *filling* up of *shallow* depositories of *water*—the *digging* of large and *deep tanks*—the proper formation and declivity of water courses—the speedy and complete removal of all putrefying substances—the abolition of every thing which obstructs the free circulation of air for miles round the city and to the southward, such as old houses, walls, shrubs, underwood, and as many trees as possible—the burning of wood instead of coal for fuel—the digging of canals whereby the country would be most effectually and beneficially *drained*—and finally the general *clearing* and cultivation of the soil to as great an extent as possible, and particularly *towards the sea*: by the adoption and execution of these measures, a purer, dryer and, of course, healthier atmosphere than they now respire would be breathed by the residents of the "city of palaces," and this emporium of the intelligence, commerce and wealth of Asia; (where but little more than a century ago there were but a few hundred inhabitants,) may be elevated to a still greater extent than heretofore, as the proudest *testimonium* of the extraordinary energy, perseverance and skill of the British nation!

NIGHT.

I love thee Night! there is a pleasure in
 Thy gloom which day denies—a solitude
 So fearful yet majestic—then begin
 The streaming fancy and the hushed-up mood
 Of bitter feelings; and of thoughts endued
 With an impassioned burning, all their own:
 A time that suits the cankered soul to brood
 Upon its ills, in its own o'erstrung tone;
 Hid from the curious eye, unfettered and alone.

WHY WEEP WE FOR THE DEAD.

Why weep we for the Dead?

For their's is sweet and calm repose,
The slumber of the fragrant rose,
Whilst we on thorns and brambles tread.

Is it, that dark despair
Points to the future, as a shade
Thro' which, nor love, nor light pervade,
A cavern deep of gloom and care?

Or is it, that the mind
Trembles to pierce the veil obscure
Which hides from sight and splendor pure,
A light, to strike the earthly blind?

Why weep we for the dead?
They sleep in peace—their sighs are o'er,
Their footsteps press a heavenly shore,
Where not one bitter tear is shed.

Why grieve, we for the blest,
Who smile in skiey realms of peace?
'Tis that we covet their release,
And envy them their rest!

My Brother! thou hast gone
In all thy opening bloom of mind,
And thou hast left sad hearts behind
To wail o'er thy funereal stone!

My Brother thou hast died
When thought was stealing o'er thy mind;
And frank, vivacious, bright, and kind,
Thou wert thy grey haired father's pride!

Yes, Henry! thou hast fled,
Released from life's protracted woes
To brighter scenes than earth bestows;
Then, *wherefore* weep we for the dead?

R. C. C.

MR. LE BLOND.

[It is not precisely known how much truth may be in the following story ; but it was first published in French as a narrative of actual events, under the title of *Histoire de Mr. Le Blond, ou aventures secretes and plaisantes de la cour de la Princesse, de * * **. It is a counterpart of the well known history of the executioner of London, who was carried off to behead an unknown person, and after being well rewarded was again set down with blind folded eyes, before the city gates. The adventures of Le Blond, however are not quite of so terrific a nature.

MOTHER AND SON.

In the handsome town of Namur there lived an old and pious widow, very retired and quiet. He who did not see her at the mass where she never failed to attend every day, or in her shop where she sold silk and lace, knew nothing of her existence. Mrs. Le Blond might have died as unknown as she had lived, had she not had a son who attracted the attention of the whole town, when he could scarcely be twenty-five years of age. He was a good youth, and was educated by Mrs. Le Blond in the most pious manner ; he never saw worse company than his mother, and his nearest relations ; his pockets were never well lined with cash, for Mrs. Le Blond had inherited nothing from her husband, and her trade with silk and lace yielded her but a scanty profit ; he was very moderate in his wishes, very industrious, very honest, and not deficient in sound common sense. But all these virtues would not have made him celebrated, had he not been by far the most beautiful youth, not only in the town, but at least a hundred miles round. But the honest and simple hearted Le Blond seemed not much affected by the admiration of the ladies. He thought he was a human being like every one else, and was not conscious with what power he attracted the looks and the hearts of the fair sex of Namur, as they by mere chance passed his shop. Married and unmarried ladies whenever they looked at him did so with expressions of kindness that he was used to from his very infancy ; in this he found nothing strange, and did not give himself the trouble to make any reflexions about it. When the complaisant ladies entangled him in long discourses, he only thought that women were all alike fond of talking. If any lady, in self-forgetfulness, gave a gentle squeeze to his hand, he very honestly squeezed again and let her go.

The customers of Mrs. Le Blond visibly increased, ladies of the higher classes willingly went to, and fro, to buy ribands or laces, Mrs. Le Blond said, "Behold my child, heaven blesses our piety, our honesty and our industry." The son thanked heaven for its goodness.

Mean while it was remarkable that this success was attended by strange peculiarities. Mrs. Le Blond certainly was as pious, as honest and as industrious as her son, in spite of which, when she

was alone in the shop, she seldom could come to a bargain with her customers. She was always found to be too exorbitant in her prices. On the other hand they never bargained her son down for a kreutzer, they found him very reasonable, though he did not demand less. "Well" said the mother, I am a peevish, weak, old wife. You have a better mouthpiece than I. It is best for me to retire, I have traded and scraped together long enough. Do you the business now. Take a wife, I shall pass my old days with you.

The son found all this very reasonable. The ancient custom of taking a wife at a certain age, was well known to him, without troubling his head about the reason.

MR. LE BLOND'S DILEMMA.

But where shall I get a wife? "For that let me care, my child!" Said Mrs. Le Blond: "let me look out."

"How would it be mother, if I took Mary my cousin? You know mother that uncle said long since: Mary and I must become a pair. She would make a good house-wife. In our earliest childhood we played together husband and wife, uncle spoke to me about it only a few days since."

"With me too!" said Mrs. Le Blond: "but my dear child that can never be, and for a hundred and fifty good reasons. Out of these let me only enumerate to you the first dozen. Then for the *first*; as long as our shop was little visited, your uncle would not deign to look at us. Now that, the proud Gentleman perceives our customers to be on the increase, he grows more polite. I cannot trust the old fox. The *second*: Mary is very good, very economical, very amiable; but she has nothing. A merchant should not ask for the qualities of his bride, but for the quantity of her fortune. She is as poor as a church-rat, you are not better off. Zero multiplied by zero produces zero. The *third*: you are cousins german; earthly and spiritual laws are against a matrimonial union of such near relations. I shall never give my consent to it, should even the laws give it. The *fourth*. * * *"

* Enough mother!" said the corrected son: "It was only a fancy of mine, choose then another for me."

Mrs. Le Blond in a few days had got another, the daughter of the rich cutler Paul. The girl was rich but as ugly as sin; a humpback and a deformed eye, caused by the small-pox, were the least defects of her person. Hence she had not got a husband as yet, though, to be sure there was no scarcity of admirers of her money. Mr. Paul, the cutler, agreed immediately with Mrs. Le Blond's proposal, and Miss Paul who had given up all hopes of ever finding a lover within the four quarters of the known

world, glowed, as she heard of the fair Mr. Le Blond, so much from shame and pleasure, that her whole face turned quite green.

But when the good Le Blond heard of the new acquisition, all things turned green before his eyes. After he had recovered from his first terror, he raised all his ten fingers, and said: "Mother, see I cannot only recount to you on my finger one hundred, but, two hundred and fifty good reasons, why I cannot take Miss Paul, for my wife. First: if only I think of it, I get the fever; secondly, the horrors; thirdly, the fits; fourthly darkness before the eyes, fifthly * * *."

"Stop!" said Mrs. Le Blond who did not wish to hear the remaining odd hundred reasons: "you speak like an Apothecary, and not like a merchant. Let us count and see how much we shall gain if we get in our trade ten times a return of the Paulish money?"

But mother and son in their calculations came never to the same result. This produced much chagrin and vexation. Mrs. Le Blond insisted upon such a profitable union, and her son on his 250 objections. She grew more peevish, he more melancholy. Notwithstanding the hoarse winter weather, he went oftener to take a walk than in the spring or summer, only to avoid hearing his mother, and had he not been restrained by gratitude and filial affection, he would have run away into the wide world that he might not hear of that fever-bringing bride.

THE APPARITION.

One morning he was as usual in the church to hear the mass. Not far from him there was a lady on her knees, her face covered with a richly embroidered veil. She played the rosary quickly through her fingers, but still she did not appear to be over attentive. Her eyes were often turned towards young Le Blond; then she whispered with her neighbour, and looked again towards the youth.

Le Blond saw this well, but he only thought to himself: "this lady may not be quite so ugly as the bride intended for me." When he was leaving the church he perceived that the ladies were also preparing to leave it. Some Gentlemen respectfully followed them, helped them into a magnificent carriage standing before the church, got into a second, and drove off.

This passing apparition was only remarkable to him because he beheld it again on the following day. When, to divert his thoughts from his humpbacked bride, he passed the Stone-bridge of the Sambre to ascend the Castle-hill. Soon afterwards he met the same gentlemen he had seen at the church, and he also saw the two same carriages waiting. After ascending a little higher on the second turn of the road, he saw the same foreign lady with

the embroidered veil, and her companion. From thence is a beautiful view of Namur and its environs, situated between two mountains, circumflowed and crossed by the rivers Maas, Sambre, and Vederin.

Ladies when they ascend or descend a hill should not talk too much and turn about their heads, or a false step may be the consequence, particularly when the road is rendered slippery by the snow. The veiled lady gave a proof it. She fell with a loud scream, young Le Blond ran to her assistance and politely helped her to get up, who with many thanks accepted of his arm as a support all the way down the mountain. But she complained of some hurt at her foot; hence she often stood still to repose. She put various questions to the polite youth, and when she heard amongst other things, that he traded in lace, she expressed a wish to buy some, named the hotel where she lodged, and the hour when he was to carry the lace to her. He had only to inquire after the Countess St. Silvain. She would have chattered on without feeling the least fatigue, had the Gentlemen, not come up to inquire into the delay of the Ladies. She related to the respectful Gentlemen her little misfortune, who on hearing it were nearly fainting, and led her most carefully to her carriage. Mr. Le Blond continued his walk, related to his mother what had happened to him, and at the fixed hour he enquired at the Hotel after the Countess St. Silvain. He was conducted into a room. She was there again in a travelling dress, her face covered with an embroidered veil. He laid before her two boxes of his best lace. She had soon made her choice, paid whatever he asked, added some pieces of gold for his trouble, in coming himself to the Hotel, and ensnared him into a long talk, as she did in the morning on the Castle-hill. As amongst other things he said, that he had never been far from Namur, the Countess replied: "will you enter into my service? You will see the whole of France. I'll give you more pay than all the profit you can make in your trade. I will make you mine or my husband's secretary.

She said all this so kindly, and in so sweet a voice, that he was well nigh seduced by it, particularly when Miss Paul entered his thoughts. But to abandon his old mother—that his heart revolted against. And though he had sworn more than twenty times, that he would run away into the wide world rather than marry the rich cutler's daughter—yet he gave the Countess a refusal, assuring her he could not think of leaving his poor old mother.

But when he returned home to his mother he laid no little stress on his sacrifice. To which she replied: "Go whenever you will disobedient son. Yet you must marry Miss Paul. She is not handsome it is true, but you ought to look at her through

golden glasses, a handsome face gets ugly by the wear, but a plain one improves in sight by long custom, and besides matters are too far advanced now with Mr. Paul, to retract.

The youth embittered by his mother's obstinacy ran back to the Countess, but he returned very quietly into his shop for the Countess had departed.

THE SIEGE.

The apparition was soon forgotten. But Mrs. Le Blond did not forget Miss Paul. In the meantime custom rendered every thing tolerable. The youth heard daily of the advantages of a match with Miss Paul and daily said *no*. In such a manner a whole year passed, and then a new plague came.

The King of France Louis XIV. took it into his head to be called a great man, he was indeed called Louis the Great, but what is not done to please a man who has the command of some hundred thousand men? With his armies he marched towards Namur in 1692, and at the expense of some hundred tons of gunpower he ruined all the plans of marriage settlements of Mrs. Le Blond, in regard to the cutler's daughter and her headstrong son. For after a siege of eight days he took the town, and after two and twenty days the castles; and Mrs. Le Blond fell sick from terror and died.

Her son felt much obliged to the king of France for his Military interference in his marriage concern; but the death of his mother chagrined him a great deal. However the good mother left him more property than he expected. Without his knowledge she had laid by many rolls of Ducats which just sufficed to put in execution his long conceived plan of taking a larger shop. After two months, he quitted his small house wherein was his small shop situated in a narrow lane, and hired a roomy and elegant shop in the most frequented street in the town. And his customers soon found the way to it. He was also not a little pleased to find that a fine little garden was attached to his new dwelling house, for he was extremely fond of rearing flowers. The garden was bounded to the left and right and behind it with gardens belonging to the neighbouring houses. The gardens were separated with hedges of white-thorn in which there were so many openings that the whole might be viewed as a common. Le Blond in his part of the common had a bower of wild jasmin, where he resolved to pass his leisure hours, and learn the Italian grammar, to be enabled to correspond in the Italian language, as well as other traders of Flanders. The proprietor of the splendid mansion, of which he occupied the premises, was the president of the Souverain Baillage, who cared little about his tenant.

Things went on extremely well. The fair customers did not abandon the good youth; they always had something to see, to examine and to buy. He seemed to get handsomer every day; and the fair sex of Namur asserted, that his magazine of goods was the best in town, and his prices the most reasonable.

On the other hand he did not make much progress with the Italian grammar. There was no Italian teacher in Namur. It was altogether a troublesome job; moreover a new interruption to his lessons came on unexpectedly.

THE INTERRUPTION.

As on a warm summer evening, he marched towards the jasmine bower with the Italian grammar under his arm, he saw his place occupied by a lady with a book in her hand reading with much attention. It was a girl of about eighteen years of age, beautiful as Venus. For such warm snow as her face and neck, such cheeks of carmine, lips like glowing fire, eyebrows as if painted with China ink in beautiful arches, and round the charming head a cluster of dark locks, were not easily to be met with in this world.

The youth was startled, and the handsome lady was not less surprised at the entrance of Le Blond who seemed to her a being of another world. In her confusion she hurriedly bowed to him, and both asked mutually a thousand pardons, without having given the slightest offence. At last the conversation was begun; the lady spoke with much vivacity, but somewhat unintelligibly, for she pronounced the French with a curious foreign accent, interlarded with entire Italian phrases. Yet so far could be made out, that they both were neighbours. He had sought the bower to learn Italian, and she to increase her knowledge of the French, a grammar of which she had held in her hand. She had arrived from Italy, but, three months. Whilst conversing with the help of signs, a female voice called Carolina, on which she took leave, and disappeared. He now swore by all the Saints to apply himself diligently to the study of the Italian, to be enabled to tell his fair neighbour, he hardly knew what.

As he took up the grammar, he saw it was French, Carolina in her confusion had taken his Italian one. Towards the evening only it occurred to him that it would show good manners to return the grammar with his own hands. He betook himself to the now beloved street. The large house, a true palace was easily discovered. Over a warehouse of fashion was in large golden letters. *Bienvenuto, Sisters, Milliners from Milan.*

So far things were well. But an uncommon anxiety now seized him. He passed the palace a great way down the street, he then

recollected himself. "Why should I not enter?" thought he: "I am not going to commit a crime." He turned round, but with every step he approached the palace his anxiety rose. "What would she say if she should see me with the grammar? Will she not think that I am an intruding fool? Can't I wait till she should send for the book herself? And which one of the sisters Bienvenuto is Carolina? Who knows if she be at home? Then the grammar would be off, the only pledge of seeing her again."

With similar observations he again passed the palace with lengthened steps. But the farther he went, his longing increased. He again turned, went up to the palace with firm steps and passed it again. In such a way he went on for an hour longer, till it grew quite dark. Tired and vexed at his pusillanimity, he returned home.

THE MISTAKE.

Le Blond felt no great appetite for supper, but one lives sometimes very well on air, and builds fine castles in it too. It pleased him much that Carolina was a Milliner. That trade agreed so well with his silk and lace shop. He made various plans, the charming Carolina was the only one in the world that was fitted to be Mrs. Le Blond. The only question was, how to gain the affection of that angel?

He had calculated well and correctly, he only was mistaken in a trifling circumstance, viz. that Carolina belonged indeed to the palace, but not to the sisters Bienvenuto. She was the only daughter of the French General de Fano, who in the siege of Namur had received a wound and was obliged to remain to nurse himself. It never entered the brains of the silk and lace trader, that he aspired at the conquest of the only daughter of the most courageous General of Louis XIV. he was also so bad a politician, that he did not even know of the existence of General de Fano.

Carolina on her side—for since I have betrayed to the reader a part of the secret I may as well give the remaining part into the bargain.—Carolina did not leave with a little confusion the enchanted jasmin bower. Young Le Blond was constantly in her memory. She was extremely curious to know who he was. At last she learnt that the large house with the jasmin bower was inhabited by the president of the Souverain Baillage—that was sufficient. Young Le Blond was of course the son of the president.

The change of grammar she had long perceived. From a Dog-ear, she saw that the learner had come as far as the first conjugation, *Io amo*.

MUTUAL INSTRUCTION.

The following day Le Blond went to the jasmin bower before sunrise, entered it just at the same time with his fair

neighbour from the opposite side. Probably they came so early because the mornings are particularly well adapted to study. The grammars were treated like prisoners of war after peace is concluded—they were exchanged.

The discourse once begun, they naturally came to touch on the merits of languages. Carolina complained of the difficulty of the French, and young Le Blond of the troublesomeness of the Italian. The one by the complaint of the other felt the sweet virtue of pity, and they agreed to teach each other; the *jasmin* bower, was so well calculated for the school-room.

The beginning was made on the spot; they sat down on this small bench, and very earnestly took up the grammar.

Without doubt they would have made rapid progress in the very first lesson, had they not been seated so close, perhaps on account of the shortness of the bench. When Carolina's finger, in following up the words, by accident came in contact with the young man's hand, it sometimes happened that she could no longer distinguish a single letter, though she had never before had occasion to complain of dimness of sight.

Of course much progress could not be expected from the first lesson, though the desire of learning was so extraordinary in both the young people, that on the following morning, the rising sun found them in the new school-room deeply engaged in the study of languages. But it so happened, that they sometimes lost their memories. Both were often as mute as fishes, glowed as if they were seized with a fever, probably arising from the contemplation of the singularities of the two different languages and their respective difficulties.

At the third lesson they naturally were disposed to make up for the little progress they had hitherto made. After a long silence in looking over their task, Le Blond began the lesson with the present tense: "*Io amo.*" It is well that he had to wait for the translation, as for the life of him he could say no more.

With downcast eyes she translated: "*j'aime.*"

After sometime he had strength enough to statter: "*Tu ama.*"

With a deep sigh she said: "*Tu aimes.*"

He continued, and accidentally took up her* right hand and pressed it against his beating breast: "*Egli ama.*"

"*Il aime!*" she added with a glance at him. With the beautiful hand on his breast all his knowledge of the Italian vanished, he continued: "*nous aimons.*"

"That is not correct!" said the teacher: "you must tell it in Italian."

He looked into her eye with a pitiful look and repeated: "*nous aimons!*"

She replied unconsciously: "*nous aimons!*"

Both remained silent, fell into each other's arms, lisping. "nous aimons"

They did not learn more in that lesson but they thought to have learnt a great deal.

THE HELPER.

The desire of learning increased daily. They learned to speak without the assistance of the grammar, they had a great deal indeed to say. True Le Blond loved only the Milliner, and Carolina the President's son; but when they both knew of their mistake, the whole lesson passed in sighs and tears, they only loved the more heartily, the more their mutual desire to be united by the priest's hand, became desperate.

"Were I only rich!" he sighed. "Were I only poor!" sighed she.

To increase the misfortune, the winter came, made the jasmin bower more transparent, and bestrewed with treacherous snow every path in the garden. The interviews became less frequent, they only saw each other in the churches where not a mass was omitted, so pious did they become.

One evening young Le Blond in a melancholy mood brooding over his misfortune, took his seat in a coffee-house in Namur. The unlucky man had not been able to see Carolina for three long days. Meanwhile she had been present at all the grand balls and parties, and this evening she was invited to a ball and supper by the president of the Souverain Baillage. Thence his despair; he shut his shop early and ran away, not to be compelled to hear Carolina dance over his head. Ah! he was very unfortunate!

A gentleman in a great coat of a pepper and salt colour, sat next to him.

He drank one glass of punch after another.

"Is it not so?" said he to Le Blond: "you are Mr. Le Blond?"

Le Blond stared at him, and at a large scar across his forehead he recognized a stranger whom he had often seen within the last two days. Once in his shop, when he bought for a large sum, silk, and lace, and many times besides, walking up and down the street where his shop was situated, and at church also. He seemed to be an aged man with a long lean yellow face, yet his eyes had lost nothing of their primitive lustre. Le Blond replied in the affirmative.

"You don't seem to be in good humor?" said the stranger.

"Possibly. One cannot always be gay."

"Then take some punch, it serves to cheer one up."

"Not with me."

"Can I assist you?"

"I don't see how."

"I have taken an interest in you, young man, and more than you can believe. You don't know me, but let us be friends. Do but trust me, and I will certainly assist you."

"Very obliging."

"Has any one offended you?"

"Not at all Sir."

"Or a love-affair?"

"The least of all."

"Then it may be want of money. Some thousand Livres? You are a child of fortune. You might be the richest man in Namur."

"How so?" "That I'll tell you as soon as you wish to be so?"

"Who would not wish to be rich?"

"Well. But here—where all we say may be overheard, this is no fit place to discourse such matters. I am a stranger in Namur, will you accompany me to my Hotel, and sup with me in my room."

Le Blond gave a mistrustful look to the stranger. Yet the adventure on that fatal evening when Carolina was to dance over his shop, was for diversion sake not to be rejected. "There can be no harm in trying the experiment!" thought he and went along.

THE TREASURE.

The stranger occupied the best rooms in the Hotel. On a wink of his, four servants flew immediately to order a selected supper: Le Blond was surprised at all he saw, for he could perceive that the stranger with the great coat of pepper and salt colour, must be a man of extraordinary wealth, who might choose other men for his companions than a simple trader of silk and lace.

"With whom have I the honor to converse?" Asked Le Blond somewhat bashfully.

"Only call me Abubeker," replied the man with the great-coat: "I am from my birth a Chaldean."

"Dear me a Chaldean! Why came you from so far in Asia, to our country?" "As chance had it, somewhat from ennui, somewhat from a desire of knowledge. I propose to travel into Iceland as soon as the weather gets warmer."

"To Iceland, and permit me to ask, is it a long time since you left Asia?"

The Chaldean seemed to calculate for a short time, he then said carelessly: "In about a fortnight, it will be, one hundred and thirty-five years."

Le Blond said he did not understand him. The Chaldean repeated dryly. "One hundred and thirty-five years."

"Good God! one hundred and thirty-five years! And pray how old are you then?"

"Three hundred and thirteen years,"

"Three hundred and ———, " exclaimed Le Blond.

"And thirteen years full," added carelessly the Chaldean: "you find this strange, I dare say; you might think that I have a desire to joke with you. You will live to see more strange things if you will confide in me. But believe what you will, never judge men by their words but by their deeds."

Le Blond found this speech extraordinary, but he thought to himself: "This gentleman wishes to joke on my credulity. But let us see who will outwit the other."

The servants announced the supper. They went into a large dining room, illuminated by innumerable lights, and highly perfumed. Two covers only were set on the table, one for Le Blond and one for the Chaldean. They sat down. The finest viands, the first rate wines only were served.

"Now my dear friend," said Abubeker: "let us relish our meal; banish every care you may have."

Le Blond relished his meal well enough, and towards the conclusion of the meal he got pretty merry with the fine wines, but instead of becoming more open toward the stranger, his just mistrust rose. He would have liked well enough to know more of that extraordinary Chaldean, though he related during the whole time, the most curious adventures, and singular things by water and by land.

"But Mr. Abubeker" said Le Blond after the servants had retired: "You relate to me Fairy tales. Do you then really think, that a man of common sense should believe all that you say on your bare assertion?"

"It is perfectly indifferent to me," replied the Chaldean: "whether you believe me or not; it is only your own loss. But that I am versed in the occult sciences, you might easily have perceived. Did you never hear of necromancy?"

"Indeed I have; but I never held it in high esteem. So much I know that it rests on deceit and the artifices of a juggler."

"Very possibly with you ignorant people in Europe; but in our country, it is totally different."

"Let us see a trick."

"I make no tricks!" replied Abubeker: "But—see young man. Your countenance has won my favour. I swear to you, that you are born under a lucky star. Speak sincerely to me, in what can I assist you? My assistance will be of more value to you than all the tricks of a juggler. For example: Are you as a merchant, in pecuniary embarrassment? Do you require money?"

Le Blond smiled mistrustfully: "It might be so."

"Very well! why conceal it? You are destined to lift a treasure at the ruins of the castle Valerien des Anges."

"A treasure!"

"Yes, and that a very considerable one."

"Why don't you lift it for yourself Mr. Abubeker?"

"Because it is not destined for me, and because I do not require it at all."

"When shall I lift it?"

"As soon as you wish to undertake this journey to Valerien des Anges."

"Does it require certain preparations? or other circumstances?"

"Not any in the least."

Le Blond became almost mad at the dry earnest manner of the Chaldean, yet he thought he wished to have his joke with him. He considered by himself for some minutes and then said, "Well Mr. Abubeker, to tell you the truth, by to-morrow I must pay a bill upon me of five thousand francs. Should I be sure of the treasure, would not you have the goodness to advance me five-thousand francs until I lift the treasure?"

Le Blond remained silent and fixed his eyes attentively on the countenance of the Chaldean, to feast on the unavoidable dilemma of that boaster. But the Chaldean did not change his features in the least, and with the greatest composure he said: "with pleasure. You shall have it."

Then again he turned the discourse on Necromancy and his adventures during his travels.

At last, towards midnight, Le Blond rose to take leave. Out of forbearance he did not wish to remind the swaggering Chaldean of the five thousand francs, and was sufficiently pleased with the agreeable way he had passed the evening in his company. Beside the story of the bills which he said he had to pay was merely invented, to put the Necromancer on a trial. But he requested him to delay a little, stepped in a side room, brought four bags of money and placed them one by one on the table. He then ordered one of his servants to light Le Blond home, to another to carry the money after him.

Le Blond was surprised. He thanked him in a most earnest manner, and took his leave. The servants accompanied him home where he was expected by his own servant to whom the money bags were handed.

THE JOURNEY TO VALERIEN DES ANGES.

This extraordinary event deprived Le Blond entirely of his sleep.

On the following morning the Chaldean occupied his whole mind, which previously was all devoted to Carolina. Now more sober than the preceding evening he thought that the pretended

three hundred and thirteen years old Gentleman had only made a fool of him, and instead of the five thousand francs he had sent him home with some bags filled with lead and sand. To spare himself shame, he did not even open the bags which were lying at the same place. At last curiosity prevailed. But how great his astonishment, when instead of sand and lead he found in each bag, fifty Louis d'or.

"False money and nothing else!" thought he, taking the gold weights. All were full in weight. He sent some pieces to a Goldsmith, they had the legal pureness.

Le Blond did not know what to believe; after such a considerable advance on the treasure he was to lift, could he doubt its truth? what earthly motive could the stranger have had to play with him such a costly joke?

He resolved to be henceforth sincere with the Chaldean, to unfold to him his pitiful case.

Immediately he went to Mr. Abubeker, from the vivacity of whose motion he would not have been suspected to be three hundred and thirteen years old. He asked him in a friendly tone! "Well have you paid off your bills?"

Le Blond confessed that he only wanted to try his new friend begged his pardon and promised to unfold to him the innermost recesses of his heart. He did so, and he related minutely all the circumstances of the lessons in the jasmin bower; of Carolina's love; of the pride of the General de Tano, and that he had not the faintest hope of ever obtaining her hand.

The Chaldean listened attentively.—"My Good friend," said he after some considerations, "why do you despair? Lift the treasure, buy a country seat yielding a handsome revenue, present yourself to the General as a rich proprietor, and he wont refuse you his daughter."

"But do you not deceive me with the hope of the treasure?"

"What interest could I have to deceive you? On the other hand I cannot conceal that you have deceived me with your story about the bills; you ought not to have done this; it undoubtedly delays the lifting of the treasure for some days or even weeks."

Le Blond betwixt doubt and confidence asked "what have to I do if I decide to go with you?"

Make arrangements for your business, remain silent to every one of our intentions, give out, you go on a journey of commercial affairs; you had better sell all to the highest bidders, for after the lifting of the treasure you will want your shop no longer."

"May I not tell it to Carolina?"

"Yes of your journey, of your confidential hope to be shortly able to sue publicly for her hand. But nothing of Valerien des Anges, nothing of the treasure."

"When will the journey begin?"

"In three days I shall be no longer in Namur."

Le Blond promised to make the necessary arrangements for his departure. "For thought he when at home," what do I hazard? Should Carolina not become mine what do I care about the world? I will lift the treasure."

Before three days were over he was ready, Carolina was informed of his departure and they parted with a thousand oaths sealed with a thousand kisses of eternal love and faith.

He took his seat in the Chaldean's carriage, and with him he went off from Namur, not in the clear day but at midnight. The moment the clock of the Cathedral struck twelve the coachman of the Abubeker cracked his whip!

THE LIFTING OF THE TREASURE.

In the way the Chaldean continued as boasting, free and the same assurance as at the Hotel at Namur. The whole day they travelled in full speed, changing horses, and the carriage closed. The weather was foggy and rainy. Even food and wine was taken in the carriage, they halted nowhere. Towards the evening in the dusk they stopped at a lonely house in a large forest. An old huntsman in a worn out livery, received the travellers, and conducted them into a room, whose window panes were for the most part broken and replaced with paper, and the once costly tapestry hung in mouldering pieces. After lighting an agreeable fire. The Chaldean's servants brought wine and cold meat, whilst the huntsman with a servant spread some mattresses and straw on the floor.

"Are we to sleep here?" asked Le Blond frightened at the large room, which had all the appearance of being haunted.

"Ten steps from here are the ruins of Valerien des Anges. Precisely at midnight not earlier nor later, we must be there. In the mean while let us drink by the enlivening flames of the fire and make ourselves comfortable."

A cold sweat seized every limb of Le Blond. All extraordinary tales of strange apparitions which are said to appear on occasions of lifting hidden treasure came to his mind. He asked: "Are we to meet too with such?"

The Chaldean smiling shook his head and said. "Stuff! Are you afraid of nursery tales?"

They shortened the long winter-evening with wine and conversation. Le Blond partly from the last sleepless night, partly from the effects of the wine felt very sleepy. The Chaldean took much trouble to keep him awake by wonderful stories.

When it was near midnight the Chaldean grew more serious, and perceiving the extreme want of sleep of Le Blond, he ex-

claimed him in a stern tone: "You have not deceived me with any untruth? It might prove prejudicial both to you and me."

"I assure you upon my honour, that besides the invention of the bills, which I——"

"That alone was bad enough. Your inclinations to sleep at a moment of so much consequence for your future days, is suspicious. I have experienced a similar case when the lifter of the treasure fell into a slumber of six weeks."

"That is terrible!" exclaimed Le Blond.

"Not quite so terrible for the sleeper, for all this time he had the most charming and sweetest dreams in the world, so that he would have wished nothing more ardently than never to awake from his swoon. But for me to wait for his waking was disagreeable enough."

"But the treasure—was it lifted in spite of it?" asked Le Blond.

The Chaldean looked at his watch and hinted to him to be silent and to follow him; he lighted a small lantern and descended a narrow stair case. Le Blond was so much drowned in sleep that he scarcely was conscious of what he did. After some windings they stopped near the ruin of an old wall. The Chaldean by signs hinted that here lay the treasure. Whilst the Chaldean by the light which the lantern afforded him read in a book Le Blond on a broken piece of the wall made himself as comfortable as possible; the Chaldean continued to read long after the Blondin had fallen fast asleep.

THE DREAM.

That was to be sure a very unseasonable sleep, but Mr. Le Blond could not possibly help it. When he at last awoke or thought he was awake it was broad day light. He repeatedly rubbed his eyes. He was on a superb bed, received an agreeable light through the green silk curtains. He drew them aside when he saw that he was in a magnificent bed room; the wood of the furniture was of the finest grain; the walls were hung with beautiful pictures in richly carved and gilded frames, representing for the most part the tricks of Cupid. On a side table near his bed, flowers of roses and geraniums, were in chaste golden vases.

Le Blond found it difficult to recollect the past. He had a confused remembrance of the chimney fire at the house of the forest, of his walk to the old wall, of the reading of Abubeker. He rose from his bed, in search of the Chaldean.

On the rustling a side door opened; a valet de chambre with a livery thickly inlaid with gold came in; he made a sign, two other servants stepped in on their toes, and an old Gentleman

behind them, who immediately without uttering a word and touching his pulse presented him a golden spoon with medicine.

"It is not necessary!" said Le Blond: "I feel somewhat confused, but very well in other respects."

The Doctor shook his head and said: "I intreat your Royal Highness, to take only these few drops! Your Royal Highness will feel infinitely relieved by it."

Mr. Le Blond gazed with widened eyes on the Doctor, and desired to be spared from medicine. He then inquired after Abubeker.

Every one present stared with looks of consternation, it was evident from their countenances that they thought him deranged. At last the Doctor asked, "Whom does your Royal Highness mean by Abubeker?"

"The Chaldean who last night arrived here with me, who else."

Your Royal Highness has been here a considerable time, and you arrived with your consort the Duchess."

"I? considerable time? Consort? Duchess? spare those jokes, and foolish titles, where are my clothes?"

The Doctor and the servants enterchanged painful looks. At last they all united to entreat him most submissively to wait till they would have obtained the necessary orders from his consort. One of the servants went away. Le Blond thought those people mad or all a trick of the Chaldean. He inquired if he was at Valerien des Anges?

Your Royal Highness is in your hunting castle of Linden for the benefit of your health! Replied a valet de chambre.

Shortly after the servant returned with an order to give his clothes to his Royal Highness.

"Does your Royal Highness please to dress in the morning suit, the uniform, or the Hunting dress?"

"I wish for my own clothes, and that you will make an end to this royal joke."

They brought the clothes, all were of the finest texture, also a surtout of green cloth, on the left side of which was embroidered a silver star.

Le Blond at the sight of it lost his patience. He demanded his own clothes in a furious mood. All were frightened, the physician only had the courage to conjure him most humbly, not to be ungracious, because anger might bring a relapse of his sickness. And told him that he never wore different clothes from these, Mr. Le Blond, seeing his remonstrances useless, consented, in the hope of soon finding the Chaldean when dressed; the servants were busy in assisting him dressing, and brought him perfumed water in a silver ewer to wash himself. Then breakfast was served in magnificent porcelain-ware.

All was strange and curious to him. He had never dreamt of such magnificence. He stepped towards the window, saw that he was in an elevated old castle, and as far as his eye could reach he saw but one continued forest.

"How far may Namur be from this place?" No one could tell. He repeatedly asked for Abubeker, described him minutely, said that he was three hundred and thirteen years old, and whatever he knew of him. The servants shrugged up their shoulders as if to excuse their ignorance. The Doctor assured him that in this part of the world such a figure never appeared; and on account of the three hundred and thirteen years, he immediately examined his pulse.

"Gentlemen," said Le Blond, "either I am mad, or you are so. For I do not dream that I am fully awake,—I feel it. By whom am I here?"

"Your Royal Highness is with her Royal Highness the Duchess, your consort in your own castle of Linden," replied the physician.

"What I am married? Pray let me see my consort."

"I shall immediately inform her Royal Highness of your desire!" said one of the servants and went away.

"Stuff!" said Le Blond, and was going to leave the room when he perceived that he was in slippers only; he called for his boots.

Meanwhile a servant opened wide the door saying: "Her Royal Highness the Duchess!"

THE DUCHESS.

A young lady in a light morning dress, as tasteful as costly, came in. On a glance from her, the Doctor and the servants retired respectfully. "I wish to remain alone for a short time with my consort!" said she. "Remain within call."

Le Blond when he saw the young, unknown and charming stranger approach toward him with a friendly smile, knew no longer if he dreamt or was seized with the raging fever. He bowed respectfully opened his mouth to excuse himself but he could not utter a word. She gracefully placed both her hands on his shoulders looked for a long time in silent tenderness in his countenance; then said: "How do you do to-day? Be yourself again, dream no longer of a lace and silk shop, of your conjuror, hidden treasures, of Carolina, which have been your constant theme for these six months. How glad I should be to return soon with you to the Royal Court in Paris! To-day only I received letters from the Duchess de Berry in which she makes the most affectionate inquiries after your health."

"The Duchess of Berry?" exclaimed *Le Blond* whom the familiar leaning on his shoulders from the beautiful figure, her tender looks, her sweet voice made him blush and turn pale again in rapid succession. "My gracious Lady, I don't know where I am. I begin to believe in witchcraft. I intreat you to clear these mysteries. I will relate to you the whole history of my life. Then judge." He related it.

"Gracious God," exclaimed the Duchess: "you have related that and repeated it over again these two hundred times. For that very reason according to the advice of the royal physicians in Paris and to avoid publicity, we were obliged to come here for the sake of your recovery. I beg of you to remain quiet, fancy no longer such foolish ideas, be again yourself, do not grieve me again with such strange imaginations. Will you promise this to me?"

"Whatever you may be pleased to command. But I am either mad, or influenced by magic, or the conjuror deceives you and all your domestics. For I swear unto you, that I am no Duke, I am the silk-trader *Le Blond* of Namur, I" "Again the old song!" exclaimed the Duchess in a sorrowful mood: and you have just now promised to me to be reasonable. All my efforts, my anxiety for you, are then in vain. Perhaps you don't know me again?" *Le Blond* shook his head; yet her shape and particularly her voice seemed not unknown to him: "It appears to me that ere this I have had the honour of having been in your company but——."

"Thanks to Heaven," replied the Duchess! "your mind begins to clear up; for the first time these six months I hear a reasonable word. Patience, by and by you will recollect every thing. Endeavour only to avoid your wild imaginations. At least, do not give utterance to them, above all not before your domestics. You are the Duke of Mottier, you are my husband, you might be so happy, if ——."

"I the Duke of Mottier! I,—my Lady—your husband! indeed I must be mad to believe all this!"

"My dear you are mad for not believing it, for wishing always to jump out of the windows, and ragingly running about. Thence was I obliged to cause the windows and doors to be secured with bars, to keep myself for some days at a distance from you; on that account must I keep the servants watching even now before the door of the room. Once even you were on the point of killing me! so little do you love me."

"What, I kill you? I—to jump out the windows? but do tell me how in God's name I could wish to do so!"

"You will then no more frighten me?"

"Indeed Madam I will not."

"You will never any more speak of your dreams, at least not make yourself ridiculous before the servants; be again the Duke, my husband, in short all what you really are?"

"My gracious Lady," replied Le Blond, trusting no longer his eyes or ears. "I do not indeed know what I am; but I'll be whatever you may be pleased to make of me."

On that the Duchess embraced him with both her arms, imprinted her beautiful lips on his, and fire streamed through all his nerves and veins. He returned with shyness the warm kiss, and led by her hand, he went into the other apartments.

THE DUKE.

One room surpassed the other in splendour. But as often as he said, he never before beheld such magnificence, the Duchess with a smiling threat put her hand before his mouth: "What did you promise me?" said she and he willingly obeyed.

When he was left alone for a short time, seated on the softest couch he said to himself: I cannot conceive what comedy is played with me, and with what intentions, or if I have been charmed by that damned Chaldean. Meanwhile I will wait the issue patiently. Or, an idea struck him; he recollected that Mr. Abubeker had related to him in the house in the forest of a person who fell into a slumber of six weeks at the time of lifting a treasure, during which he had the most agreeable dreams?

"It would be the most singular joke in the world, if in a swoon I were lying now on my mattress in the house in the forest and the old Chaldean anxiously waiting for my awaking whilst I fancy myself to be a Duke here!"

On this he resolved to act the part of Duke, in which he happily succeeded. He however felt a little embarrassed how to treat the handsome Duchess as his wife. He looked up to her, with the profoundest respect, much more than she herself could have wished. Her tenderness made him at last more bold, less respectful, but more loving. The castle was lonely and surrounded on from all sides by an immense forest, old and weatherbeaten on the outside. On the other hand within, the saloons and apartments were furnished with princely magnificence, and the meals were of the most profuse richness and delicacy.

But nothing interested him so much as the Duchess; he could not but admire, and love her; he pitied her delusion in taking him for her husband, true only in his thought, but at last, who can blame him? he contradicted her no longer. She was particularly gay when he assumed a commanding tone towards the domestics, and acted the part of the Duke of Mottier; after a few days he felt at

home as if he had been from his infancy used to that splendid indolence. His spouse seemed daily to increase in beauty, even the recollection of Carolina became weaker by the splendor of her presence. The days passed away with uncommon rapidity. They made hunting parties. The Duchess was a most excellent rider, and with her gun she brought down the game with infinite better luck than the inexperienced Duke who for along time was very awkward and unsuccessful. But even in that he soon became very expert, yet the Duchess asserted that he was far from having attained his former celebrity, that the king himself had often declared that no one could be compared to him as a huntsman.

When the astonished Duke heard the like, he used to scratch himself behind the ears and to think. "Alas of all this I don't remember a single word. But that I am completely deranged, I know very well."

But similar things he never ventured to utter, lest he might displease the Duchess. She frequently read letters to him from various Princes, congratulating him on his recovery, and what seemed to him most droll was that he was obliged to reply to those letters, even to Louis XIV. to thank them for the interest he took in his health. His spouse was often bursting with laughter when he read to her these letters in which the style of the lace trader was so strangely mingled with that of the Duke of Mottier.

THE SECRET.

Had Le Blond had the option to leave his splendid prison he would not have done it. The bolted doors, the drawn up draw-bridges kept him less than his heart. He dearly loved his spouse, and indeed she behaved affectionately towards him. He became even more attached to her, when one morning with an inexpressible felicity on her countenance she confessed to him, that her wish to become a mother was accomplished. From that moment she was the dearest object in the world to him. When Carolina obtruded on his memory he endeavoured to banish it like an hereditary sin.

The Duchess too, since that confession, seemed to redouble her tender affections towards him; but with every day he saw in her features an increased melancholy. In vain did he endeavour to console her, to coax from her the reasons of her afflictions. She continued her sobs and tears endeavouring to excuse her singular behaviour under various pretexts. The physician whom the afflicted spouse consulted, shook smilingly his head and said, "Your Royal Highness should not be so anxious, that melan-

choly is in her Royal Highness' circumstances so very natural, that it scarcely could be expected to be otherwise."

This appeared to His Royal Highness a very plausible reason. But when he observed the Duchess more minutely, her tears, her caresses, it seemed to him that another reason was at the bottom of her soul. She even once uttered the enigmatical words "That the end of my wishes is accomplished is the very reason of my melancholy."

One evening holding her husband close in her arms melting in tears, he conjured her again to unridle the secret of her soul. He intreated so earnestly, that she said at last: "Well to-morrow you shall know it." In vain did he beg her to unfold it to him now. She led him to supper and requested him to drown his curiosity in wine.

When he awoke, the secret the Duchess promised to reveal to him was uppermost in his thoughts. But not a little was he surprised to see that he was lying on the old matrass in the room with the torn tapestry in which he had last been with the Chaldean.

Some coals were still on the fire. The old huntsman with the thread bare coat was standing at the windows, and scarcely did he perceive the sleeper awaking when he ran to the door, calling out; "Mr. Abubeker he is awake!"

The Chaldean with a smile entered the room, his first question was; "How do you feel?"

"Tolerably well, I only feel somewhat confused! But before all, tell me where I am."

"Where else but in Valerien des Anges."

"Where is my castle, my spouse the Duchess of Mottier? Where are my servants?"

The Chaldean burst out into laughter: "It appears you still live in your dreams. But joking apart take these few drops it will serve to restore your strength; it is no trifle to be lying unconsciously beyond three months. What a deal of trouble we had with you. Here take this."

Le Blond at first refused but when the Chaldean assured him that he would not say a word before he drank it, he swallowed it down. It was like liquid fire: "Now tell me," continued Le Blond: "Where is the Duchess my spouse? I must absolutely go to her."

"Mr. Le Blond," replied the Chaldean with his peculiar dryness: "recollect where you are, and for what purpose you came hither with me? Do not render yourself ridiculous by speaking of your dreams like a madman, of your castles, Duchesses, servants? On the contrary I have a right to reproach you for your long unreasonable sleep of which you alone by your duplicity are the cause. I have warned you more than once."

"Do not joke with me Mr. Abubeker, where is Linden, and the Duchess of Mottier my spouse? You surely will not make me believe that all that was a dream." The Chaldean in discontent shook his head, and said after a while with visible displeasure. "And you Sir, will not suppose that I am in humor to dispute with you about the nature of your dreams. The sound reflexion of one moment will convince you of your folly, you ought to thank me that I saved you from your swoon."

"To thank you? No Mr. Abubeker in this you are mistaken. It is not so delightful to descend from the rank of a Duke to that of a lace trader."

"Well Sir remain in your frenzy, I'll be no longer at the trouble to contradict you," replied by the Chaldean: "My time is precious. The carriage is ready, I return to Namur. Do you intend to go with me?"

"Not from this spot Sir. The castle Linden and my spouse cannot be far from here."

"Very well. Then I go alone, and must leave you in this forest. Farewell." Le Blond opened the window and called out. "Well Mr. Abubeker what then is become of the treasure which we were to lift?"

"Of that, in the carriage. I must be off now, should you wish to accompany me, you have no time to lose."

Indeed the carriage stood ready, the lamps were lighted, the servants at their places, Le Blond saw that he would be left alone. He took his seat at the side of Abubeker.

THE SEPARATION.

Le Blond seated at the side of the magician who did not seem disposed to reply to his various questions, had time to make reflections in silence. Two circumstances appeared remarkable. The one, that if the treasure had indeed been lifted, and was in the carriage, it could not be of considerable weight. The other that the Abubeker was fond of making the longest way in the least possible time, for the horses did not delay them above a few minutes, since at every post they stood ready prepared.

"But to return to the treasure," asked Le Blond: "What is become of it? Is it lifted?" "Certainly."

"To what amount if you please?" "I don't know."

"Is it in the carriage?" "Yes!" replied the Chaldean yawning: "But with your leave, I require sleep. Let me I beg of you, be undisturbed for a few hours. In the mean while, consider how you will employ it with wisdom." The sleepiness of Abubeker suited ill with Le Blond's curiosity. "Allow me to ask before you fall asleep, what you mean by employing it with wisdom?"

"You love the daughter of the General in Namur—what is his name?" "Good God!" exclaimed Le Blond. "There can be no question of that. I am already married, I am nearly a father."

"You drive me into a fury with your nonsense. If you will not become more reasonable, I tell you the whole treasure will vanish!"

Le Blond remained silent, and the snoring of the Chaldean was soon heard.

Towards the morning when the carriage stopped to change horses, the Chaldean gaped widely, Le Blond could not contain himself any longer and said: "To speak with sincerity, do you think me fool enough to believe that I have dreamt, and been lying in a swoon this quarter of a year, that—

The Chaldean whistled a morning song. Le Blond continued: I can now give you the most undisputable proofs, that I am awake, and that I actually was the husband of the Duchess."

Mr. Abubeker did not allow him to go on, he addressed him in a thundering voice, but in a wildly strange language of which Le Blond understood not a word.

"Speak to me in a way that I may understand you!"

"You are right Mr. Le Blond, I forgot myself!" Said the Chaldean continuing in an angry tone of voice, and pressing his hand much harder than reasonably could be expected from a man of three hundred and thirteen years: "All my warning is then in vain. Already you have by your persevering folly diminished your fortune. Forget your dream, may its foolish contents never more pass your lips, nor do you write a word of it: with these conditions, you will once see me again; but should you not strictly adhere to it, never.

With these words the door of the carriage was opened, the Chaldean dismounted, the same moment a broad shouldered robust fellow entered unceremoniously, took his seat opposite Le Blond, and immediately after the carriage drove off in full speed.

At these new arrangements Le Blond felt thunder-struck; his wonder was not all diminished when his new travelling companion drew forth a pistol saying: "That is well loaded!" he then took out a long knife: "That is very sharp, will you try the sharpness of its point with your finger?"

"I feel not the least inclination for it," replied the terrified Le Blond: "I believe you on your word. But why all these ceremonies?"

"At the first outcry, or the least suspicious motion, I'll have the honor to plunge this knife in your body, or should I not have the pleasure to be near enough to you, to aim a ball

through your brains. In the meanwhile I must request you to allow me to blindfold you.

But why so? asked the trembling lace maker.

"Because you are my prisoner," replied the frightful neighbour, presenting a piece of cloth.

Are you ready? he continued, pointing with his knife towards his heart.

Le Blond in despair advanced his head towards the cloth, for such a convincing invitation required little argument. His eyes were soon so hermetically shut that he could not perceive a glimpse of daylight.

Our adventurer had now full leisure to make philosophical reflections, for his companion became as mute as a fish. He repented having had any thing to do with the Chaldean, and he was sorry to have exasperated him when once engaged, by which means he had forfeited the treasure. He took the resolution to follow his admonitions punctually, at least by so doing he had the hope of seeing the magician again.

I don't know how long the journey lasted, Le Blond did not know himself, for he could not distinguish day from night. He slept, awoke, fell again asleep, dreamt, awoke again, and found the journey very long because the new mode of travelling with closed eyes did not overmuch please him. He was anxious to know whither he was conducted, and what was to become of him, two questions to which subject his neighbour never replied.

ALL THINGS AT THE SAME PLACE.

"Dismount if you please," said his neighbour. Le Blond obeyed. He felt himself on terra firma, but did not know where; he was waiting for what was to happen further. He heard the carriage rolling away. Still he remained motionless. After a considerable while, he ventured to ask several questions. No reply. At last he hazarded to lift the bandage a little. The poniard of his neighbour was not felt. He tore the bandage from his eyes, he did not see the better for it; all was dark. The poor Le Blond was afraid of having turned blind, "Oh God, must I experience such a calamity! would I were dead!" Continuing to lament the loss of his eyes; he happened to turn, when to his inexpressible joy he saw a number of lights from the windows of a long range of houses. He viewed the place more narrowly. It was the well known street of Namur, he was before his own shop, but it was shut, it was perhaps midnight.

After knocking a long time at the door, the clerk came to open it; he was half asleep; when at last he recognized his master,

he was right glad to see him again, and took up the travelling trunk placed before his door.

The following morning or rather noon (for Mr. Le Blond had a long sleep) he found all things in their former place. The interval of time of his absence appeared like a dream. All appeared the result of the diabolical tricks of the pretended Chaldean; perhaps Beelzebub himself, who had pitched on him for some satanic purpose. What was to be done now? He soon found that he would be obliged to attend again in his lace shop on his customers who during his absence seemed to have forgotten the way to his warehouse.

The less he had to do in his magazine the more assiduous he was in his visits to the jasmin bower, in the hope of seeing again his beloved Carolina. But all in vain. He stepped more than twenty times a day to his garden, Carolina was not to be seen. But the oftener he returned to the bower the more the memory of the Duchess became faint, the stronger the recollection of the charming Carolina; the happy moments during the lessons; the eternal vows of fidelity and love. To be sure the recollection of the circumstances with the Duchess of Mottier were not strictly speaking in accord with his vow of his eternal fidelity; he was afraid lest his dear Carolina might have kept her vow of fidelity in the same manner. He endeavoured to convince himself that all was but a dream, yet his tender conscience reproached him, that infidelity in a dream, was still infidelity.

Towards evening he ran up and down before the shop of the sisters Bienvenuto, but alas, all his voyages of discovery were vain. He saw no more the handsome Carolina.

The following day brought him still worse news. General de Fano and his family—despair seized him—had left Namur some weeks ago, probably for Italy. On hearing this he ran to his room, threw himself on his bed and cried like a child. Life was now a burden to him. He cursed his melancholy fate, and the impious Abubeker, who had cheated him of his fidelity, had made him lose his customers, had despoiled him of his Dukedom and deprived him of Carolina.

But one cannot always curse and weep. The poor Le Blond was reduced to sell lace again and to measure out silk. Of his adventures he did not say a word, however much he was urged by his friends. Without the express forbidding of the Chaldean he would have kept silence, for he heard from learned men that there was no such place in the known world as Linden, Mottier, nor even Valerien des Anges.

After six months he had forgotten all except Carolina, then again he experienced a

NEW CHALDEAN PRANK.

He received one day amongst other commercial letters, one to the address of M. De Blond de Beaulieu. The town, street, number of his house were so accurately given, that the address could not mean any one else but himself. That Le was changed into a noble De did not surprise him, it might be a mistake, but the addition de Beaulieu made him wonder. He opened the letter. It was dated from Beaulieu in the Government of Languedoc. The letter was signed Louis Favier, and the following were the contents: That as M. Valerien des Anges had purchased all the landed property together with all its rights, &c. &c. for M. De Blond, he as superintendant begs to recommend himself to the favour of his Lordship, &c. Accompanying was the deed of conveyance in the usual tedious forensic style. Among these papers he found the following note.

"Sir,

Herewith the treasure is changed into one of the most agreeable and advantageous estates. *Enjoy it in silence!*

ABUBEKER."

The annual rent of that estate alone amounted to more than the whole value of his stock in trade.

Le Blond could not believe all this to be true, for that Abubeker should have left Chaldea, and at such an advanced age as three hundred and thirteen years, should have nothing better to do than to hunt for a good soul to lift treasures for him, appeared, impossible. He read over those papers, however and as the various informations as to the reality of the existence of that estate were affirmative, his incredulity began to shake. To have all doubts cleared, he took heart and went up to the president Du Baillage in whose house he lived. When he was noticed at last, he said he had inherited the property of an aunt at Chander-nagore in Bengal, that he had in consequence purchased the dwellings and lands of Beaulieu in Languedoc, &c. &c. The president who had never condescended to take the least notice of his tenant, was thunder struck when he heard of the riches of the young man. The question was to look into the validity of those documents. When he found the signatures correct, he made him a friendly smiling bow, calling him: "my dear friend!" After having ascertained the correctness of the various seals: "My best M. Le Blond," he exclaimed when he remarked the sum of purchase, and when he read of over the long list of rights, &c. he got up from his seat and called him. "M. De Beaulieu."

From the rising politeness of the proud president he saw that for this time the Chaldean had treated him honestly; a chair was politely offered to him. His lace shop was stiled a singular

fancy. The president had several marriageable daughters, and he was pressingly invited to renew his visits. A whole unoccupied story, stabling, equipages, kitchen, cellar, were offered to him. He was gently reproached for his long neglect in never having paid a visit before, and the president seemed quite delighted with his company. When he had withdrawn, the young ladies agreed with the old Papa, that Mr. De Beaulieu was a betwitching man.

The report of his large accession of riches spread soon over the whole town of Namur. His shop and stock in trade was immediately disposed of. Congratulations, and invitations from the first houses crowded upon him. The whole town pretended to be related to him.

Though till then his sole occupation had been to make money now all on a sudden so miraculously possessed of so much wealth, he did not feel the happier—Carolina was wanting. Namur seemed a desert to him. He resolved to travel the four quarters of the globe in search of her, but as such long travels require money he directed his way first to Languedoc to take possession of the cash collected by his intendant Louis Favier.

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF THE CHALDEAN.

In his way to Beaulieu, passing the night in an Hotel in the town of Alby, when he first opened his eyes he saw the Chaldean standing before him, who addressing him said: "M. de Blond I promised to see you once more."

"It is very agreeable to me," said the surprised Le Blond, "but Abubeker"—

"Silence my name here is not Abubeker, but Valerien des Anges. I have fulfilled my promise towards you, and to accomplish all your desires, accept of the invitation you will receive to-day. I am now returning to Chaldea, but even there through my faithful spirits, I shall know if you keep your dream a secret. Beware not to communicate it to any one else, or all your fortune will vanish."

So saying he went away. Towards noon, a well dressed gentleman came to invite him in the name of the Archbishop to dinner at his palace in the Fauxbourg Chateaux Neuf. He accepted of the invitation, yet it appeared strange to him. How came the Archbishop to know him? Since Le Blond had been once Duke, though only in a dream, nothing was easier for him than to act the Nobleman. The Archbishops' court hence did not perplex the ex-lace and silk trader. When he reached the palace the Archbishop with a number of Gentlemen were walking up and down in the magnificent garden. The salutations

were soon over, they all seemed to know him. All spoke with admiration of his beautiful villa. They all complained that circumstances had compelled his friend Valerien des Anges to depart so suddenly.

"We must become better acquainted," said an old gentleman with a stiff leg: "by your purchase of Beaulieu we have become the nearest neighbours. I am General de Fano. My daughter remembers to have become acquainted with you sometime ago in Namur."

The young man turned red and pale. The old General perceived it and smiled, lend me said he, your arm for a support; the young girl is yonder in that jasmin bower of which she seems to be very fond, she knows that you are here.

Le Blond trembled as if seized with a fever. He did not deny being acquainted with her, nor did he deny many other things which appeared strange to him. He continued with more courage "I wish my friend Mr. Valerien des Anges had told you all—that, for example, I should like too, to become the nearest neighbour of your heart."

"That he did very honestly," replied the General, "he might have told you that I'll be happy to welcome you as my son-in-law."

Le Blond unmanned by surprise and overjoyed, would in gratitude, have thrown himself at the old General's feet had his daughter not made her appearance at that instant.

Why relate more. All went on in the prosaic form. The Chaldean had done all, and well. The general who had retired with a stiff leg and a moderate fortune, was glad to accept of such a rich son-in-law. M. De Beaulieu was proclaimed bridegroom at the Archbishop's table. Shall I relate the splendour of the nuptials? That of all the splendour Le Blond found nothing so splendid as the tear of joy in Carolina's eye as she fell in his arms, when for a moment they were left alone. "Io amo!" exclaimed she, "tu ama?" said he, pressing her to his lips. After a while, almost expiring in the fulness of their hearts, they lisped: "Noi amamo!" They conjugated further. A proof they had not altogether forgotten the lessons which they had so pleasantly studied at Namur. But without following the author from whom I have this history, who is very prolix in his description of the marriage ceremony and the after scenes; suffice it to say that Le Blond and Carolina—what they never could have hoped, became man and wife, and the history with the exception of a trivial circumstance is finished. Were it only a romance and not a true history, it would be easy enough to give it a romantic end. But history gives no latitude to the historian.

THE VEIL.

Five years had elapsed (says the French original writer) before Carolina could tell her husband the further consequences of conjugation, when the handsome mother of a lovely boy received a remarkable present not on the very birthday but a few weeks afterwards.

It was a beautiful pearl necklace and a veil, with the following lines!

"Happy being! Receive this as a present, on your child's account, from a happy woman who envies you no longer! Your husband, if he can, may now tell you who I am."

Le Blond was sent for to confess. When he looked at the chit, he turned as pale as death: "Gracious God! the hand writing of the Duchess of Mottier!"

He had scarcely uttered these words when he was terrified at having betrayed the secret which the Chaldean had warned him so much to keep, but after reading the lines and looking at the veil, "O ha!" said he, the veil of the Countess St. Sylvain who once wanted to make me her secretary, only because I assisted her to rise from a fall on the hill of the castle in Namur."

A young wife does not easily forget such things. She did not cease to tease Le Blond for further information. But in vain.

Carolina suspected what never had entered Le Blond's head. Yet all their inquiries remained fruitless. Duchess of Mottier! Countess De St. Sylvain! no such names were known M. De Beaulieu and his fair lady could never learn more!

V. R.

SONNET.

THE SHOOE DAGON, RANGOON,

Oh! it is splendid, this—a glorious gleam
Of fairy land! while now the rising sun
Pours o'er the forests one rich glowing stream
Of beauty and of light!—doth it not stun
Each sense, to view that bright, aspiring dome,
Lifting its golden pride so high in air,
And, like a lighted pyre of glory, there
Gleaming in might and majesty?—but, come,
Ascend the platform—now,—oh, heavens! how grand
A pile is this to grace a heathen land!
And all around how beautiful!—the foam
Of seas and rivers,—hills, and woods, and lakes,
And every form fantastic nature takes,
Here shine upon the eye,—a scene most brightly fair?

C.

LILY OF LARA.

Lovely the lily, that by Lara's side
 Drinks the glad waters of the Lara's tide
 Lara is glad when on her roots he plays
 Joys not the sun that warms her with his rays?
 Shall I not go the lovely lily bring?
 Shall I not go, and to the lily sing?

" Fairest of flowers! Oh wilt thou come to me?
 Wilt thou the first of all my garden be?
 Shall thou not bear of all the highest place?
 Shall not all others fade before thy face?
 Let me rejoice, when morning shews thee bright
 Let me rejoice, when with thee lives my night
 Come to my arms, and in my bosom rest,
 Come to my arms, and let my soul be blest."

Who is the lily that by Lara's side
 Drinks the glad waters of the Lara's tide?
 Is it not Merjan, of the flowing hair
 Dark as the nights on Zabra's mountains are?
 Is it not Merjan, of the downcast eye,
 Whose looks for ever in our bosom lie?
 Is she not fair as happy Yemen's bow'r?
 Of Yemen's virgins is she not the flower?

" Oh Virgins come! agray'd in all thy charms!
 Oh Virgin come! and nestle in mine arms!
 Mother of many children shalt thou be,
 Lions thy sons—thy daughters like to thee!"
 " Why should I come, youth of the desert wide?
 Wilt thou not leave me when I am thy bride?
 Will not thy love to other fair be borne,
 And I but pitied, or but laughed to scorn?"

Never, Oh never! will I leave thee fair!
 Virgin Lara! by my tribe I swear.
 Oh, if I leave thee be accurs'd my fame,
 Mock'd by my people! and despis'd my name

* * * * *
 " Thanks! thanks! thou Virgin of the flowing hair
 Dark as the nights on Zabra's mountains are!
 Thanks! thanks! thou Virgin of the downcast eye
 Whose looks for ever in our bosom lie!
 Thanks! to the lily, that by Lara's side
 Drinks the glad waters of the Lara's tide."

LODOWICK BARRY THE YOUNGER.

SONNET.

On dreary Iceland's sterile, Polar plains,
 Or locked in frost, or drench'd with melting snows,
 The cloud-compelling winter sternly reigns :
 Yet peace is there, and every virtue blows ;
 Warm constant love, and faith that never feigns,
 And all unknown remorse's vengeful pains.
 But in the Isles that gem the tropic sea
 Where verdurous groves re-echo to the strains
 Of nature's minstrelsy, and seem to be
 The seats where mercy builds her chosen nest,
 Not all that genial Heaven-descended plea
 Avails to make the stormy passions rest,
 There slaves are steep'd in abject, deep despair,
 Or troop rebellious by the torches' glare.

Y.

SONNET.

To-

Our paths are desolate, and far apart—
 Our early dreams have vanished—Never more
 May we together mingle, as before,
 Our fond impassioned spirits. Quick tears start
 As eager memories rush upon my heart,
 And rend oblivion's veil. E'en now the store
 Of star-like spells that softly glimmered o'er
 The twilight maze of youth, a moment dart
 Their clouded beams on Care's reverted eye !
 Alas ! the promise of the past hath been
 A brief though dear delusion !—All things fly
 My onward way, and mock the lengthening scene—
 Through Life's dim mist thy form oft seemeth nigh,
 Though lone and distant as the Night's fair Queen.

D. L. R.

THE ESSENCE OF ENGLISH SERIOUS OPERA.

Blood and Thunder, or the Injured Ghosts.

CHARACTERS.

Alonzo, Prince of Tartary.

Caleb Williams.

Admiral Benbow.

Grumbold.

Humbold. } *Assassins.*

Fumbold. }

Ghosts.

Guy Fawkes.

Heliadora, daughter of Caleb Williams.

British sailors, Banditti, more Ghosts, Crusaders, &c. &c.

ACT. 1ST.

SCENE 1st.—*A dark wood—thunder and lightning,—curtain draws and discovers Banditti in ambuscade.*

Chorus of Banditti.

.....

Then my noble hearts be bold.

Full Chorus.—Then my noble hearts be bold.

TRIO.

Grumbold, Fumbold and Humbold.

If our cave is dark as night

Beauties eyes shall make it bright,

If we're chill'd in this wild storm,

Rosy wine shall make us warm.

Chorus.—Rosy wine shall make us warm.

Hum.—Death and the devil, comrades! this sharp north wind will cut the traveller's throats, and leave us only the trouble of examining their baggage.

Omnes.—Ha! Ha! Ha!

Grum.—I believe *that* is the part of our duty that suits *you* best.

Hum.—Death and the devil, is my courage questioned?

Grum.—One can't question what does not exist.

Agitated music—Hum. *draws his dagger*—Band *interfere a group—thunder and lightning.*

Fum.—Come, come—friends all, no drawing steel where it can only be crimson'd by the blood of a friend.

Omnes.—They must be friends.

Hum. }
and } Well if it is the general wish ?
Grum. }

All.—It is, and by the magnificence of the blue lightning !—

Sudden music expressing agitation and reconciliation of friends ! with the distant approach of a carriage and six horses.

Enter the CAPTAIN OF BANDITTI, he is masked and habited in black with black gloves, and pocket handkerchief. He has four brace of pistols in his belt, two daggers, a long sword and a cutlass—with a double barrelled gun on each arm.

Capt.—How now mutinous slaves ? (*The Banditti fall on their knees.*) For ever brawling ? let one but stir, a look, or breath while I am nigh, but as I command, and he had better have been born with a powder magazine in his belly.

Banditti.—Pardon, gracious Captain.

Capt.—You have it—but beware.—Your infernal noise has deafened you to that which ought to have sounded to your ears, like the tinkle of the wine cup to the Bacchanal, or the rustling breeze to the becalmed mariner, listen.

Chorus of Banditti.

Hush ! Hush ! we can count each plash,
Of the rain drops as they fall ;
We can hear the rats their white teeth gnash
And the cricket's shrilly call.

Capt.—That has nothing to do with it.

Chorus of Banditti.

And now we hear
More clear, more clear
Our destined prey approach,
It comes at last
My mates stand fast,
'Tis the Paddington stage coach.

Omnes.—'Tis the Paddington stage coach.

Enter STAGE COACH—Hurried music—Bugles—Drums—a desperate conflict ensues, outside passengers are killed, the guard falls covered with glory—and the scene closes with the triumph of the BANDITTI, and a group expressing the joy of the victors and consternation of the vanquished.

SCENE 2nd.—*The Robber's cave.*

Enter Alonzo, Prince of Tartary, and Admiral Benbow in chains—slow and pathetic music.

Alonzo.—Three tedious years—My native land, alas!

Recitative and Air.

Oh Heliadora, grief has barbed the dart
More keenly, of Captivity's stern chain,
When shall I press thee to this aching heart?
When shall I see my native land again?

Air.

My native land, my native land!
Alas! what woes are mine,
When wandering on a foreign strand
While hopes, while fears combine
To call before my dreaming soul
As by enchantment's wand
The happy hours that used to roll
In thee my native land.

When last thy beach, my native land,
Was fading from my sight,
A form stood on the distant sand
Of all on earth most bright;
But never more again in mine
Shall rest that snowy hand,
Condemned away from her to pine
And thee my native land.

Ben.—Nay messmate, never haul over the slack of misfortune, nor let the Hulk float into the tideway of despair. One Englishman can always beat a dozen loblolly boys of any other land, and though d'ye see, my hands are belay'd in these here lubberly bilboes, yet my heart's as free and as sound as English oak, so the king and old England for ever.

Song.

When first Britain's flag floated over the sea,
Like a sun-burst it dazzled all slaves,
But glad were the eyes of the brave and the free
As they saw it shine over the waves.
Then a fig for our foes
Though they're twenty to one

Shall we flinch from the battle boys—never!
 But while the fight burns
 Or when victory's won
 Sing the king and old England for ever!

Our country's the pride and the boast of the main
 It's daughters are fair as its foam,
 Our vales shine with flowers while corn clothes each plain
 And dear is our loved native home.

Then a fig for our foes, &c.

Exit Benbow.

Alonzo.—Three tedious years. But soft who comes. I will retire and observe.

Expressive music Alonzo retires slowly—expressing by his actions the eloquent regrets of a heart torn by exile and keenly alive to the beauties of external nature, from the contemplation of which he is (by a strange fatality and not to be believed series of, apparently, and without some extraordinary good fortune not likely to be speedily terminated) accidents for ever debarred.

Enter Banditti.—*Headed by the Captain still masked—Grumbold and Humbold dragging in Heliadora, violent music.*

Capt. Halt.—Comrades, have you stabbed all the passengers.

All.—Aye.

Capt.—Have you brought in the booty.

All.—Aye.

Capt.—What the three Portmanteaus, the Warwickshire cheese, and the brown paper parcel addressed to Smith, Timkinson, Williams and Rutherford?

All.—Aye.

Capt.—Then divide the spoil amongst you—here (*pointing to Heliadora*) is my share.

Grumbold, }
 and } (*aside*)—Hah!!
 Humbold }

Heliadora.—Merciful heaven for what am I reserved?

Capt.—(*To the Band*) Retire to the Inner Cave.

Banditti retire.—Music expressive of a sullen spirit of discontent and a disposition to resist authority.

Capt.—Gem of Beauty—behold me at thy feet—by thy bright eyes I swear!—by those lips which shame the ruby!

Heliadora.—Hold presumptuous man—behold in me the affianced bride of Alonzo, Prince of Tartary.

Capt.—By heavens! It glads my heart to hear thee say so—revenge and love both gratified—Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! (*Laughs convulsively.*)

Helia.—Revenge?

Capt.—Aye by the flames of Etna—Revenge! Once the captive of his hated arm—curse on the failing steel that made me so—but now!

Helia.—Oh spare me—spare me—here on my knees—behold these streaming eyes—these wild, dishevelled locks—these pallid lips.

Capt.—Spare thee?—aye when the Lion spares the Lamb—thus—thus.

Heliadora.—Mercy—Mercy—Alonzo!

At this instant a horn sounds—agitated and terrific music—the Captain after a moment's hesitation strikes his forehead and rushing up the rocks disappears through a secret passage—Heliadora fall on her knees in an attitude of devotion.

Alonzo.—*At the same instant rushes in exclaiming* “Who calls Alonzo?”

Heliadora.—(*Rising*)—Heavens that voice!

Alonzo.—’Tis she!

Helia.—’Tis he!!

They fly into each other's arms, at that moment the Banditti pour in from the inner cave—wild and plaintively ferocious music expressive of the pleasure of the reunited lovers and their despair at this fresh separation, together with the various feelings which agitate the desperate beings by whom they are surrounded—while this action is proceeding, at the front of the stage. Admiral Benbow is seen in full uniform, climbing up the rugged sides of the cavern with immense energy and activity—he makes his way towards the secret door, which the Captain has left open in his hasty flight—as he reaches it, the Banditti perceive him—they fire a volley—the Admiral shakes his chains in triumph, shouts the “King and Old England for ever,” and disappears through the secret door—the drop falls to music and a Tableau expressive of the events which have passed and those which are to be anticipated.

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

THE WOOD—THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

Caleb Williams discovered standing on the centre of the stage by a hollow oak—a bugle horn is at his lips, he blows

a long wild blast, agitated music.—Il Capitano springs from the oak,—thunder and lightning.

Caleb.—Welcome—my horn hath sounded thrice.

Capitano.—I was,

Caleb.—What?

Capitano.—(After a long pause) busy—he must not suspect.
(Aside.)

Is all ready?

Caleb.—This night,

Capitano.—This night,

Caleb.—Victory!

Capitano.—Liberty!!

Caleb.—Freedom.—!!!

Capitano.—Heliadora!!!!

Caleb.—What name was that?

Capt.—Name—I mentioned none.

Caleb.—By heaven 'twas one which waken'd all my woes!

Capt.—I must dissemble (Aside)—Friend of my soul how did it happen to do that?

Caleb.—Alas! this miserable night my daughter was by Ruffians carried off.—Even now my heart's distracted from the mighty act we have to do by thoughts of my lost Haliadora.

Capt.—Heavens is it possible—what marble bowelle'd villains did the deed?

(Benbow is seen cautiously rising from the hollow of the oak, he hears the last speech.)

Caleb.—Upon my soul, I cannot for my life give a conjectural guess—but would to heaven they stood before me now!

(Wild but resolute music.)

(Benbow Springs from the oak and rushes forward between Caleb Williams and Il Capitano—he points to the latter and cries “behold their chief”—a group—thunder and lightning.)

Caleb.—Ha! is it true?

Ben.—Yes by Heaven!

Capt.—Die both and keep my secret! He rushes at Caleb Williams and aims a blow at his head with his sabre—Benbow interposes and receives it on his chain which he draws tight and holds in the fashion of guard, the blow severs the chain—Benbow draws from Il Capitano's belt his additional sword a desperate combat ensues. The Robber Chief is gradually forced back towards the oak into the hollow of which he springs and disappears—Caleb Williams who is unarmed expresses intense interest during the fight and at its conclusion falls on his knee with one hand on his heart and the other

pointing towards the upper gallery—Music during the whole action expressing its progress.

Benb.—My eyes what a squall! What cheer Brother? I think somehow that Jack in the box there, pretty near scuttled your nob.

Caleb.—Thanks my gallant preserver, but how have I been deceived.

Benb.—Why in the voyage of life Master Caleb we do now and then fall in with Cruizers, that carry false colours, but if so be that they lure you to the shoals of destruction, or give you a birth on the lee shore of falsehood, you have only to overhaul your signals for an Englishman, and if one is in sight he'll soon warp you out into the smooth water of truth, and bring you to safe moorings in the harbour of sincerity.

SONG.

When first I saw my lovely Nan,
Her eyes like Cupid's darts
Were form'd to conquer haughty man
And make her queen of hearts.
But the breeze that blows our good ship home,
Shall welcome be to me,
For it bears me to my native land
And—lovely Nan—to thee.

2.

When last I saw my charming girl
The wind was from the north;
But none, where'er the breakers curl,
Can equal her in worth,
But the breeze that blows, &c. &c.

3.

And soon I hope a smiling cot,
With Woodbines crowned—may be,
A witness of the happy lot,
Of lovely Nan and me,
But the breeze that blows, &c. &c.

Caleb.—(*Who has been lost in thought during the song*)
Yes, no longer will I league with traitors—he who can violate the ties of Friendship and tear a daughter from her Father's arms, can neither feel a patriot's ardour, or wish the general welfare of mankind. My brave preserver listen to my words, a vile conspiracy hatch'd to destroy our glorious constitution—I, in a moment of imagined wrong, have madly joined.

Benb.—What—can I believe my ears?

Caleb.—The offence is venal, and nobly will I expiate it, but how? now—even now—the minute is at hand, had we but aid all night be well.

(*Clock strikes twelve*)—Ha ! merciful Heaven ! in half an hour more they fire the train.

Benb.—I'll perish or prevent it !

Caleb.—'Tis useless, your rash valour will only bring destruction on yourself.

Benb.—No matter, it is a British Seaman's pride to die for his king and country.

(*Music "Rule Britannia," He is rushing towards the hollow oak when groups of sailors enter hastily from the forest and the wings*)

Benb.—Stand there—What ! Is it possible !

Sailors.—Can we believe our eyes !

Benb.—It is—It is—my own gallant crew—(*rushes into their arms—they hoist him on their shoulders, and unfurl the British flag—Loud and long cheering.*)

Benb.—But my gallant friends how did you find me ?

Sailors.—We have sought you in the forest these three years.

Benb.—You are come in a lucky moment, Traitors conspire against our glorious constitution—shall they live ?

Sailors.—No !

Benb.—They are ten to one.

Sailors.—Lubbers !

Benb.—Will you follow me ?

Sailors.—To Erebus !—

Grand Chorus.

Hurra ! Hurra ! Hurra !

'Tis victory points the way,
Though canons roar,
And bullets pour,
They cannot bid us stay.—(*Bis.*)

Solo Benbow.

If the girls of our hearts should behold us return,
Bright garlands they'll weave for the brave,
But if not, each will bend o'er her own hero's urn
And hallow his glorious grave.

Chorus.

Hurra ! Hurra ! Hurra !

'Tis victory points the way,
Though canons roar,
And bullets pour,
They cannot bid us stay.—(*Bis.*)

Grand chorus including audience—Rule Britannia—Britannia Rules the Waves, for Britons never, never, never never, will be slaves !

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT. 3d.—SCENE 1.

The Cave—on one side a large barrel, marked "Gunpowder," in the centre a recess marked " Powder Magazine"—above which is the secret door, also marked "Gunpowder" Alonzo and Heliadora chained to the rocks on each side of the stage—the Banditti form a group in the centre—slow and expressive music as the drop scene rises.

Chorus of Banditti.

All is ready—Death and doom,
Hover in the cavern's gloom,
In the subterranean air,
The fates a traitor's end prepare.

Solo Grumbold.

Now the owl is hooping loud,
Now in Candles hangs the shroud,
Coffins from the fire grate boom,
All foretel a traitor's doom.

Chorus.

Prepare—Prepare—Prepare!!!—

Alonzo.—Why must I die? how have I deserved to be torn from life and Heliadora?

Humbold.—You would destroy one band?

Alonzo.—itti—to your faces—aye!—

Heliadora.—Alonzo in mercy hold!

Alonzo.—Never—Heliadora—were I to love honor less would you love me more?

Helia.—The sword that pierces thee, slays more than one.

Alonzo.—It unites us in death.

Helia.—Love!

Alonzo.—Glory!!

Helia.—Alonzo!!!

Alonz.—Heliadora!!!!

Fumb.—Enough, prepare for death—you Sir, as a traitor who would destroy our gallant band, you Madam as one whose fatal beauty might tend to disunite it.

Alonzo and Heliadora—to die together—thanks, a thousand thanks.

Alonzo.—Alas!

Helia.—Wherefore that sigh?

Alonzo.—It was for thee alone.

Helia.—Sigh not for me, born in the land of glory and of storm where the bleak wind hurtles the azure mist round the bold castles of my forefathers, I have been taught, even from childhood's hour, to look at dissolution but as nothing when weigh'd 'gainst love or honor.

SONG.

When I think of the hills in my ain dear land,
 A tear blinks in my ee,
 For there the sacred altars stand,
 Of honor and liberty.
 And the Highland Lads,
 With their bonny plaids,
 From strath and corrie pour
 To add new fame,
 To that we claim,
 For Scotland's bright claymore !

2.

Honor to Scotland's bonnets of blue,
 To the hands that bear her glaive,
 To the Plaiddie o'er those hearts as true,
 And leal as they all are brave,
 The streams that flow,
 The airs that blow,
 Frae Caledonia wild ;
 Are dearer far,
 Than sun or star,
 To her own mountain child.

Fum.—(*Aside*) the song, the words of other days, soften my soul. I will save them, but 'twill be dangerous—no matter, for Providence who guards the sea boy in the tempest's blast, and shields the soldier on the field of battle—will not forget the child of virtue in the hour of distress.)

Hum.—Fumbold, you muse.

Fum.—Aye—how to protract their agony.

Hum.—Shall we try ?

Fum.—No first to supper ; meat and mass never hinder'd work, remember prisoners your doom is fixed in half an hour—you die—come comrades—to the joys of the board.

Chorus of Banditti.

Away to the joys of the table
 While the flaggons are reeling about
 Wee'll relieve them as fast as we're able
 From the liquor that causes the rout.

As they repeat the last line they march off—Fumbold lingers behind.

Fum.—(*Hastily and aside*) I am not what I seem my name is McAllaster McDonald—be cautious—be fortunate, (*drops a key at Heliadora's feet.*)

Exit.

*The stage Dark.**Heliadora feels for the key and unlocks her chains.**Duett.**She*—Guide me love—thy torches light

Can turn to day this cavern's night,

He—Guide her love—thy torches ray

Can turn this cavern's night to day.

She—Hast love Hast—Oh do not fear!

Thy faithful Heliadora's near.

He—This way, this way*She*— I am nigh,*He*—Hasten—Hasten*She*— Love—I fly*SOLO**She*—'Tis sweet to see the skylark rove

From captive cage set free,

But sweeter when the joys of love

Combine with liberty.

He—'Tis precious from a hand we prize

To gain so blest a boon

While joyful shine the summer skies

And blooms the verdant June.

Both—This way—this way—I am nigh

Hasten—Hasten—love—I fly.

Heliadora. — Unlocks Alonzo's chains—they embrace—run forward, and kneel to appropriate music—at this instant a dolorous and lugubrious noise is heard—the secret door is thrown open, and Il Capitano appears playing furiously upon his horn—stage lights up Banditti rush in at the same instant—Alonzo and Heliadora fly back to their places and replace their chains.

Il Capitano.—All is lost—the enemy are at hand—they follow me swifter than my own shadow—life and death hang trembling on the wings of the passing instant—we have not a moment to spare but Providence who guards the sea-boy in the tempest's blast, and shields the soldier in the field of battle, will not forget the child of virtue in the hour of distress.

Song Il Capitano.

Fling forth our bold banners free to the morn,

Up with our battle cry, sound the wild horn

Hark how our swords in their steel scabbards rattle

They pant for the joys and the glory of battle.

Morn breaks on earth and all ruddy the glow

Of the sun-beams that bright through the morning clouds flow,

But ruddier still shall the field be to day

When the beams of our sabres flash bright through the fray.

3.

Up with the war cry and out with the swords
 That have never proved false in the hands of their Lords
 On! and may he who is traitor or craven
 This night be the feast of the wolf and the raven.

At the end of the song the Banditti fly to arms—enter at the secret door Benbow, Caleb Williams—Townsend and Bowstreet officers—British seamen—The Oxford Blues, &c. &c. They form across a ledge of rock which runs immediately above the powder magazine.

Benbow.—Surrender.

Il Capitano.—Never!

Banditti.—(Shouting) victory, Liberty, Glory, Death, &c. &c.

Benbow.—Resistance is in vain. The Blues are quarter'd at Datchet—The Third Buffs occupy Hammersmith, and the Tower Hamlets Militia bivouac at the Alpha Cottages—your conspiracy is discovered and you have no hope but in submission.

Banditti.—(Dropping their swords and pistols) alas!

Il Capitano.—Death!

Grumbold.—Hell!

Humbold.—Confusion!

Banditti.—(Despondingly) where shall we look for mercy?

Fumbold.—(Springing forward) here!

All.—From whom?

Fum.—The King! (pulls off his Hat, Wig, Beard, Coat, and Breeches; and appears in the magnificent costume of James the Sixth of SCOTLAND, and first of ENGLAND.)

All.—(Except *Il Capitano*) fall on their knees and exclaim.
 —The King!!!!

(Grand flourish of Martial Music.)

Il Capitano.—Then all indeed is lost! Cowards, Cravens! however you have not yet subdued?

All.—Whom?

Il Capitano.—(Tearing off his mask with furious majesty)
 GUY FAWKES!!!!

All.—Hah!!!! seize! arrest! slay!

Guy Fawkes.—Then thus I baulk your Malice and am triumphant still!—(Hurried and characteristic music, expressive of the resolution of a bad and daring mind to consummate a long career of crime by a terrible deed, the pallid apprehension of some of the spectators, and the resolution of others neither to be surprized or awed while supported by a sense of conscious rectitude and general Philantrophy—Guy Fawkes rushes to the wing and grasps a torch—he hurries towards the powder

magazine—as he is about to ignite the combustible the stage darkens—thunder and lightning—the distant music of an organ is heard, the door of the powder magazine flies open, and the ghost of his first wife appears cover'd with blood—Guy turns pale as death—utters an exclamation of horror—rushes down the plat-form and flies towards the barrel marked “gun-powder”—stage darker—more thunder and lightning—owls—bats—and little balls of fire flit across. Guy applies the torch to the barrel—instead of exploding it changes to a pale cloud of lambent light, in the midst of which are his second wife and five children all covered with blood—Guy is seized with a fit of trembling but at length draws his sword with a convulsive laugh of horror and rushes down the stage towards the king—Alonzo flings off his chains and interposes—short but terrible combat—Guy falls—all the ghosts gather round him, and the whole group sink through a trap door—The scene changes to a view of the coronation of HIS MAJESTY GEORGE THE FOURTH—the characters form a Tableau and the curtain falls.

ROSA MARIA,

STANZAS.

The sudden throbs, the frequent tears,
 • The tumult of the soul,
 • When some bright dream of happier years
 Is shrouded in the storm of fears,
 Ah! who can all controul?

For griefs there are that none may still,
 And thoughts that none may share,
 And incommunicable ill,
 And pangs that silent bosoms thrill,
 Are those we least can bear.

This clouded life is doubly dark
 To him whose path is lone,
 And he whom Hope's far glimmering spark
 Ne'er leads to Faith's unfailing mark
 Is quickly overthrown.

He sees with wild delirious eye,
 And strives with awful dreams;
 He may not mingle sigh with sigh,
 And e'en affection's calm reply,
 An idle mockery seems!

D. L. R.

CASES IN COURT, OR A MONTH OF MISFORTUNES.

BY PYHLWAN SING.

Whoever has seen the Pergunnah of Pookree in the zillah of _____ must know that it possesses beautiful scenery ; the soil is generally fertile and there is abundance of water ; of all the villages in it, that of Busuntpoor, where I reside is the prettiest. Busuntpoor in former times belonged to my ancestors ; but for some reason, which I know not, it was one day put up to public auction by the collector and sold, by which our family were reduced from respectable landed proprietors to paupers. Though this change was sudden and severe to my grandfather, I was born in the situation I now am, and never felt the loss ; for my part, I have with a few exceptions, passed easily enough through life. I have heard the old men of the village tell of the tyranny and oppression of the Mussulman rule, and of the comfort generally enjoyed under the English ; of the former I know nothing and little more of the latter. Our village is luckily situated three days journey from the Magistrates' station, and some ten coss from the thannah, so that of the great men of the earth we see little. I just recollect once the rumoured approach of the district collector to make a settlement in a neighbouring village, and that one of his chupprassies came to the head man of our village to demand provisions ; and that after he went away there was scarcely a kid or a fowl to be procured at any price for a month subsequently. Saving these things, and a few family disturbances, I have lived happy enough, and am esteemed in my own place, as a descendant of those, who once owned the property. It has, however, been decreed by fate, that we must all meet with misfortunes, and one befel me, which certainly for the time being annoyed me exceedingly.

It was one morning in the month of May, I was awakened by the sound of a tomtom, and on rising I beheld a Gosain seated before my door in the usual way ; his long matted hair fell down in greasy clusters on his shoulders, and his coat was formed of every colour under the sun : His face was smeared with white ashes, in his waist was a gourd to hold his alms, with his right hand he beat a small drum, and in his left he held a bunch of peacocks feathers. I was in an ill humour when I arose, for on the preceding evening I had had a quarrel with my neighbour Joomun Khan about a small piece of land of which I had long held

possession, to which however, he had newly laid claim, and threatened to bring me before the Court. Influenced by my ill humour or my bad fate, I spoke roughly to the Gosain, and bid him go away elsewhere, told him that he would get no alms from me; and then going into my house, I shut the door. The Gosain was as persevering as he was importunate, and still continued seated before my house, until at length irritated by the continual drumming he kept up, I again went to him and asked him why he sat Dhurna on me, to which he only replied "O Baba Baba, give something, give some pice for Mahadeo's sake." Highly enraged at the bad success of my remonstrances, I at last threatened to send for the chokedar to remove him by force; on which he muttered several heavy curses and left my doorway, though only to seat himself a short distance off, where he took up his abode in a ruined hut; but his countenance was sour and sinister. A distant relation of mine hearing the altercation between me and the Gosain came out of his house and witnessed my proceedings; he became much alarmed and besought me to consider before I affronted this holy man. I listened to him impatiently, and desired him at length not to run on in this foolish way; why should or how could the Gosain injure me? Telok Sing evidently deemed me mad, and went away; but only to return with some of the elders of the village, who earnestly joined with him in beseeching me to repair the evil I had done. I was loth to make advances to one whom I had treated with contumely, but I was over-persuaded. The Gosain, however, would admit of no compromise; my offer of food, lodging and money for himself and two of his hangers on, who had at this time arrived, were treated with scorn and contempt; in vain I pressed my tenders, they were refused and I myself was pushed away by the Gosain's attendants. This strange pertinacity astonished me, and my friends grew more frightened; they clearly expected that some calamity would happen. Following their advice, I sent for the village Brahmans, feasted them, made offering at Mahadeo's temple, and even released some birds, which had been brought for sale, to expiate my sins, after this I sat down more composedly than before; but the Gosain still remained near my shop, and heeded neither my entreaties nor those of the priests.

Towards the evening, after my friends had left me, and as I was still ruminating on the events of the day, three pilgrims passed my house with baskets on their shoulders; they accosted me, and begged to know if there was a Serai in the village, where they could alight for the night. Determined to retrieve my past charishness, I invited them to take up their abode in my house, to which proposition they willingly and thankfully acceded. They stated themselves to be Nepal pilgrims, who having

performed their Pinda at Gya, were proceeding to Jugger-nath, I procured them water, food, and firewood ; my own mess I got cooked separately, but in the night we had a long conversation on the holiness of Gya and of the other sacred places of worship in that part of the world ; after which we retired to rest, and I felt on the whole pretty well satisfied that I had done all that was proper to recompense my morning conduct to the Gosain. It wanted but about one hour to day-light, in the next morning when I was again aroused by the beating of the Gosain's drum, which most unpleasantly recalled yesterday's transactions ; my ears were soon filled with cries and shouts, and speedily afterwards a croud of men with torches approached my house. I imagined that some band of dacoits had attacked the village ; so calling on my wife I took down my sword and shield, and told her to throw my box of valuables down the well in the court-yard. Before however, I could quit the room, my outer door was burst open and the croud rushed in. I was determined to sell my life dearly as a true Rajpoot should do, my fears were soon to be changed ; a person at my zenana door announced himself to be a government officer and desired me to surrender myself a prisoner, to resist was useless and had I done so, I should have been subject to severe penalties even if not killed in the struggle I therefore came out, and gave myself up to the officer who proved an opium peon. On being led down stairs I was kicked and cuffed well, after this my house was searched from top to bottom, and the ground dug up ; but luckily my wife had found time to ~~secrete~~ the cash, or had it been found it would have been of little consequence to me, whether my house had been invaded by Government officers or dacoits. When I arrived in my court-yard, I found all the people busily engaged in examining the baskets, which my pilgrim guests of the preceding night had brought with them, and which I supposed full of the holy water of the ganges, from these to my great astonishment and trepidation appeared several bags of contraband opium but my guests had departed. I was then taken to the house of the manager of the village to be examined my story found easy credit with my neighbours who knew my character ; but with the opium peon it was far different. He talked of nothing else than fine and imprisonment ; declared he must take me in to the sudder station, and loudly swore I had long been known as an opium smuggler. To go into the station at this moment would have been destruction to me, even had I been sure of acquittal, which was by no means certain, and it was therefore my object to secure my release at any rate, my friends came forward and entered into negotiation with the peon, he was high in his terms, represented the loss of a reward, the risk he run in letting off a criminal, and alluded to the fees he would have received for

allowing me petty comforts on my way to the sudder station; his dignity, he said would not allow him to receive less than two hundred rupees and he bid us remember that if he brought down the Police Thannadar upon us, we should not get off under a much larger sum. After much discussion one hundred and twenty-five rupees was agreed upon; I was compelled to get my cash box out of the well and the money was paid, after taking an oath that I would not inform against the peon. The opium which was captured in my house was sold by the peon to the shopkeepers of the place, and the manager of the village got half the profits. The peon sent in a letter to the collector of the district stating the great pains he had taken to pursue and capture a band of opium smugglers, but that they had escaped. I was released and returned to my house with a sorrowful heart, the Gosain was sitting in his old place, and he glanced singularly at me as I entered, as if surprised to see me back so soon.

Alas my misfortunes were not yet ended, I had scarcely time to receive the congratulations of my friends on the successful way I had got out of one scrape, before I was in a worse. During the course of the next night, the house of one of my neighbours was broken into and robbed of goods to a considerable amount; I had called that evening on my friend, and was certainly the last person in the house that night. Suspicion was likely to fall on me, but my character was too well known in the village. The manager or head man as well as the owner of the house were particularly anxious to conceal this occurrence from the Thannadar or police officer, and they endeavoured to persuade the chowkedar not to give intelligence of it at the Thannah, but the chowkedar had heard that several of the neighbouring watchmen had been severely punished for not reporting similar crimes and refused to be silent; as a great favour, he promised to report that he notwithstanding the burglary, nothing had been stolen, and said that in that case, perhaps the business would pass quietly over. Things were not however to pass thus. The next day brought news that the Thannadar was coming to the village, to enquire into the circumstance of the case, and great was the uproar in consequence. The manager or Gomasta summoned all his subordinates to attend him; requisitions for rice, ghee, firewood, kids, and fowls were made on every person, and carpets and pillows were collected to render every thing agreeable to this great man. It was towards the middle of the day he arrived; a great dust at a distance announced his approach, and he entered the village with a large retinue. He was mounted on a beautiful horse and armed with a brace of pistols and two swords one on each side, he was attended by his jemadar well armed with six burkundazes, besides which he was surrounded

by a posse of village chowkedars collected from all the places he passed through while his Kayt writer (for he himself knew nothing of the Persian) brought up the rear in a Palanquin. The great man passed loftily through the village, nor did he deign to return one of the hundred reverences made to him : haughtily he passed, nor stopped until he arrived at the Gomas-tah's house, where throwing his rein to a Burkundaz he sat himself down in dignity to smoke a pipe, and silently pocketed the rupees or gold mohurs which the head men of the village presented to him. On his writer's arrival, he was despatched into the interior of the village to make enquiries ; the result was, that no stranger being in the place at the time of the Burglary except the Gosain and his followers, they were seized, bound and brought before the Thannadar. The whole of the village people were collected round the house where the Thannadar resided, I amongst the number was not by any means displeased to see his vagabond Gosain captured. I cannot tell what examination was made, or what proceedings were held, but while conversing with some of friends on the subject some Burkundazes rushed out of the house, seized me and bound me, others made directly for my house, and searched it in the same way as had been done by the opium peon. I was then taken into the Thannadar, accused of the burglary, and asked for my defence ; when I was ignorant of what I was accused, I could not answer, but begged to be informed of the cause of suspicion against me. The case was then put in writing ; a person I did not know but whose face I had before seen, came forward to swear, that he had seen me on the night of the burglary lounging about the plaintiff's house ; my neighbour swore that I was in his house certainly but that his suspicions did not lie on me. Other persons, respectable individuals of my own village, swore that on searching my house, an iron spike called Seifd Marree used for boring holes in the walls of houses, was found hid in the thatch. The case was proved and the evidence conclusive to rebut it was impossible, and yet I was an innocent man. While the case was going on, I caught the eye of the Gosain ; it had a particularly malicious expression, and I then thought that in the first witness against me I recognized one of his followers. But any assertion of this was useless, for my own friends were the worst evidence against me. They were not wanting in endeavours to get me free ; but the Thannadar said that he had been reprov'd for his conduct, and had been threatened with dismissal if he did not apprehend the next thief who committed a robbery : the only favour I could obtain was that of not being sent to the sudder station in chains, and good payment ensured me moderately civil treatment from the inferior officers. The next day I was sent off in charge of two police officers to

gether with the prosecutor and witnesses, to the magistrate's office.

During three days I was on my way to the magistrate's station. I cannot say I fared ill; I, the prosecutor and witnesses, except the first, lived together; my guards were social Mussalman Burkundauzes, who slept, ate, and drank and as long as I paid for all, cared not what I did. It would have been easy to escape had I asked it. On my arrival however, the case was widely different; I was then informed that my charge being a desperate one, admitted not of bail being taken. I was in consequence thrust into prison. I had certainly heard much of prisons but no description could well convey an idea of what it really is. The head jailor first made enquiries of myself and the witnesses, as to what description of man I was; they thinking to do me a service reported that I was highly respectable, and in caste a Rajpoot. This was sufficient information; for on asking where I was to rest and cook my dinner, the deputy jailor pointed out a filthy corner near the jail privy, half of which was occupied by a dome, one of the lowest and most degraded class of mankind, who eat all imaginable dirt and beastliness he was to be my companion, I asked if no other place was to be procured, and was answered that there was. I understood the meaning of the reply, paid, and was released from my disgusting vicinity; I was likewise informed, that if my friends would give a consideration I might have a person to assist me in cooking my victuals. The self-termed Judge of the jail too, a sirdar dacoit who had been condemned to imprisonment for life, demanded his fee, and promised to keep me free from insult and theft as long as I remained there; I knew his power and paid his fee. Three weeks I remained; thus often was I pestered and plagued by the moktars or native attorneys offering to undertake my case, and vowing to accomplish my acquittal. "Witnesses" said they "may be had here very easy; you have only to see the head officer of the court, he will let things go off easily and not ask too many questions." I refused these offers however, and chose to take my chance, my case came on in turn, and I was brought into the Magistrate's office.

I had expected to see pomp and grandeur in the court, but there was none. The magistrate sat on a small elevation from the ground, with his head bare, and his officials around him. Two cases were heard before mine, in one of which the prisoner was committed for trial to the superior court, and in one the defendant was sentenced to imprisonment. When my case was called, the first witness was absent, and the magistrate on enquiry found he had not been in attendance for some days. The magistrate was reprehending the nazir for neglect in letting the witness go, when my attention was turned to an uproar in a cor-

ner of the court, where a person whom I recognized as my Gosain, was wishing to enter ; but he was repulsed, on saying he had no business in court but to see the fun.

My case then proceeded ; the magistrate's face grew grave as the fact of finding the Send Marred in my house was detailed ; but struck with the good character given me by the witnesses, he kindly asked me if I had any enemies to whom I could attribute the manufacturing of such a plot. At this time the nazir, who I subsequently understood to be a relation of my village enemy Jooman Khan, whispered to the gentleman, that I was a notorious character, I was a well known opium smuggler. I, however, detailed the little I knew of the Gosain, and his anger against me ; the magistrate pondered over what I said, and at last gave sentence of acquittal, adding, that had the first witness appeared against me he must have committed me for trial ; and that if I had not received so good a character from the prosecutor himself, he would have ordered me to find security for my good behaviour.

In my heart I blessed this worthy magistrate, and after making my respects I was going out of court, when I was again laid hold of by the police people. I was astonished at this, and asked the reason, but they led me into an adjoining apartment and asked for fees. A bustle outside the office attracted my attention and I saw that the court had risen, and that the magistrate was proceeding to his own house. Speedily after, a lesser noise was heard ; the door burst open, and in came the nazir, head officer of the court, and several others ; the nazir felicitated me on my escape, laid it to his own interest and demanded a compliment ; the sheristadar said, that had he not read the papers of my case favorably, or had he laid emphasis on particular words, the magistrate would have taken a different view of it ; the deposition writer claimed great credit for his good will in changing several hard expressions in the evidence, which would have told against me, and the executioner himself said, that he would have laid the rattan on sparingly had I been sentenced to corporal punishment. These harpies, I knew from report, it was useless to resist ; so paying them I rushed from their presence.

It was on my way back to my own house, I was sauntering slowly on the road, when on lifting up my eyes, they fell on the Gosain seated under a tree. I mentally shuddered and turned away. He cried out to me " Baba, Baba, give something for Mahadeo's sake." I involuntarily seized the knot of my garment to find my money, but I recollected that the last anna had been paid to the court officers. I said to him " Oh Maharaj, had I money I swear by my sacred string, I would give it you, but I have none. I am sure that you have been the cause of my mis-

fortunes but I cannot tell how. Pardon, pardon me, and take off the evil genius you have put upon me." The Gosain grinned grimly and said. "Well are you at last convinced? Would it not have been better to have given something for Mahadeo's sake at once?" I bowed the head in silence. "Well" said he "I will take off the evil genius; but it was myself you enraged and I have been the cause of your evils. I knew the pilgrims were opium smugglers and I gave information to the peons by my followers; I committed the burglary, and I caused witness to be borne against you, of your being on the spot; I hid the Send Marree in your thatch, and gave information to the Thannadar. Did I wish to persecute you more, I would have yesterday brought my witness against you, but you have now learnt enough. Go to your home; your neighbour's property has been restored to him, and do you learn for the future not to threaten the servant of Mahadeo." So saying, he lifted his peacock's feathers and pursued his journey. Of his confession I had not any witness, and to apply for redress to the court in such case was useless; so I took my way back to Busantpoor where I ever take care to relieve all Gosains; and since my misfortune have again lived happily.

R.

BALLAD.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

Along the city's crowded streets the cavalcade advances,
 And there are plumes, and baneroles and javelins, and lances;
 How proudly does each warrior give his paving steed the rein,
 The flower of noble knights are there, the chivalry of Spain!

The walls are hung with tapestry, the way is strewn with flowers,
 The balconies and lattices transformed to fairy bowers:
 And there flash forth mid silken curls a thousand starry eyes,
 And there the perfumed air wafts out a thousand rose fraught sighs.

Loud vivas to each patriot's heart in stirring strains appeal,
 And songs of honest triumph rise; and shouts for brave Castille!
 And now with clashing cymbals sound, with trumpets and with drums,
 And laurel garlands showering down—he comes! the hero comes!

The King himself rides close behind in honor of the chief,
 And there is pomp and pageantry exceeding all belief,
 The diadems of christian lands to their rich gems are poor,
 He brings the spoil of Grenada, the treasures of the Moor!

And who are they, the lovely pair who o'er the lattices lean,
Viewing with fond delighted gaze the splendour of the scene,
Each dark eye stealing glances round beneath the snowy lid?
The fairest maids of Arragon! the daughters of the Cid!

Are they not young and beautiful, and raised to high renown,
And would not those chaste brows adorn the proudest monarchs' crown
Oh are they doomed those lovely ones to meet with cold disdain?
And can such callous hearts be found in warm romantic Spain?

The pride of birth dwells on the lip, and swells each towering crest,
And hidden scorn and cold contempt are rankling in each breast.
The youths to whom the king has given these radiant creatures hands
Obey with sullen haughtiness their sovereigns loathed commands.

Oh you may read in those dark looks replete with deadly hate,
In those unwilling courtesies each bride's unhappy fate,
Then never never envy them the splendour of their lot,
More blessed by far they'd be within a peasant's lowly cot.

And oft as marble halls they pace, fond memory will bring,
The blissful hopes of early days in life's enchanting spring;
And some proud burst of minstrelsy shall carry to the ear,
The carol of the goat-herd blythe or merry muleteer.

And strait a scene of rural peace and beauty shall arise,
Cheating with evanescent gleam their dimmed and languid eyes,
The village wreathed with mantling vines, the music of guitars,
The dance by nimble footsteps led beneath the clustering stars.

Oh could they from their golden thrall, their silken chains escape,
How blithely in the vintage field they'd crush the ripened grape,
Content the honest toil to share with honest hearts allied,
And freed from all the cruel taunts, the mockeries of pride.

Oh fleeting is their happiness their hour of joy is brief,
Those sunlit eyes shall soon be filled, with heart-wrung tears of grief.
Yet must they now with throbbing breasts their father's triumph share,
And drink with rapt delighted ears, the shouts that rend the air.

They dream youth's sweet delicious dream, the world is yet untried,
They feel the modest confidence which best becomes a bride,
Oh since their fate we cannot change, in mercy do not show,
The dreary path before them spread, the burthen of their woe.

Let ill betide the christian knights, no christian laws restrain,
Their deeds shall bring a foul disgrace upon the boast of Spain,
These nobles in their birth elate have shamed the meanest Moor
The Cid had better sold as slaves, his daughters to the Moor!

DAY DREAMS. No. II.

THE BEGUM'S TOMB.

E'en such is time, that takes on trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have.—
 And pays us back with age and dust—
 Who, in the cold and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

To one like myself, much given to day-dreaming there is nothing more delightful than to turn aside now and then from the dry dusty road of every-day life, and strike into the bye-paths of humanity. There are beautiful little spots hedged off from the great waste of the world whereon our feelings may dwell and vegetate in delicious obscurity: and, to tell the down-right truth, I was always most sadly given to this truant sort of humour, to the great neglect of my proper business, and the grievance of certain wellwishers, who would thrust their hands down to the very bottom of their pockets, shake their heads knowingly, and prophecy most lamentable things.

I know not how it is but there is a sort of pleasing languor which steals over the mind during the soft fall of a calm, still evening, in unison with the dying scene around us. It is a time when the thousand little bubbling springs of "busy meddling memory" gush out upon the heart and lead it insensibly to contrast the splendour of the past day with the brightness of its own departed manhood. In such a mood and at such an hour was I lying my length at the foot of an old Jack-tree listening to the short quick cry of the jackal hastening down from his mid-day covert towards the Indian's hut for such scanty maintenance as its poverty might afford—hundreds of swifts were screaming and dashing their flight in rapid circles round the neighbouring Sal-trees: the villain kites were slowly gliding towards their roosting places and a solitary Adjutant had taken up his abode for the night on a large cotton-tree near me; while numbers of his fellows were perched on the opposite cantonments and seemed in the distance like a row of goodly figures reared by the decorative chisel of some gunning artisan—the little Barbet with his crimson collar and yellow spectacles was uttering his slowly-monotonous cry of "Kook! Kook!" interrupted at intervals by the harsh coking of the Hurriyal

or the sharp shrill twittering of the little Palm-squirrel. A few clouds, tinged with various degrees of brightness by the rays of the setting sun, floated calmly over my head; while a light breeze gave a graceful play to the airy foliage of the bamboo, and a slight curl to the river. The fisherman had packed up his nets and was wending his way homeward; and some boats, whose sails hung almost idle about the mast, floated gently down with the tide. It was one of those mild sunny evenings which the vivid pencil of Claude could alone have transferred to the canvass. There was nothing of that redundant beauty with which certain ingenious poets have been pleased to load the earth, but a mild and quiet feeling seemed to pervade the scene and dispose the mind rather to slumber than to energy, and while I was listlessly tracing various imaginary shapes on the clouds, a host of scoundrel mosquitoes roused me from my reverie and forced me to pursue my walk.

I had not sauntered very far when I came to a grove of mangoe trees in the midst of which stood a Dome, surrounded by a wall. It was the tomb of a Moslem woman and her child, who were buried in the floor within, and two slightly raised graves, cemented over, pointed out the place where they lay. There was nothing of gaudy ornament about it, but the whole was plain and unadorned as though the sincerity of regret had allowed nothing of laboured grief to escape it. On the outside was an inscription in English, Persian and Hindoostanee. "Deposited here the body of Janie Khanim of Sindela, wife of J. Fullarton, who died in child bed of her tenth infant, 29th January 1786, in the 33d year of her age, and of the infant who lived only a few days after. Her poor solitary associate mourns separation from so precious a spark of sacred purity and excellence." In the inside of the tomb on a black stone, was engraved. "Great Creator! and Deliverer! thanksgiving and praise for all thy dispensations for evermore!" and on a white slab near it was another inscription somewhat similar to the one outside. Like other shrines, it had its pilgrims; for there were various scribblings about the walls, the labour of those whom curiosity or interest had led to visit the tomb. The mourner paid his tribute of sorrow, in the delicate out breathings of an overcharged heart; the lover recorded the cruelties of his mistress or the distresses of separation in villainous, gentlemanly verse, while the wanton hand of ribaldry had not spared the sacred walls of this peaceful asylum. Yet of these little remained; for time and damp had left the amorous poet but a dim shadowing of immortality and nearly effaced the heartless guilt of the cold mockers of the tomb. Formerly numbers of myrtles grew round about the wall but these were no longer to be seen. Like the beings whom they

were destined to commemorate, they had passed away and their place only was known.

On making enquiries concerning this little tomb, I found that few knew any thing more of it than was recorded in the inscription. Their minds were filled with the cares of life, and to them the history of death was an after thought. In a few years perhaps its history with that of its inhabitants will have faded into utter oblivion or be remembered only as a twilight tale fitted to amuse the wayward imagination of some succeeding visionary like myself.

I am not aware that the disposition of my countrymen in the East is averse to the contemplation of death, yet we appear to shut up our places of burial as though we disliked to have its image, like the hand writing on the wall, thrust upon our gaiety. We pass away and our place is no more known, our names once blotted out from the volume of existence are seldom again recalled and the spot of our interment remains unvisited, except perhaps by some solitary mourner whose last ties of affection in this world have been sundered by death. There is something of cold and distressing gloom in all this !—Yet how different is the cemetery of Pere la chaise. There may be seen garlands of flowers suspended by the wife over the grave of her husband ; by the child over that of its parent—affection smoothing away half the terrors of the tomb and throwing a charm even over death—while the sun seems to repose with a melancholy softness on these simple but pure little offerings of the heart. To me also there appears something infinitely pleasing in the Moslem custom of placing the graves of the departed near the highways and byeways of the world ; they afford an every-day lecture on the vanity of life which he who runs may read, and I confess that I should feel gratified at the thought of being placed in some quiet nook where the passing traveller might read my name (perhaps without utter indifference) instead of being shut out after death from all further intercourse with that society in which I have lived and moved and had my being.

In looking at this simple tomb and contrasting it in my mind with those splendid Mausoleums which the pride or affection of mortals have sometimes raised to the memory of departed worth, I could not forbear a reflection on that vanity which leads men to trust their memory to a frail edifice from which the keen tooth of time and the elements will shortly tumble all its proud ornaments, deface its inscriptions and render it a new heap of desolation. Yet this desire of keeping alive our names for a short period longer, seems natural to all, though how few are there who endeavour to leave anything behind them which may speak something more for them than their monument. The walls here

were going rapidly to decay and the bat and the toad were the only living inhabitants within. A few wild flowers scattered here and there, blushing in all the beauty of infant life, the busy hum of the bees in the mango blossoms above, and the distant sound of the Indrau's axe, afforded a sad contrast to the still-life melancholy of this resting-place of the dead.

As I stamped on the floor the reverberation of sound somewhat startled me. It seemed like a voice from the tomb chiding me for disturbing the peaceful sleepers below. There is indeed, an air of solemn quiet about the place, which is highly imposing—the dull uniform silence broken now and then by the ticking of a lizard or the chirp of a cricket gives pause for reflections which all are obliged at times to undergo. Here is no food for vanity. We may bend over the grave of a hero, and our sorrow is somewhat overshadowed and lost in the memory of greatness. We may pause over the ashes of the patriot, the poet, or the philosopher, yet we feel that they hold a diffusive intercourse with the world at large and have not altogether perished. But here! there is no gleam to alleviate the dullness of death. It is the tomb of those humble beings, unknowing and unknown, who pass their lives in quiet seclusion and creep silently into their graves, who leave but few to honor their memory and soon cease to be remembered, or if remembered are perhaps remembered without regret.

Though there is nothing more useless than idle speculation on what might have been the probable fate of mortals different from what it is, yet this is a weakness which I am apt to fall into; so I leaned back against the wall while my imagination called up the infant from its little grave and thrust him out into the world to share the common lot of humanity. I beheld him in all the vigour of early manhood, when the world was yet fresh to his hopes and the buoyancy of his spirits gave a congenial glow to every thing around him. He joined the giddy carousals of the gay and the thoughtless. He never refused the draft of pleasure and little suspected that the acquiescence which he mistook for good-nature was nothing but irresolution. He was profligate rather from thoughtlessness than impiety, and pursued the career of licentiousness till early satiety had somewhat blunted the edge of appetite. For a few short years during the hurried scenes of the world my fancy lost sight of him till he again appeared when the maturity of age had taken from him the vivacity of youth but left him the experience of years. There was a calm and settled gloom upon his brow. His voice had become low and tremulous, and his speech broken here and there as if misfortune had made some deep gaps in his heart which time had not been able to fill up. Yet it was not under the depression of poverty

or the sullenness of disappointed ambition that he laboured. He was in comparative affluence and he looked around for some being to share it with him but found none. Those, who had loved him, had passed into eternity and he felt himself lone as the owl of the desert or the sparrow that sitteth on the house-top, a solitary pilgrim without the aid of a staff to help out the rest of his journey through this vale of tears. Time had inflicted its heaviest heart-aches upon him and he sighed for death—upon which I quietly consigned him to the oblivion whence I had called him; convinced that an early death had saved him from much pain and humbly acquiescing in the dispensations of him “who knoweth what is good for us all.”

In looking on a scene like this, we indulge in a mixture of thoughtfulness and regret, while memory holds the heart a not unwilling captive. A feeling of the softest commiseration steals across the mind in viewing these remains of other days; and in poring over the relics of things that have been, we turn our thoughts involuntarily to some sad gaps in the chain of our own affections and find links wanting which the moths and rust of this world have corrupted, or which have been snapped asunder by the electric shock of death. Yet there is nothing of intense pain in the sentiments which are awakened, the passions, those earthquakes of the heart, become stilled and refined, while there arise feelings so purely etherial that like light sunny clouds they soar far above earth and become as it were a part of heaven.

A few calm moments like these, snatched from the hurrying cares of the world, are worth all the homilies that were ever penned. They are little episodes in the great Drama of life from the perusal of which we become better and wiser nor was it without some portion of regret that I quitted the scene as the evening closed in. It had however made its impression and I returned homeward, my mind teeming with that sort of reflection which is sadly apt to degenerate into verse-making; so that in a short time afterwards I stood fully convicted of the following lines,

Within the grave, where far below,
 The mangoe spreads a broader gloom,
 Mid all the flowers that round it blow,
 In the full East's luxuriant glow,
 There stands a solitary tomb,
 No other sign of death is near,
 But all around is green and gay,
 And every flower that blossoms here,
 Seems sprung to life but yesterday,
 For, here and there, their wildling bloom,
 Sheds fragrant mockery round the tomb,

And the bee woe each flowret, rife,
 With the first breath of infant life,
 While every gale that wantons by,
 Is loaded with their latest sigh,
 Yet thro' this bloom of life it peers,
 A withered thing of other years—
 A faded dream of joy's long fled—
 A scattered memory of the dead—
 cold memorial raised by faith,
 prove its love unchilled in death.

There's something in these scenes of woe,
 That makes each wilder wish depart;
 That gives the soul a sainted glow
 Yet leaves a languor o'er the heart.
 They wind around the heart and hold
 A spirit's Empire o'er the mind,
 Just like those sacred gems of old
 The moslem's bigot faith enshrined.
 Nor all in vain—for oh! the sense
 Of ling'ring virtue still will stay
 Long after her bright influence
 Has melted from the soul away.
 Here while I look upon the scene
 And think how vain my youth has been
 I seem to hear the spirit-tone
 Of innocence which long has flown,
 And feel as though her light were come
 To guide my wayward spirit home.
 If in the eye an unshed tear
 Like hoarded treasure long has slept
 Here, at this place of sorrow, here,
 Unseen, unmocked 'tis sweetly wept.
 If in the heart, a stifled sigh
 The gathered growth of heavy years
 The dark regret for days gone by,
 Still lingers there, too deep for tears,
 If the aspiring, gentle mind
 Hath suffered from the cold world's wrong,
 If sorrow's serpent form hath twined
 Around the aching heart too long,
 Here! here!—in grief's own kindred flow
 May the crushed soul in luxury weep,
 And gazing on the wreck below,
 Half envy such a dreamless sleep.

It is not long that I have been,
 A wanderer in his clime of woe,
 Yet much have felt and much have seen,
 That lights and dims the soul below.

The grave hath closed o'er many a one,
 With whom my dearest thoughts were twined,
 Hope's sun which once so brightly shone,
 Has set nor left a ray behind.
 I've watched them one by one depart,
 Those last faint relics of my heart,
 And cold oblivion's gloomy pall,
 Has cast a deep'ning shade o'er all.
 They've passed as scarce remembered dreams,
 Or like fair Yemen's sunny streams,
 E'er half life's desert paths were crossed,
 In its deep sands they're sunk and lost.

MY GRAVE.

Dig me a grave by the Streamlet's brink
 Where the bending willows weep,
 Where the timid doe descends to drink,
 There let me sleep.

Beneath the graceful drooping boughs
 Where the linnet builds her nest,
 And sings to her mate her tuneful vows
 Be my final rest.

Where the first blush of the morning sun
 His mild soft rays may shed,
 To freshen the grass that grows upon
 My lowly bed.

Be my narrow home in some solitude
 Where no unhallowed footsteps stray,
 Nor the voice of man in accents rude
 Disturb my clay.

No pageantry nor sculptur'd stone
 My tale of life shall tell,
 But the weeping tree by the streamlet lone
 Shall mark my cell.

LORN.

H O O R B U X.

A FRAGMENT.

The beams of the setting sun had nearly disappeared from the palace of Akbar, the powerful and great Emperor of the Musulman city of ———, and from the surrounding country, when Abdulla, starting from his couch of grass, and pillow of stone, rushed from his place of rest, to pursue his deep seated purposes of revenge. Clothed in a simple vestment of finely spun muslin, and armed with a dagger on the right side of his thigh, and a scimitar on his left, he again bowed his head to the east and swore with oaths most terrific, that he would sooner or later take the life of him who had rendered his own wretched.

His foe Rawnjawn Khawn might had he lived in other days, have enjoyed the favour of the illustrious *Mahmud the wise*, a king whose sayings fell little short of those delivered at Delphos; a Prince, to whose court no sage had ever been known to have been denied admittance, at the foot of whose throne learning and wisdom seemed as it were to have affixed themselves, and thence to have scattered their enlightening beams throughout the world. Rawnjawn, now in his twenty-sixth year, was like the celebrated Mahmud, the wise, a proverb for wisdom, and to all around it seemed surpassingly surprising, that a youth over whose head twenty-six summers had scarce shed their light, should possess so vast and comprehensive a mind—so great and ample a store of learning, so stupendous and deep a mine of wisdom, and withal should have been gifted with such exquisite beauty both of form and face, it being an acknowledged fact, but chiefly by those who are themselves deformed, that great genius usually disdains the habitancy of an elegant exterior.

In the palace of the successor of Mahmud the wise, now the seat of Akbar the powerful, there resided as a companion to his princess, the lovely *Hqorbux*. Rawnjawn Khawn was continually about court, and to the keen eye of Abdulla, the real cause of his visits was quickly manifest. It was no matter of wonderment that such a discovery should have been made by him; for he had himself for twice two years felt the wound of love within his heart, till it had festered into an incurable disease. Frequent were the interviews that used to be held between Rawnjawn and the lovely Hoorbux, when all nature had retired to rest, and the frequency of these nocturnal interviews might have continued till the day of the consummation of their love had not the

the spirit of revenge crossed the path of this hapless pair. The soft and crimson hues that used to overspread the fair, yet rosy countenance of Hoorbux, when her eye met that of her adoring lover, whenever he approached her, the tremulous and half inarticulate speech that falteringly broke from her coral lips when any one addressed the object of her love, were all daggers to Abdulla's soul; and though he had long pursued this "flower of the earth" with his affection, and had been doomed to live without a return from her who seemed to him dearer than life, he found it impossible to obliterate her image from his soul.

Day followed day and brought to Abdulla only an increase of sorrow; and every curtaining in of the shades of evening, only strengthened his hate towards the ill-fated, the wise, the good, the handsome Rawmjawn. One night, and "that returning *was night*, the stain, the curse of each succeeding year," the sultriness of the weather caused the princess and Rawmjawn to visit a pavilion in the garden of the palace, the orange and cinnamon trees, filled the air with rich perfumes: and Hoorbux and Rawmjawn had taken advantage of the opportunity to enter into the latter, there to renew their vows of long cherished affection. The suspicious jealousy of Abdulla led him to the spot; and brandishing his scimitar and bowing again to the east, he vowed internally, he would be revenged on the lovers, if he found them in the garden. He crept down among some of the thick bushes and there overheard the fond yet to him maddening exchanges of impassioned kisses, and re-assurances of love. At length he heard Rawmjawn sing to his beloved Hoorbux the following

SONG.

" They say that other eyes are bright
I see no eyes like *thine*,^{*}
So full of Heaven's serenest light,
Like midnight stars they shine.

" They say that other cheeks are fair
But fairer cannot glow
The rosebud in the morning air,
Or blood on mountain snow.

" The wealth of worlds were vain to give
My sinless heart to buy;
Oh! I will bless thee while I live
And love thee till I die."^{*}

* Not original. N. U.

As the last line was on the lips of Rawmjawn, Abdulla rushed forward, but in attempting to strike his enemy, he unhappily missed his aim, and plunged his scimitar into the fair and lovely bosom of Hoorbux ! Instantly recovering, for he had, meanwhile received a wound on the left arm from Rawmjawn, which at the time affected him only in a very slight degree,—he rushed on his foe, with the furious malignity of a demon, and by one stroke laid him low—the scimitar having pierced his victim's heart. Rawmjawn, turning his eye on his beloved, gave one deep sigh, and “for ever grew still.” Abdulla had no sooner slain his foe, than a voice as if issuing from the very bushes he had just left, seemed in accents of thunder to break upon his ear. The sounds of “*wretch ! what hast thou done ?*” fell awfully on his soul. He turned himself round, and saw an old man tottering under the weight of years, feebly approaching him.

Hoorbux having retired soon after the first outbreak of Abdulla's fury, he had no anxiety now but that of removing from the spot in order to escape the just hand of the law—and his revenge having been satisfied, he left the garden in company with the old man ;—the old man burst into tears. Alas ! said he, your birth has been a mystery, I have long been excluded from the world—you have never known your parents—I *am thy Father*—and thou hast slain—*thy brother !*

* * *

NOMINIS UMBRA.

RISING OF A NORTH-WESTER.

———The sun has chang'd its hue !
 And that bright blazing orb of living fire,
 On which erewhile the eye might not have fixed
 Its aching gaze, hath suddenly become,
 Sickly and beamless ; and a lurid glare,
 Shadows the aspect of the western sky.
 The air begins to stir in fitful gusts,
 And nature overpressed, seems rousing her,
 To work some desperate deed for her relief.
 Huge clouds arise in dense battalia,
 And sweep athwart the gloomy face of heaven.

* * * * *



TO AN EAST INDIAN LADY.

Bringing an only daughter to England for Education.

BY SANDFORD ARNOT.

Fair daughter of a sunny clime
From o'er the ocean's savage roar,
Still blooming in thy summer prime
Welcome to our northern shore.

O mildly blow its wintry blast,
And softly fall the frozen shower,
Around our gentle Indian guest
Who ne'er before has felt their power.

Friend of my bosom's bosom friend!
Tho' here thou meet'st not hearts so kind
As greet thee in thy native land
So loved for all thou left'st behind.

Yet some who saw those happier hours
When bright arose thy nuptial morn
And love had strewn thy path with flowers:
They will not leave thee here forlorn.

Mother of beauty! Yon rich East
Doth not contain so bright a gem,
As that which now adorns thy breast
Like rose bud on the parent stem.

Though fated for a while to part
May He who rules o'er time and space
Restore her to a mother's heart
Restore her to a sire's embrace.

When time has changed each infant grace
To lovely woman's perfect charms
There may be all the mother trace
Who clasps her in affection's arms.

Thus guarded by the Almighty hand
Amid the tempest and the storm,
May she revisit her native land
In mind as lovely as in form.

Then farewell daughter of the East
 And farewell fortune's early dream,
 My voice is mute, my song has ceased
 On mighty Gunga's sacred stream.

When years have fled and tears are shed
 O'er many a friend, and friendship's urn,
 My heart will wander to the land
 To which I may no more return.

London, 1828.

TO A—— S—— Esq.

Ten years and more—ten years and more,
 Have glided swiftly by,
 Since first upon our native shore
 We twined the social tie,
 And little thought at fate's command
 To meet upon this distant land.

Ten years and more—ten years and more !—
 A cloud is on my heart !
 For like the knell of pleasures o'er
 When, Life's best dreams depart,
 These words from drear Oblivion's pall
 Dim throngs of shrouded hopes recall.

Ten years and more—ten years and more !
 These breathings of the past—
 These murmurs on Time's twilight shore,
 Far heard o'er memory's waste,
 Arrest awhile the dreaming ear
 Like sounds that home-sick wanderers hear.

Ten years and more—ten years and more !
 With sad reverted gaze
 I mark the long road travelled o'er
 In anguish and amaze !
 How many a fearful path was crossed !
 How many a dear companion lost !

Ten years and more—ten years and more,
 Have all been overcast ;
 And yet 'tis idle to deplore
 The darkness of the past ;
 'Twere better that my soul should hail
 The stars that pierce the future's veil.

Calcutta, March, 1830.

D. L. R.

A LAY JOCUND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Albeit you will find the under-given Stanzas decidedly irregular as touching the metre; yet will you, *per contra*, fall in with, as you go on, a considerable quantity of pathos in the version, and a *vast deal* of information in the notes;—where Lord Porchester was pleased to put all that *he* had, worth mentioning, in his poem of the “Moor.” If your Printer will only stand my friend in the business, and your readers will sweetly take for granted, not only that all faults are his, but that I, the Author, am not capable of committing *any*, I think the article may be contrived to be thrust down the gentle subscriber’s throat, without any other mischief accruing than a temporary (and, in warm weather, a not disagreeable) inflammation of the fauces and epiglottis.

Your Printer does not amiss, as far as I am concerned; but there is a fiend employed by the Bengal Hurkaru, who caused me to say *set* instead of *sit*, in my last effusion (taken from your No. 1.) and made me rhyme *part* and *last* together, in a manner not at all my wont, and in breach of the canons appertaining to criticism. You will find that those readers who regularly pay their subscriptions (may they live a thousand years!) will be much better satisfied with a correct impression of their quantum of “letter press,” than one in which the gaunt compositor has had it all *his own way*, like a spoiled child introduced at dinner time; and that but small allowance will be made by even the non-payers (may *they* live till they *do* pay!) for the bare possibility of all your contributors not writing so clear and clerkly a hand as I do. Let, therefore, the needful be done verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim—of all things *punctuatim*, for I have known, in my time, a *dash* of a yard long put in for a hyphen (tiniest of lines!) and many other disasters of the type, too numerous to be detailed, excepting in catalogues. Another thing is that you will find the jovial souls who *don't* pay, will be complaining, presently, of your not giving them quite pp.* enough, (let one of your imps explain that, in a note, to the uninitiated) for the net sum of four roopees; wherefore it might be prudent to stop *their* mouths with the “Births, Deaths, and Marriages,” as even the most incurious have a strange fancy for beholding, *en masse* the names of those fellow creatures who have been “let in” during the month, for any of those ever-coming-to-pass occurrences.

Adieu, for the present.

Feb. 15th, 1830.

R. A. M^cN.

* Pages. Printer’s Devil.

A SORT OF A LAY JOCUND, ON MY RETURN TO INDIA.

BY CAPTAIN McNAGHTEN.

Hail! once again, thou realm of sun,
 And the burning western gale!
 Once more (my term of furlough done)
 NURSE of CALORIC, hail!
 I'm still upon thy sudorous coast,
 With warmest welcome greeted,
 And by two years of British frost
 In no degree unheated.

But far from me be discontent—
 From me, who hate to shiver—
 When, ere I left thee, I had spent
 (Nor lost an inch of liver)
 Some twelve "hot winds," and soaking "rains,"
 Where the "prickly heat" so itches;
 And never felt a fever's pains,
 Nor rheumatism's twitches.

With purse and heart in lightsomeness
 As like as any *two* peas
 I left the land of sixpences,
 And steer'd for that of roo-pees,
 (Lucus a non lucendo) where
 The extra *Sub** derided,
 Is told he sumptuously may fare
 On batta sub-divided†.

And thus I sang, as we unfurl'd
 The sails, and weigh'd the anchor,
 My *vale* to the western world,—
 Mid countenances blanker
 Than mine (which was not blank at all)
 And midst the Mates' deep curses,
 And middies' squeak, and Boatswain's bawl—
 In these affecting verses.

*As some of my allusions may require elucidation, for the benefit of the mere English peruser, I shall convey him the needful through the medium of notes. An extra, or supernumerary Sub is a Lieutenant or Ensign, who, all at once appearing *de trop* in the eyes of his ruler, has been civilly requested to "stand at ease," and to abstain from perplexing himself about promotion for the present. He is, in fact, a pensive specimen of an Indian luxury.

† Half Batta,—every one knows what that means.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

Farewell, old England ! once again
 I quit thy curious clime ;
 But not to soothe a lover's pain,
 Call I my muse to rhyme.
 From lover's pain, and patriot's qualm,
 My candid breast is free ;
 And, sooth to say, requires no balm,
 At parting thus from thee.

I love thee, too, as well as most
 Of thy haranguing crew ;
 And when I change thy fog-veil'd coast
 For skies of gentle blue,
 Though no salt tears my eyes may blind,
 I'll leave, when I depart,
 A thousand louder tongues behind—
 But not one truer heart.

I'll leave the patriot Whig to rave, •
 The patriot Rad to roar ;
 The first will thee from ruin save,
 The last—*can* do no more !
 While men like Bentham, Dan, and Shiel,
 Protect thine ancient glories,
 My exil'd heart at ease may feel,—
 So, devil take the Tories !

But people must have *some* regret,
 When thus they're forc'd to roam !—
 Well, I have not been inside yet
 Saint Paul's capacious dome ;
 I've been " in town " a year, and more,
 And yet I never went
 To hear the beasts at cross's roar,
 Nor climb the monument !

I have not heard the bells of bow,
 Though once, I ~~not~~ told, they rang *
 Nor thought it worth my while to go
 And learn to spar and slang.
 No two legg'd " lion " have I seen
 And only one of four,
 And yet in London town I've been
 A year, and something more !

* These bells ring, like any thing, on the installation of a certain Bishop, (I forget whether he of London, or not) and blessed is the ear of the Cockney which then heareth them.

I have not heard the Rayners sing
 (Four switzers and their sister)
 Nor seen Brocard's bewitching fling,
 (I'm sorry now I miss'd her)
 I never went to Crockford's Hell,
 Where there's the devil to pay;
 Nor cut what could be call'd a swell,
 On four half crowns a day.

Mine ears have not heard Mister Brougham,
 In Law Court, or Saint Stephens;
 Nor tax-repelling Joseph Hume
 Declaim against a grievance.
 Canning I've neither heard nor seen
 (And now my chance is over)
 Nor have I in the steamer been
 Betwixt Boulogne and Dover.

The King and I have never met,
 I know not one has bleu;
 I scarce can tell by sight, as yet,
 The Prince of Waterloo.
 A hundred things I've left undone,
 A hundred things unseen;
 And yet in England's rain and sun
 A year, and more, I've been!

I've not yet walk'd beneath the Thames,
 And only once above it:
 The diadem has had new gems,
 Since Blood tried to remove it;
 But I have not, upon my soul,
 Its radiance been to see;
 For half'a crown, to view the whole,
 Was far too much for me.

No!—I have not seen half the sights,
 Nor half the great "characters;"—
 Saint Giles's clock's transparent lights,
 And several famous actors.
 I have not tasted Wright's Champaign,
 Nor been a prize fight backing;
 And, lo! I've tried to shine, in vain,
 My boots with Wargen's blacking.

Farewell, Old England! D. I. O.
 The year brings round the crisis;
 I've seen the last of frost and snow,
 And ice—but not of ices.

No twilight parts the day and night,
 In you far eastern clime ;
 And Fahrenheit is far-in-height,
 Three fourths of all the time.

In England—dear !—I had forgot !—
 I never have been robb'd !
 My watch, though oft un-watch'd was not,
 By any means un-fobb'd.
 Nay, even at the horticultural show,
 I had not my pockets pick'd ;—
 Unless the guinea I paid to go.
 Means that, in language strict !

I am sailing away—ah ! woe is me !
 Without viewing the cameleopard ;
 Or having gone over the Tweed, to see,
 James Hogg the Ettrick shepherd.
 I refused a ticket to Almack's once,,
 And miss'd a Saint George's marriage ;
 And politely declin'd Mr. Burst-all's chance,
 Of being blown up in his carriage*.

Had I gone after half what I *might* have seen,
 (As to cash—could I better disperse it) I,
 Might have view'd, for a bone-us, the man so leant†,
 And the Gower Street University.
 As a “Nursery of Letters” I hope this last,
 Will take care—poor H. V. and W !—
 As you've been so abus'd by the Cocknies past,
 That the Cocknies to come sha'nt trouble you.

But why these omissions enumerate now,
 When I've *had* such an opportunity ;
 Ere I enter'd a ship which had turn'd her prow,
 From Deal to the Indian community !
 I go, as freely as bloweth the wind,
 Which drives me from thy coast ;
 Nor cast *one* lingering look behind,
 Or *only* one—at the most.

* Mr. B.'s Steam Carriage did partially explode (in virtue of his ominous surname) during one of its early trials. No doubt the name is calculated to act as a deterrent upon the minds of those who are curious in prognosticks !

† The living Skeleton, poor devil ! He must have been literally virtuous, and even forcibly so, considering how impossible it would have been for him to have “sinned in the flesh.”

A cosmopolite I—'tis in truth all one,
 Where I chance to stick up my spoon ;
 I broil with content in a Bengal sun,
 And rejoice in an English June.
 I affect not the *maladie du pays*, I pwn,
 Nor in choosing a *clime* am rigid ;
 But quietly melt in the torrid zone,
 Or bluely congeal in the frigid.

So my native land, good night !—or if,
 You would rather, I'll say good morning !
 I am happy to tell you the breeze is stiff,
 And the pilot has given us warning.
 I go !—with a heart too light to swell,
 I sail !—with a tearless eye !—
 Land of Umbrellas, Fare thee well ;
 Land of caught colds,* good bye !

'Twas thus, old India ! that I bade,
 Thy Mistress Realm adieu ;
 And again in sight of thy banian shade,
 I carol a greeting to you.
 Clime ! where the baboo, fat and fair,
 The skin which contains him oileth ;
 Where no longer, from opium, love, or despair,
 The Sutte in her own soot broileth†.

* Really one would think that the people at home, in nine cases out of ten, blew their respective noses, for no other purpose than to have it to say " I have caught a cold," or " I wonder *where* I caught this cold," or " dear me ! what a cold I have caught !" It is the eternal phrase, and I look upon the Londoners in particular to be a sneezing nation. The simplest remedy I ever heard of for the afflictive disease was given by a waggish friend of mine in the following laconicism. " I have caught a cold," said the hoarse man, " what had I best do with it ? " " *Let it go, again,*" was the very satisfactory reply.

† I have not yet by any means made up my mind as to whether I shall praise or blame Lord William for the abolition of the vidual slaughter here brought upon the carpet, on the authority of whim, and Oddity Hood ; for if I ever turn liberal (and what for no ? as Peel and Rhilpotts have done before me !) I shall be extremely disposed to look upon it as a tyrannical infringement of the liberty of the subject. He might have gained his point in a more comprehensive, philosophic, and liberal manner, by putting a prohibition—a sort of tariff—on the raw material ; that is to say, by promulgating an ordinance against Hindoo marriages themselves, and thus effectually putting an end to the supply of widows for the funeral consumption. Nothing like striking at the root of an evil ; but as to the pre-calculating petitions of those sleek and uxorious Tagores and Dutts who still retain a lingering affection for the old *dustoor*, I should not, and were the Governor General, either in or out of Council, be disposed to pay much serious attention to them ; unless they were either countersigned by the wives, or enlarged by a clause on the principle of the same sauce being good for the gander and the goose, providing for widowers also being served up, as garnish on similar occasions.

Where the Palaced house stands, check by jowl,
 With the hut, from the dunghill plaster'd ;
 (The China vase by the crockery bowl !)
 And the many by the few are master'd.
 Where the females straddle their legs divine,
 As they ride, before their cruppers* :—
 Land of the und-canted wine !
 And the beef and mutton suppers† ;

Our heaps of midnight meat to see,
 The turkies, hams, and geese ;
 The saddle, sirloin, round,—oh, me !
 And the luke-warm gravy grease :
 Suppers like these, could they but view,
 In such a perspiring land,
 (As the Duke exclaim'd at Waterloo)
 “ What *would* they say in England !”

But yet *I* love thee passing well,
 Though I laugh at thy ball-room food ;
 And, pleased, on thy breakfast charms I dwell,
 And avouch that thy dinners are good :—
 Were good, at least, till the *batta* prun'd,
 By a hand most sternly impartial,
 Inflicted a deep and a cureless wound
 On the pride of the dinner-martial !

I feel no harm in thy noonday sun,
 • And I often enough have tried it,
 When a beefsteak plac'd on an iron gun—
 The glow of the gun had fried it !

* Let it not be told in Gath (nor indeed, in any civilized country) that this hemistic alludes to *white* legs. Nevertheless I am inclined to believe that the best riding manner adopted by the indogenous female of the East, upon equestrian occasions, is by no means the worst plan of the two, scientifically speaking. *Au reste* I have not delineated them as riding “ *before* their cruppers,” from an idea that they ever rode *behind* them, as the pillioned houris of the west are in the habits of doing (*atra cura post equitem* ! as some mysogymist observed) but simply because there was a great moral necessity for procuring a proper rhyme to “ *suppers*,” and if any one can do it better—why let him.

† Rather a striking appearance our black and many shaped bottles have gliding round the table, some clad in white, and some in red inexpressibles. Others again in party colored raiment, all dripping wet for frigorific purposes ; and giving rise to little amicable colloquies in this vein :—*Gentlemen*,—“ allow me the honor of taking wine with you, Miss ! *Lady*,—“ with much pleasure—I'll take beer.”

As to the more victually portions of an Indian cenatory repast on ball nights ;—it really is an interesting sight to behold three hundred, or “ by y're lady twenty score,” arraying themselves around the slaughtered hecatomb, about the noon of day and setting seriously to work at a hot supper which is ponderous enough to make a tenantry dinner (Ox and all) on occasion of some brisk minor, ceasing to “ pant for twenty-one.” How Gunter of Bond Street ! how Jarrin !!! how Monsieur Ude !!! would petrify on seeing it !

I have travell'd thy plains and jungles through,
 When the mercury hath not been low'r,
 (It shows what a good thick skull can do)
 Than a hundred and twenty-four.

And I cannot say that I felt any worse,
 Then why should I damn the clime,
 Which it seems so greatly the fashion to curse,
 Without either reason or rhyme ?
 And I think it would be just as well for some,
 If the non-contents were sicker,
 That promotion, which *now* is rather hum-drum,
 Might *then* be the least bit quicker !

I "swear not at all" at the Mussulman race,
 Nor thrash the defenceless Hindoo,
 As *griffs**—a hot headed, puerile race,—
 When they first their career begin do.
 If I find myself cheated a little or so,
 I pocket the loss with patience,
 For rascals ten times huger, I know,
 Are in much more civilized nations.

I do not for ever repine, because,
 There is much I am here without :—
 No Milford oysters open their jaws,
 And there's no very good brown stout !
 I have no post chaise,—I have no hotel,—
 I have no R. A.'s chef d'œuvres ;—
 And I've quitted the sweets of L. E. L.
 For Torrens's dry manœuvres !

For vernal breezes, my brow to bless,
 I have blasts from the desert borders ;
 For new Scotch Novels, all wet from the press,
 I have (Papæ !) the General Orders.
 I see *amateurs*, stead of Kemble and Kean,
 And (enough one's senses to pester)
 A huge man-woman, where my eyes *have* seen,
 Thy adorable clay, Miss Chester !

* *Griffs*.—I cannot help the ignorance of a reader to any elucidation of this word. It means a new comer—a freshman ;—and while *no* one is taken to be out of his "griffinage," until the expiration of twelve calendar months from the day of his arrival in Calcutta, there be *some* who continue in it all their lives. Those be the happy few who never grow any wiser, and who are as easily *griff'd* after twenty-two years service, as on the day of their landing. A griffiness, now is a remarkably interesting creature ; and to see her, on the first few mornings of her stay in India, at the beauteous age of seventeen (having just passed the bread-and-butter cycle) with her damask cheek all blotched and bitten by the envied musquito ; one of her cruel eyes swollen up like a German puff ; and her lily neck prickly heated, as if her Ayah had been sticking pins into it all night ; is really a very desirable enjoyment for the epicure in female loveliness. I always liked a pretty griffiness, and mean to do so for the time to come.

For Pasta's tone, I've a nautch girl's squall,
 And for parliamentary speaking,
 The *toto cælo* of the large town hall,
 When the liberal brains are leaking.
 In place of the west end show rooms gay,
 I've the purgers' omnium gatherum ;
 A Buggy instead of a cabriolet,
 And my chops have no Truefitt to lather'em.

No question that these privations are sad,
 And a great deal more I could mention ;
 But to balance what's *not* with what is to be had,
 Was, is, and shall be my intention.
 And strongly I urge the bland reader to take,
 Example from e'en such as I am ;—
 Whatever turns up, still the most let him make,
 And have, for his rule—CARPE DIEM.

TALE OF A CASTLE. •

In the fertile and pleasant county of ——— and not many miles from its Cathedral city, is situated the castle of ——— one of those gothic remnants which still exist in all their pristine strength and rudeness of architecture, and which as succeeding generations of men have crumbled away still stand forth in vigorous old age as objects alike of veneration and dread. Near this Castle is a mansion of the Elizabethan school which by its fantastic peaks and turrets offers a curious contrast to the solidity and simplicity of the castle itself. Nor is the contrast lessened when the spectator descends from the house to the terraces in front of it, along which the passion-flower and jasmine and creeping rose have in latter days been carefully trained, while below them are to be seen large gardens and conservatories, with a well trimmed and well levelled bowling green.

In the valley below the river winds on his way to meet the ocean, and in the distance the venerable spires of the Cathedral gratify and sooth the eye ; nor can they fail to awaken ten thousand associations to him who is mindful of his country's annals, and who has not forgotten the rash act by which an English Sovereign avenged himself on the pride of an intriguing churchman. Nor is the deep and melancholy tone, of the Cathedral Bell wholly without its effect on the imagination, as in the witching time of night, when the animated world has sunk to rest it pours its music on the breeze, and re-choing through the deserted apartments of the castle, conjures up forms of Ladyes faire, and

gallant knights who in other times have revelled beneath its walls in all the pride of beauty and dignity of strength.

But many long years have now elapsed since aught save the bat or the owl have inhabited the castle. The mansion adjoining it is now inhabited by the owner of the castle and domains while the venerable structure itself is deserted and neglected. There it stands precisely as it may have stood some 800 years ago, save that the ivy which has overgrown it, now covers the latticed windows from which the fair nymphs of those days listened to the serenades of knights, or that the ramparts and buttresses from which the stout man at arms directed his cross bow are now the hiding places of the dove and the pigeon.

At the end of the Park which surrounds the castle is a spacious Heronry and often hath my fancy as the Herons glided through the air, reverted to the good old times when the stout knight and his buxom bride, the squire and the page, the falconer and his train sallied forth in joyous procession to try the courage and training of their Jer-Falcons, their Sacres and Lanners, or the stately bird, who now, alas ! for modern improvements ! pursues undisturbed his vocation of fishing unless interrupted by some brother votary of the "Gentle science." But enough of this description : should you, reader, be desirous of seeing the spot I have attempted to describe, and if you are but fair and sentimental most happily will I conduct thee to it ; for I you must know am one of those unhappy mortals who possessed of more sensibility than sense are destined to be the sport of a world of visitors.

The origin of this my peculiar temperament may in a great measure be ascribed to the scenes amid which my "careless childhood strayed," in the abovementioned castle and mansion, and where I did not fail to imbibe deeply the dreams of superstition which the castle and its traditionary tales are calculated to excite. It was of course haunted : the western tower was said to have been the scene of some dismal tragedy and some of the more credulous of its visitors have imagined they could trace on its oaken floor the never fading spots of human blood. My credulity had fully assured me of the reality of this fancy, and it was on this account that I used to select the haunted tower as my favourite retreat, where I would sit watching the bright orb of day as it descended to the western waves, and then as the pale moon lit up the heavenly vault, my time of bliss and reverie commenced—till my brain became as complete a chaos as that described by Milton.

The most ardent wish which then occupied my mind was to discover in the tower in question some clue to the tale of blood which was still confusedly whispered among the inhabitants of the place. It was asserted that in olden times a young and beautiful bride had been murdered by her husband who in his

turn had fallen by the hand of his half-brother, the lover of his wife—but what had been the fate of the brother, tradition had left wholly untold.

Fortune at length befriended me in my researches. As I was one day running a tilt with an old lance against the walls of the tower I struck upon a stone which appeared to move—another blow, and the fastening gave way and disclosed to my enchanted eyes a flight of steps which I immediately descended and which led me to a small square apartment—empty as I imagined of all save dust and cobwebs—On further search however I discovered a small oaken box firmly secured with iron clasps and but little affected by the lapse of years. At first I must own an indistinct notion of its containing treasure or jewels flitted across they mind but on raising it from the ground its lightness convinced me there could be little in it but paper and I accordingly conveyed it upstairs where with considerable labour I forced it open and found—imagine my delight—a parchment scroll, inscribed. “The narrative of H. de Warren—Lord of the castle of A. D. 1676.” It was with some difficulty and trouble that I at last deciphered the precious document, as the ink was faded and the hand crabbed. It appeared to have been written by the hand of him whose career it narrated; in some parts the letters were well and regularly formed but in others the agitation of the writer had communicated itself to his Pen; and the blots of ink and of tears (such at least I supposed them to be) were frequent. It commenced as follows—

“Whoever thou art that hast penetrated the retreat in which is deposited the narrative of my guilt and suffering, whether thou hast as yet been uncontaminated by the passions which mastered me or whether thou too hast owned their sway—attend to the warning which my history will convey—attend and shun my example.

I was born in this castle of an honourable name and race in the year of our Lord 1620. Calamity early beset me, for my mother who was my father’s second wife expired in giving birth to me, and to this want of a fostering hand to guide and restrain my impetuous temper do I chiefly attribute the subsequent misfortunes of my life.

My Father indeed who was the owner of the Castle and of the domain attached to it, ever treated me with the greatest affection, but his was not the spirit which could obtain a mastery over mine, or fathom the treachery which lay concealed in the bosom of his elder son! His son! what feelings the name even now kindles within me. Yes! he had another son and that son was doomed to be the curse of my existence the demon of my fate. In years he was considerably my superior but as the

world said, and as my accursed vanity believed, inferior in personal appearance and mental qualities. But to pass over the years of Boy-hood and to proceed to the events which influenced so entirely my future life I shall content myself with relating that in the year 1640 the good old knight my Father was gathered to his ancestors and his son and heir of the age of thirty succeeded to the title and estates. I too continued to reside here and though our pursuits and habits were widely different, our time passed smoothly enough. Whilst he was mostly occupied in sports of the field, it was my greatest pleasure to wander by myself though the domain attached to this Castle, conjuring up fantasies and visions of olden times and revelling in what he affected to despise—the pleasures of the Imagination. Contiguous to this Castle was the mansion of another knight, of equally honourable family with ours, but whose estate was embarrassed by a course of reckless extravagance and hospitality. He had passed much of his youth in foreign countries, and had married when in Italy a fair Italian, who possessed all the beauty of that Land of Poetry and Heroism and whose passions were of that ardent nature which the inhabitants of this northern region can neither feel nor appreciate. But the knight and his consort have long since sunk to the Tomb, and little do I heed their memories. I think not of *them* as I wander through the deserted apartments of this Castle, for what are they to me! No! there is another name which dwells upon my soul, another form which flits across my mind! It is the form of Thyrsa, of their only child, of my first and only love! of her who gied the victim of our guilty passion, of her—(and can I write the word) who was the wife of my brother! I attempt not to pourtray what were her charms, or what her mental beauties! They are engraved indelibly on my heart—they have entered deeply into my soul!

I shall pass over in a few words the history of my love for her. Was it unpardonable that in the bloom of youth and ardour of passion I should become enamoured of a being chaste and beautiful as the angels of light, and who requited my passion by a love pure as earthly love can be? The time at length arrived when it became necessary for me to proceed to College, in order to undergo the usual course of study preparatory to my entering the profession of the law. I well recollect even now the forebodings which crossed my mind as I bade adieu for the first time, to Thyrsa. There was a mutual dread of some impending evil which depressed our spirits and rendered our parting doubly distressing. But days passed and months rolled on. I was recovering my tranquillity of mind and daily looking for tidings of Thyrsa. They never came—my letters, numerous and

passionate as they were, continued unanswered, till as I was one day doubting and conjecturing what might to the cause of her silence, I received a short and too civil letter from my brother, inviting me to be present at his approaching nuptials with—Thyrza. Farther than this I read not—a dimness appeared to obscure my eyesight. My frame trembled with an agony which I thought would be its last. I saw not—spoke not—felt not—nor did I shed a *tear*. From that moment a passion sprung up within me to which I had hitherto been a stranger. I felt my whole moral composition changed within me. There was a constant knawing at my heart which suffered me to rest neither by night, nor by day. It was the passion of revenge, and I felt there was no peace for me until it should be gratified.

I returned a polite answer to my brother's *affectionate* letter, hoped he would excuse my absence from his nuptials, and concluded by wishing him every happiness with *his* Thyrza. I must own my hand would with difficulty write that word, but it was written, and I remember smiling in bitterness of soul at the expression. Some months after I again visited this castle. The interviews I had with her convinced me of her innocence and my brother's treachery, he had palmed upon her tales of my faithlessness and want of principle; he had intercepted letters and had in my name returned answers which shocked her virtue and delicacy and which none but he could have invented, and had at length persuaded her parents to force her to marry him. I staid not long in that mansion but my revenge was ample. It is now many years since my heart has ceased to respond to the notes of affection, since my worldly habits have preponderated over my noble feelings, but my nerves even now tremble, my heart even now beats with a quicker motion when I think of my last interview with Thyrza. The head which reclined on my shoulder—the eye, which moist with tears was expressive of all that was noble and affectionate,—the hair which loosened from its clasp waved in long and graceful tresses down her neck—the hand which locked in mine communicated its warmth to my inmost soul—these—and the words of affection issuing from her wounded spirit were the attractions I then was a witness to—and which are now buried in the silent tomb. Some weeks after that parting the remains of Thyrza were consigned to the vault of this castle. From a note I found here written in her hand I learnt she had taken the resolution of destroying herself rather than submit to the embraces of the man she abhorred, and her mangled remains which were found in the castle yard too plainly bore evidence to the manner of her death.

It is now upwards of twenty years since the events occurred which I am relating, and since that I have been engaged in the busy paths of life and many and various are the scenes I

have witnessed but these events are still fresh in my memory as if I was relating a tale of yesterday—as if she still existed—as if I still loved.

But he, the curse of my existence, the fiend whose withering countenance even now harrows up my soul, must he not be expiating in another world the crimes he committed in this? I sometimes in my dreams re-act the Tragedy which ended in his death: I fancy myself once more engaged in mortal combat with him. I see even now the deep wound with which my trusty weapon pierced his breast. I see and enjoy the agonies depicted on his grim and ghastly countenance, and as I wake to the consciousness that this is not all a dream, but that it is the workings of my soul depicting scenes which *have* happened I shudder at the recollection of woes occasioned by my passions, and I weep—not for him but for Thyrza.

I am now under an assumed name Lord of this castle, which I have purchased, for after the death of Thyrza and of *him*, I embarked the whole of my fortune in merchandize and quitted the land of my fathers. I became rich in the riches of the world but these only increased my poverty of enjoyment. I have journeyed through almost all the countries of the west, nor has the eastern world been unvisited by me: I have seen those regions of pomp and superstition where the religion of Mahomed flourishes: I have stood by the walls of Constantinople and have listened to the roaring of the black waves; I have become acquainted with the wandering tribes of Arabia and have bartered my merchandize with the wild inhabitants of the desert, but what were they to me? I have visited the land of Gods and Men, of Poetry and Passion.—Italy, but beautiful as it is and well as it deserves the encomiums bestowed on it, I saw not in it any other excellence than that Thyrza derived her origin from it. She, alone occupied my thoughts, she alone ruled in my imagination—and now at the age of forty when the generality of men are in the vigor of life as I drag my exhausted frame along the corridors of this castle I fancy the name of Thyrza is wafted to me on the wings of every wind, I appear to hold converse with her as of old, and as of old she smiles upon me!

Those who have never loved, and I have heard and read that such have existed, those who have never felt the influence of this passion, its doubts, its hopes, its fears, they perchance may look upon me as a weak and fanciful mortal. Let them do so, let them boast of their firmness and stoicism. I envy them not: but those who have known what it is to link their soul with that of some fair daughter of earth, who have cherished that ardent and absorbing affection which is in itself sufficient and more than sufficient for existence, those, who have in secret nursed an

ardent flame, who have by slow and dubious steps advanced from the uncertainty of doubt and hope, and become assured that the one dear object smiles on them; those who have arrived at this stage of happiness and then, when the cup was about to be presented to them, overflowing with the nectar of enjoyment, have seen it suddenly dashed to the earth by some fatal and malicious power; those who have thus lived and suffered, will pass a lighter judgment on my failings and will perhaps not withhold a tear to my memory!

* * * * *

Thus much I could decypher of the scroll, the rest was perfectly illegible, and as I laid it down I confess I in some measure assented to the appeal conveyed in the last sentence, emanating as it evidently did from a "mind diseased" and ill at peace with itself.

MODERN SHAKSPEARES.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

It is impossible to witness without indignation the mutilated Editions of Shakspeare that are published in foreign countries. Those pieces which have been, what is called, dramatised for the modern English stage, have in the opinion of the best judges been deteriorated in proportion to the departure from the text of Shakspeare. But *our* theatrical adapters are delicate and timid compared with the emendators of the continent. The following Notice of the "Lieferung" of Macbeth; Edited by Meyer, and published at Gotha by Henning, in 1824, is taken from the *Literatur-Blatt* of 3d May, 1825; and the present translation both of critic and Editor is almost literal.

"Franz Horn has made the unlooked for discovery that the king's murder in Macbeth, which we have been in the habit of attributing to the seductive splendor of a Crown, is to be traced to the *violent love which exists between Macbeth and his lady*: that in reality, the latter incites him to the deed from the love she bears her lord, and the lord executes it out of love to his lady: Thus—She soliloquizes:

"Methinks I see thee in imperial splendor
 "Already on thy brow a dazzling diadem
 "And a whole country subject to thy nod!
 "How beautiful thou art! And I thy wife
 "Am queen'd by thee and crowned by thy love!
 "Oh were the prize but near! e'en tho' it were
 "With mountains and with chasms girded round,
 "No depth too deep no hill too high for me,
 "My pride and love would fill and level both!

"Again her soliloquy on being informed of the king's arrival:

" Ah Fate ! I understand thy distant wink
 " And the dark riddle is resolv'd in blood !
 " The king draws near ! The raven's self is hoarse
 " That croaks th' intelligence of his approach !
 " He comes to me ! How near the prize doth lie !
 " But dreadful still, the charm that doth divide us !
 " How dreadful ! and thou lovest ! Macbeth's wife
 " Trembles to pluck what her high wish's grasp---
 " The golden fruit that fate itself presents ?

. Be it so---I seize it---I dare the leap--
 " Macbeth leaps too—Though more from love to me
 " Than from ambition of that " golden round"—
 " In him Love is the fountain of his pride
 " In me is pride the fountain of my love—
 " And when our love and pride together play
 " Where is the dam that can obstruct their way—
 " My project ripens—bold and giant like
 " It stands before my soul in flame ! &c. &c. &c.

" Our readers know that when Macbeth is told that Macduff
 " has been brought into the world by the Cesarean operation, he
 " is momentarily subdued, but desperation supplants his courage
 " and he attacks Macduff, who drives him from the stage and
 " returns with his head to Malcolm. Shakspeare may *perhaps*
 " have preferred this method, in order to make it appear proba-
 " ble, or possible, that the tyrant has not fallen like a hero, but
 " has been executed like a criminal. This finale, however, is too
 " like the act of a prosing municipal justice to be tolerated by an
 " emendator of such tact as Mr. Meyer. As Macbeth has be-
 " come a regicide merely out of affection to his wife, he is allow-
 " ed, as a matter of justice, to perish like a warrior, who, in dying,
 " not only takes ample revenge on his opponent, but enjoys the
 " full compliment of military honors : for as soon as his last curse
 " is expended, a triumphal procession appears on the stage, the
 " banners of the army are solemnly spread over the two bodies,
 " and the piece, concludes with the *appropriate anthem of God*
 " *save the King!*

Macbeth and Macduff fighting.

Macb. " Hold—I have of thee upon my shoulder
 " Enough of blood,—Begone ! seek for thy sword
 " Amongst my followers, food, fork now, my body
 " Is to all womanborn, impenetrable !
 Macd. " Then tyrant thou hast found in me a birth
 " To break thy spell. I was not woman born
 " But ripp'd untimely from my mother's womb !
 Macb. " Cursed be Hell—and Earth and Heaven !
 " Hold Macbeth ! hold !

" (*Macduff stops—with upraised sword and shield, he la-*
 " *bors for utterance in vain—rage and despair deny him words—*
 " *at last his feelings find vent in a horrid laugh of defiance—*
 " *He attacks Macduff.)*

" Now Macduff—now is the time !

" Onward to Hell !

" (*Macduff receives the blow on his shield, and the blade of Macbeth breaks from the hilt*)

Macb. " (*bellowing*) Ha, My sword too !

" (*Throwing the handle at Macduff's head*)

" May it crush thee !

" *Macduff (passing his sword through the defenceless Macbeth.)*

" Begun to Satan !

" *Macbeth (draws in this moment a concealed dagger—falls, but collecting his remaining strength, rushes on Macduff, and pierces him through the neck, with the exclamation :*

" Come with me !

" (*The warriors fall struggling and roll upon the ground in each other's grasp. In the same moment is heard a shout of exultation from the castle and volumes of smoke and flame issue from the surrendered Dunsinane :*)

" (*Macbeth turning his face towards his burning castle, and raising his cleaved right hand—bellows :*)

" Cursed—Cursed—Cursed—

" And dies !"

I think the above specimen is a chef-d'œuvre of depraved taste. Does this poor German deserve English resentment?—No—in preferring his own text to Shakspear's, " the crime carries the punishment along with it."

T. M.

HIDDEN JOYS.

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem,
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy, of silence or of sound ;
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.
The very meanest things are made supreme
With innate ecstasy.* No grain of sand
But moves a bright and million-peopled land,
And bath its Edens and its Eves, I deem.
For Love, though blind himself, a curious eye
Hath lent me, to behold the hearts of things,
And touched mine ear with power. Thus far or nigh,
Minute or mighty, fixed or free with wings,
Delight from many a nameless covert sly
Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar sings.

S. L. B.

THE ISLE OF NARCONDAM*

The cloud-capt Isle of Narcondam !
 It rears its summit steep
 A thousand feet above the waves,
 Which round its wild shores sweep.

A thousand feet above the sea,
 In solitude sublime ;—
 So hath it stood, so shall it stand
 Until the end of time !

No human foot hath ever trod
 That wilderness so lone,
 But here the Eagle monarch dwells
 Of an undivided throne.

Ages that shake a world, lone Isle !
 Change not thy rocky brow ;
 Thou wer't a thousand years ago,
 The same that thou art now.

Silence amid thy forests hoar,
 Silence within thy caves ;
 Save for the whisperings of the breeze,
 The murmur of the waves.

For ever stand thy parapets,
 Impregnable and dread,
 Nor Earthquakes raze thy battlements
 Though thunders scar thy head.

Fast anchor'd on thy dome of rocks
 Time hath no dates for thee,
 For ever and for ever thus,
 Type of eternity !

The same vast ocean at thy feet,
 In silence or in storms ;
 The clouds aye settling round thy head,
 Of a thousand hues and forms.

Nor life, nor time, nor space beside—
 Thou only say'st " I am " !—
 Such in its solitude and pride,
 Is the peak of Narcondam !

CAPEL SOUTH.

* The Isle of Narcondam stands in the Bay of Bengal, a lofty and inaccessible rock covered with the densest jungle.

THE BEAR AND THE BASHAW,

IMITATED

From a French Vaudeville.

ENTITLED

D'OURS A LE PACHA.

CHARACTERS.

TURKS.

SHAHABAHAMALIQUE.—*The Bashaw. A credulous old fool—rather good natured for a Bashaw, excessively ignorant—dying of ennui and eternally in search of amusement.*

MOOSTAPHA.—*Another fool—his adviser.*

ROXOLANA.—*A captive lately received into the Bashaw's Seraglio and the reigning favourite.*

ZULEMA.—*Her Confidante.*

EUROPEANS.

MR. BRONZE.—*Ci devant Manager of the West Peckham Company of Comedians—now a merchant.*

MR. MARK ANTONY GUBBINS.—*His companion and partner, formerly apprentice to a Tallow Chandler, but latterly principal serious hero and poet to the West Peckham Company.*

THE BEAR AND THE BASHAW.

SCENE 1st.—*A court yard in Shahabahamalique's Seraglio—with a gilded railing at the extremity—a building to the left over the door of which is written "Apartments of the Women," on the right a stone wall, about the middle of which is a gilded grating projecting a little way from the wall, but joined to it—over the grating is written Menagerie. A flower tree is trained up close by the Menagerie as if against the wall,—near the front on the right, side of the stage is the musnud of the Bashaw.*

At the rising of the CURTAIN, ROXOLANA, ZULEMA and other Sultanas enter hastily from different wings.

All.—Well, what news—what news?

Zul.—How has he passed the night?

Rox.—Did the Gruel and Eau de Cologne do him any good?

A Sultana.—Oh, they should have given him the beef-steak soaked in turpentine!

Zul.—Alas, my soul trembles!

All.—Alas! Alas!

Rox.—The last Bulletin announced that he was better.

Zul.—But that abhorred Doctor will spoil all—he insisted that they should give him three little dogs and a bushel of carrots to eat.

A Sultana.—And he too in that weak state !

Zul.—It is not at all satisfactory.

Rox.—Do they guess who would succeed him ?

Zul.—Oh madam ! that can be but of little consequence to *you*, you ought to be less apprehensive than any one on account of his loss, if the angel of death *should* release him. For every one knows the rank you hold in the heart of the Bashaw, and if you would only relent—the death of a thousand—

Rox.—Hush—hush—know you not that it is impossible, think you I can forget that I am a wife. Though my husband *was* jealous and *did* persuade me to accompany a lady to Malta, in which voyage we were picked up by the Corsair who sold me, sold *me* to the Bashaw—I cannot forget him—alas my poor !

Enter MOOSTAPHA.

Heavens what brings Moostapha here—looking as scared too as he did the night I boxed his ears, and put an ounce of pepper in the Bashaw's Sherbet.

Moost.—(*In great affliction*)—Madam—Ladies—'tis done—earth was unworthy of him—'tis all over—he died with the composure of an undertaker—Oh those three accursed little dogs and the bushel of carrots—'tis all over.

Rox.—Ah ! then he is no more.

Moost.—Madam you have said it—the Arctic Bear belongs to History—he did—mind Ladies—I say *did* exist.

Zul.—The poor dear dear Bear.

Moost.—Yes Madam, we shall never see him more.

(*All Weep.*)

Moost.—The warmest friend, the best nut-cracker—what an irreparable loss for me and the menagerie ! The Black Barbary Ape will certainly commit Felo de se, and the Rhinoceros is already in despair—nevertheless—I speak it in confidence Ladies, the dear deceased had not quite all the amiable qualities to which he pretended.

Rox.—What Moostapha !—you who always loved and praised him so much ?

Moost.—Loved him—of course I loved him, it was the Bashaw's orders that every body should love him like a brother, and, when His Highness was by, I hope that I made no invidious distinction between them. But the Arctic Bear had whims, he had whims—some very inconvenient—and an infinite number of them—I, who was specially attached to his person, have often suffered by them.

Zul.—You Moostapha—how pray?

Moost.—Why he once gave me such a tender embrace that I lost my appetite for a fortnight—and another time he rubbed all the skin off my face in an amicable salute with his muzzle—indeed I could say much more on this subject only I have the most profound respect for departed greatness. But Oh, Ladies, the most terrible matter is how to break this dreadful event to the Bashaw. My Lord Shahabahamalique is at present in happy ignorance of the fatal affair—and though the best natured Bashaw in the world, the Prophet alone knows how a man commanding the heads, gullets, and noses of all the faithful in these regions might take the death of his favourite.

Zul.—Besides he would have nothing to do.

Moost.—He might take to decapitation and the bowstring, merely to dispel his ennui.

Rox.—Heavens, he might even take to making love!

All.—Horrible!!!

Moost.—Well Ladies, ours is a common cause—I confide this melancholy case to your discretion.

Rox.—We cannot conceal it from him long.

Moost.—True, but if he hears of this cursed, I mean amiable animal's death before he has some novelty to distract his attention it is all over with some dozen or a score of us.

Enter A SERVANT.

Serv.—Mr. Moostapha, two English Merchants are at the gate, they pretend that you have promised them an audience this morning.

Moost.—Merchants—the beard of the Prophet be blest—the very thing—they have all kinds of knick-knacks and curiosities for sale, and we may pick up something, praised be the Jack-ass of Hourah Al Rasched.—Let them in—let them in Ali—in a fortunate hour have they come—ladies to your apartments,—those inestimable merchants! you shall see them by and by, but first let me speak to them—come—in—in.

All enter the Seraglio.

Enter BRONZE and GUBBINS.

Bronze.—Come in Gubbins, come in, can't you—you fool, we are near the women's apartments, are you afraid they will eat you.

Gubbins.—No—why—why should I be afraid, but these here Turks makes nothing of pallsadoing one if they fancy one a little too handsome, and looking about the walls of their seraglio. You recollect what Othello did, that's all. Besides I never sees a woman without thinking of my poor wife, you recollect the lines I wrote when she left me to go on board of ship—"Dear Duck."

THE BEAR AND THE BASHAW.

Bronze.—Oh! perfectly, you called her the sage and onions of your existence, and the stuffing of your life. But my dear Gubbins sink the Poet, and the principle serious Hero of the West Peckham Company in the more dignified character of the merchant.

Gub.—Sink!—confound them, they sunk me.

Bronze.—Oh—Psha!

Gub.—Yes, they did though—I had two and twenty shillings a week and a pound of dips when I was foreman to old Suet the Tallow Chandler—but you told me that my pen, and not my candles ought to illuminate mankind.

Bronze.—Well you had, you know, been wonderfully successful in the Footman's Magazine and contributed three sonnets to the Ladies Maid's Weekly Recreation.

Gub.—And so you proposed to me to take a third share in the West Peckham Theatre, where I was to write the new tragedies—post the bills, and do principle serious.

Bronze.—It was a rise above your former situation, quite inestimable.

Gub.—Inestimable!—quite!—My share of the first night's performance was one and four pence, and the third of a pound of tripe that a butcher's boy had pledged for a ticket at the Box Door.

Bronze.—Why talk of such trifles.

Gub.—Oh trifling enough as you say, and I shouldn't have minded only that on the strength of being a great actor and a great author, I married my poor dear lost wife—as I said.

“As Hymen bright the nuptial fillet bound.

“The blue morn laugh'd, and spread a sound around.

“While”—

Bronze.—Yes—that's all very true, I remember the verses, but we have now left the Boards for the exchange.

Gub.—Yes and a pretty exchange we have made of it, quite at par, though, for we had nothing then and we have nothing now—they can't accuse us of doing any thing for the lucre of gain however.

Bronze.—Have nothing now!—Have I not tried a thousand times to convince you that a great speculator in the present day is only *encumbered* by property, who would try to swim a river with a hundred weight of gold about his neck, the guinea sinks, the bubble floats, the only metal *we* want is brass, and of that I think my Dear Gubby we have a sufficient capital—why Sir, simple as I stand here I was the head, or, what is the same thing, the tail of two joint stock companies. One for governing the East Indies by Steam at a saving of a million per mensem—and another for the purpose of bringing ready made tea from China by an under sea tunnel. It was to have been distributed hot and hot

throughout Great Britain by means of fountains, and people would only have had to put milk and sugar to their liking.

Gub.—Well my dear *Bronze*—I rely upon your superior genius—for as I said.

“Genius is mighty, like a clap of thunder,

“It makes a noise and then the people wonder.”

And indeed I don't know any thing else we *have* to rely upon.

Bronze.—The returns from the Calcutta market.

Gub.—Yes, we sent out seventy-two pair of skaites.

Bronze.—Well, and is there not a man gone out on purpose to make ice, could any thing be more fortunate?

Gub.—But then the venture we brought with us.

Bronze.—Sixty dozen of Spruce Beer.

Gub.—It all went off—pop.

Bronze.—Twenty pounds of long moulds.

Gub.—They have all melted

Bronze.—A dozen of Cheshire cheeses.

Gub.—The rats have eaten it all.

Bronze.—Three casks of Pale Ale.

Gub.—It's all gone sour.

Bronze.—Oh well Mr. Gubbins—if you go on in that way, I wish I had left you to come and seek for your wife by yourself.

Gub.—Now don't you be huffish, *Bronze*. You know it was half your fault that I sent her away, because you would always play Romeo when she play'd Juliet—I couldn't bear it when I myself was principal serious youth—and then poor thing she was taken by one of those piratical villains as I described in my sonnet.

“They shoot with Bomb and Pistol, Drum and Gun I

“Do believe, and think it all quite funny.”

• Lord knows what has become of her, but don't be congrumpherous—you know how I admire your genius.

Bronze.—Yes, but to have one's mercantile skill doubted by one's partner, to be supposed incapable of carrying on business without a capital—besides Gubby—hadn't we a beautiful black Bengal Bear?

Gub.—Aye, but he's dead.

Bronze.—So much the better. It saved us the trouble of killing him for his skin, but never mind what else we have, I have talents and industry, and you have impudence—with such a stock we cannot fail.

Gub.—I, impudence?—I assure you there never *was* a more bashful man—as I once said of myself.

" He has a face where modesty has put on,
 " A ruddy glow like gravy of roast mutton,
 " And as he blushes, his two ears and nose is,
 " Compared by many folks, to full blown roses."

Bronze.—But notwithstanding all that, you know you always put yourself forward on all occasions—(*aside*) I must persuade him that he is a volunteer or he'll run restive.

Gub.—I'm sure Bronze I do no such thing, for as I said in my little poem upon a sucking pig.

Bronze.—Exactly so—but didn't you volunteer to speak the prologue the first night of the opening of the West Peckham?

Gub.—Oh Bronze—Bronze—I believe you sent me to do it that the boys in the Pit might pelt away all the rotten apples and oranges before *you* came on—I remember I wrote the prologue myself. It began "For your applause," but I had got no further than "For your appl."—When a golden pippin came slap into my mouth and there I stood gaping like a roasted pig with a lemon between his teeth.

Bronze.—Ha! Ha! Ha! but you really *are* very venturesome.

Gub.—That is to say you put me forward on all occasions—and I begin to have almost enough of it. If there is any danger to run or blow to receive—any body to be kicked—it always falls to my share—whereas the articles of our partnership say that we are to share and share alike—we have had nothing else yet to divide and I really wish you would take your portion. I assure you I never was greedy—so pray don't stand upon any ceremony, the next knocks and kicks that are going claim half without scruple—I shant be in the least offended I assure you.

Bronze.—All will go right my dear Gubby, if we can only do something here in the way of trade.

Gub.—Yes but I tell you we have nothing to trade with.

Bronze.—Now that's no matter in the world, every thing must have a beginning—oh, if we had only the man who can sit upon air—or a mermaid—or an ice-berg, or any other little curiosity to present to the Bashaw.

Gub.—Yes, but as you know we hav'n't got them what's the use.

Bronze.—Hav'n't got them blockhead—I suppose you'd say that to the Bashaw. A precious opinion he would have of us truly, but if you do by the immortal Ben Jonson I'll never see you more. I'll leave you here by yourself.

Gub.—Oh Bronze don't—don't talk so. If I was left here by myself I should die of fright at my own shadow like the celebrated Narcissus.

Bronze.—I will by Comus.

Gub.—Dont, pray dont—I'll do whatever you tell me.

Bronze.—Well then mind—the firm of Bronze, Gubbins, and Co. can supply every thing.

Gub.—Every thing?

Bronze.—Yes—from a ship of the line to a paper of pins, from a whale to a tooth pick, and from a magazine of gunpowder to a penny worth of brown sugar.

Gub.—A whale—oh Bronze—he'll never swallow the whale!

Bronze.—Hush—you fool—they are coming say just as I do—obey me—and be ready to take advantage of any favourable opportunity.

Enter MOOSTAPHA.

[*Speaking without perceiving BRONZE and GUBBINS.*]

Moost.—I have done all I can to suppress the fatal intelligence till we get something new to divert the Bashaw's thoughts, and thanks to the Prophet he suspects nothing—I left him occupied, blowing through a tobacco pipe at some little red fishes in a glass jug, and so he is fix'd for at least an hour—now if I could only think of something else to amuse him, Oh! (*seeing Bronze and Gubbins*) there are the European Merchants.

Gub.—Yes, merchants without merchandize.

Bronze.—Will you hold your tongue you suicide—(*to Moostapha*) Sir we are your humble servants Bronze, Gubbins & Co. have you any commands in our way.

Gub.—What way is that?—Oh Bronze!

Bronze.—We have every rarity, curiosity and utility that His Highness the Bashaw or their Highnesses the Mrs. Bashaws can possibly require.

Moost.—(*Aside*) How fortunate!

Gub.—(*Aside*) Now Bronze pray dont go on so.

Bronze.—Yes Sir—our travelling assortment is pretty large; amongst other things we have a pair of slippers that belonged to Julius Cæsar—Prester John's pipe and tobacco box. A young mammoth—the eldest Brother of the Great American Sea Serpent—and above all the celebrated Black Bear from Bengal in the East Indies.

Gub.—Oh! what tarrididlers (*Aside.*)

• *Moost.*—I am the luckiest of men—my dear friends, you are the very people I wanted. The Bashaw condescends to labour under an affliction and we wish to divert his melancholy. Any little amusement, any thing curious, any thing to take a prominent part in a sort of Fete would be highly acceptable.

Bronze.—Sir, account yourself lucky that Bronze, Gubbins and Co. have arrived in these parts—for a Fete, my partner is the very man—allow me to present my friend to you—he eats fire.

Gub.—(*Trying to stop him*) I am blow'd if I do!

Bronze.—Swallows spits.

Gub.—Never swallowed a spit in my life.

Bronze.—Masticates glass bottles and paving stones, and above all dances like an Angel on the tight rope.

Gub.—(*Aside*) Oh la—you know I dont.

Bronze.—(*Aside*) you do you rascal you do, its only taking a pole in your hand with a bit of lead at each end, and then you may be quite confident.

Gub.—Yes, that I shall break my neck.

Moost.—That is not exactly what I meant; the Bashaw hates to see people exert themselves, it gives him trouble, he likes that sort of amusement that makes one sleep.

Bronze.—Ah—great dinner parties for instance, or young ladies playing on the Piano Forte.

Moost.—Not exactly. but quiet sagacious animals, who spell words, and pick out cards with their noses, he doats in short on wise beasts—and he had a white arctic Bear who was the jewel of his eye, and the nutmeg of his affections.

Gub.—A Bear?—Oh, we had such a beautiful Bear!

Moost.—What does your partner say?

Bronze.—He says that we *have* such a beautiful Bear.

Gub.—I'm sure now I—

Bronze.—Oh you don't want to part with him, eh!—but come come Gubbins—he is, I acknowledge, the existing wonder of the world, but then for the general good of the concern we must sacrifice our private affections—*Gubbins* is so fond of him Sir—(*Aside*) say so you rascal, say so.

Gub.—Oh, yes very fond of him—(*Aside.*) Who do you mean?

Bronze.—He is as his own child to him.

Gub.—Yes, he's my own child, to him (*aside.*) Who the devil do you mean Bronze?

Bronze.—In short Sir with all reverence to the Bashaw and yourself—there is not such another Bear in the world.

Moost.—Can it be possible? What have you really a Bear like ours?

Bronze.—To a hair precisely the same kind of creature except that having resided in a warm climate, he is not quite so fair as your Bear.

Moost.—Oh blackish!

Bronze.—A Brunette—but what is colour? Talent is every thing, and I give you my honor that ours is the most accomplished Bear in the world. He has been the admiration of all the Courts he has visited. The Emperor of Russia gave him a diamond Snuff Box, and the Pope created him a Cardinal.

Gub.—Oh Crimini!!!

Bronze.—There was a talk of a Baronetcy while in England and he actually received the freedom of the Furrier's Company.

Moost.—This is admirable, I am the most fortunate of sinners. His manners you say—

Bronze.—Are bland as new milk, and sweet as syrup of violets in fact they received their last polish in Calcutta, where condensation is as plentiful as claret, pride of place as uncommon as good potatoes, and the British character is only less amiable and admired for its softness and suavity—than my Bears.

Moost.—Exquisite—and his accomplishments?

Bronze.—Are secondary to his sterling merits, nevertheless he dances like an angel, is an excellent mathematician, and plays upon the violincello divinely.

Moost.—Is it possible?

Bronze.—Yes true upon my veracity. He has had lessons too from Velluti and sung a duett or two with Sontag, but a natural modesty interferes with his singing in general society. The only time he attempted in public was when he play'd at the Chowringhee Theatre for the benefit of Bears, when I assure you all the young gentlemen in Calcutta attended.

Moost.—I am a mad man—the very thing.—My dear, dear friends, I prophecy, I foresee for you and for your Bear, a most brilliant destiny,—what if the Bashaw should appoint him Prime Minister.

Gub.—What?—Who Prime Minister?

Moost.—Your Bear.

Gub.—My Bear?

Bronze.—Yes our Bear.

Gub.—Our Bear—Why you know that our bear—

Moost.—Is the very animal I want and will have—your partner (to Bronze) may dance very well on the tight rope, but he is rather tiresome in conversation.

Bronze.—Gubbins leave the matter to me.

Gub.—Well this beats every thing—I'll go and write a Sonnet upon it.

Moost.—Your fortune is made Mr. Merchant. Yours and mine, can your bear catch fish?

Bronze.—Catch fish!—he is first cousin to a man at Madras who could stay under water seventy-two hours at a stretch without drawing breath.

Moost.—The Bashaw will lose his senses, he likes fish of all things—my friend your fortune is made.

Bronze.—(To Gubbins) do you hear our fortune is made. Tell me Mr. Moostapha is the Bashaw a kind man?

Moost.—Oh so mild and docile that it would quite astonish

you, but he can't bear to be kept waiting, so make haste to bring your Bear to Shahabahamaliq.

Bronze.—That's the Bashaw?

Moost.—Yes he gives a fete to day to his favourite Sultana who is an English woman, and as you and your Bear are English it will give him pleasure to see his countrymen—let me see we will begin with a dance on the tight rope.

Gub.—If I am the only one to dance I'll just trouble you, for as I said in my Sonnet.

“The man is all the same as god as dead

“Who breaks his neck or knocks off his poor head.”

Bronze.—You see how his self-love is wounded; he's jealous (to *Moostapha*) of the Bear.

Moost.—Ah I see—then he shall swallow spits, and eat paving stones, but we'll arrange all that by and by. I must away to the Bashaw, who pray remember always gets in the humour to cut off heads if kept waiting.

Exit.

Gub.—My excellent friend *Bronze* permit me to propose one question to you, pray how do you find yourself?

Bronze.—Why pretty well thank you *Gubbins* how do you do?

Gub.—I merely wished to know in the way of simple information whether you have not by chance lost your senses.

Bronze.—Why, have you found them *Gubby*.

Gub.—No—but to go for to tell the Bashaw about a Bear that can dance and play, and do the rule of three, and all manner of mathematical, why where in the versal world will you find such an animal, except you send for the learned pig.

Bronze.—Why now can't you guess.

Gub.—No, I can't upon my soul.

Bronze.—You can't!

Gub.—I can't!

Bronze.—My friend—*You* are the fortunate youth,

Gub.—Me!

Bronze.—Yes the good of the concern requires it.

Gub.—What make a beast of me.

Bronze.—But such a beast—you ought to feel flattered by the character I drew—a perfect Bear. The *Apollo Belvidere* of the *Ursine* race.

Gub.—Yes, but—

Bronze.—Now don't mar our fortune, I tell you that you must be *Bruin*.

Gub.—I am sure I wish that I was brewing, or baking, or even making mould sires, before I got myself into such a scrape as this—but as I said in my lines on a bottle of *opedildoc*,

The man who roams abroad for to descry
What he can see—had biter mind: his eye.

Bronze.—Why now don't you recollect we had a Bear.

Gub.—Yes, but he died of a chromatic disorder, and now we have only his skin.

Bronze.—Well, I will put you in to it.

Gub.—The devil you will!

Bronze.—I will.

Gub.—I *knew* how it would be.—It will end in my first being made to dance upon hot plates, and then being cut up into Westphalia hams. Its always the way.

Bronze.—But my dear friend—let me intreat you not to mar so promising a scheme—you are exactly his height—your manners are alike—you dance and play to perfection on the violin-cello—what would you have more—the character was made for you.

Gub.—Aye you said the same of Macbeth, but I'll be hang'd if I play *this* part.

Bronze.—But consider our fortune—you may be made chancellor of the Exchequer?

Gub.—I despise fortune, far as I said in my ode to Mr. Sheriff Parkins,

“What is money but yellow and white metal,
“With which our washerwoman's bills we settle.”

What for a little paltry dross would you make a brute of a philosopher, and a man of letters?

Bronze.—My dear Gubbins, the three characters are quite compatible, you will be a second Doctor Johnson, so come now.

Gub.—I'll tell you what it is Bronze. If I do I'll be—(*ROXOLANA sings behind the scene.*) My dear Bronze do you hear that. Do you know the voice?—hush! (*she sings again*) by the Miller and his men, 'tis she, 'tis she!

Bronze.—She! Who?

Gub.—Have you forgot her sweet voice? Didn't she draw great houses at the West Peckham singing “Cherry ripe,” its my wife—My dear partner give me joy.

Bronze.—My dear Fellow—nothing could possibly delight me more.

Gub.—Yes here is where the pirates have brought her—I only hope—but she said she would die before she would love another, and I guess from her singing that she is by no means dead—but how to get to her.

Bronze.—There is only one way.

Gub.—What is that.

Bronze.—Make yourself a Bear.

Gub.—There now, if I didn't think that would be it.

Bronze.—It is the only way for you to get near her and make yourself known.

Gub.—But bless me—for one so remarkably handsome to disfigure himself so before his chickabiddy is contrary to all reason—why she'll be frightened out of her wits.

Bronze.—No such thing—I'll give her a hint that you are by no means so great a brute as you appear, come, come, we have no time to loose.

Gub.—Well Bronze, you are a man of great genius, and if you really think—

Bronze.—Phsa! It is only plodders who think—Poets, Lovers, are all impulse and instinct like opera dancers.

Gub.—You say true. My dear Friend do with me as you like for as I observed in my lines to a bundle of Asparagus.

When love points out, as is his duty
The way to succour weeping beauty,
We scorn the furies and the fates
And don't care for five barr'd gates.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the BASHAW, MOOSTAPHA, 'ROXALANA, ZULEMA, SULTANAS, COURTIERS, GUARDS, SLAVES, &c. Shahabamalique sits down on the musnud,—Roxolana sits beside him—a slave brings the Bashaw's pipe.

Bash.—Well now we are here to amuse ourselves, let us lose no time. I can't bear to be kept waiting—amuse yourselves my friends, and pray make haste, for I declare to you whoever is not amused I shall order his nose and both his ears to be taken off immediately, so be gay—be gay—(*yawns.*)

Moost.—(*Making a low Salam*)—Concentration of the lustre of the heavenly bodies, brilliant intelligence of the earth (*Bashaw yawns*) deign to accept the homage with which I throw myself at your sublime feet, permit me to kiss the dust off your resplendant shoes, that is to say boots (*kisses the Bashaw's foot.*)

Bash.—Kiss my Friend and welcome; kiss the other if you find it do you good (*holds up the other foot.*)

Moost.—Thanks to your Highness's graciousness.

Bash.—But be gay, be mirthful, it is the order of the day and exceedingly amusing (*yawns*) did you not promise me that we should have here some curious animal.

Moost.—Yes my Lord, a Bear from the celebrated city of Calcutta where he was born and bred, he is an honor to that great capital. Here comes his conductor, I have the honor to present him to your Highness (*presents Bronze*) hush! the lips of wisdom are about to shed the honey of understanding.

Bash.—Leader of Bears,—you're welcome my boy.

Rox.—(*Aside*) Heavens, can I believe my eyes, can it be! it is Bronze my poor husband's friend!—who moreover played Romeo to my Juliet very pleasantly.

Moost.—Mr. Bearman, you may speak.

Bronze.—Yes, my incomparable Bear was born and bred in the eminent city of Calcutta, he has all the virtues and manners for which that polite capital is celebrated, he came from thence to London—made the tour of Europe with a private tutor, and now pants for the honor of an introduction to the great, the powerful, the virtuous—Sha-ha-ba—

Moost.—Go on—go on—how can any one forget so fine a name as *Shahabahamalique*.

Bronze.—The generous *Shahabama*—

Bash.—He is a very polite young man that.

Bronze.—The patron of the arts.

Bash.—Very civil indeed.

Bronze.—The cherisher of Bears.

Bash.—Really he is very polite, and I declare amuses me exceedingly.—(*Yawns.*)

Rox.—What is become of my poor dear Mark Anthony Gubbins.—(*Aside.*)

Bronze.—It is not necessary ladies and gentlemen that I should now explain all the qualities of my Bear—many can shew you an animal of the kind who runs up a pole, or a wise dog who plays at Dominos, or a Canary Bird that fires off guns and calculates simple multiplication—my Bear does all this—and is besides an agreeable companion in a Post Chaise.

Bash.—Merchant of Bears—what did you say about the dog, and the bird?

Bronze.—The animals themselves will explain, your mightiness, I have a whole cargo of them.

Bash.—Dear me, that will be monstrously amusing.

Bronze.—When they arrive on shore I shall have the honor to present them; at present permit me to offer to your Highness a bill shewing the exercises and general virtues of my Bear.

Bash.—All that is right, it will be excessively amusing I never can understand any thing unless it is very well explained—unless I have a bill of a concert, Mr. Merchant of Bears, I don't care a fig for the music.

Bronze distributing the bills, gives one to ROXALANA and tells her in a low voice to "read it"

Rox.—What do I see (*reading*) "The Bear is your husband"—I must dissemble my anxiety—how could he run such a risk, it is so unlike him.—*Enter GUBBINS as the Bear with a chain round his neck conducted by a slave.*

Brenze.—He waits your Highness's orders deign to command him and he will obey.

Bash.—Surprizing animal—marvellous animal—tell me, tell me I say, (*aside*) I dont know what to say to him I am sure curious and singular animal—in short—surprizing animal—Merchant of Bears my penetration cannot be deceived.

Bronze.—(*In alarm*) My Lord!

Bash.—I see that he *is* a very wise animal—and very surprizing and quite amusing—but let me see him do something clever and singular—can he read?

Bronze.—Perfectly—read—oh yes—as well as any school-master in your Highnesses' dominions—but then he always reads to himself.

Bash.—Well that is very wonderful—I'm sure I dont know—but I—

Moost.—Star of the first magnitude—here are some numbers painted on ivory given to your Highness by a Christian trader for the use of their little Highnesses—let your slave place them before this sage beast and ask him a question?

Bash.—Ah—it will be marvelously amusing—and I declare if he dont answer rightly he shall eat all the square bits of ivory; that will be very amusing.

Gub.—(*Aside*) Oh Lord—Oh Lord!

Moost.—Now please your Highness shall I ask him how much three times three makes.

Bash.—Yes—Yes—and make haste, it will be very diverting.

Moost.—(*Throws down the counters*) Sage animal tell the light of the world how much three times three makes.

Bash.—Mr. Bear merchant what is that sagacious beast doing with his foot?

Bronze.—(*Aside*) that fool will make some absurd blunder,—Oh please your highness he's merely making a little calculation with his toe, using the "Light Fantastic" as Shakspear says (*Aside to Gubbins*) now none of your folly or the sum total will be hanging for two.

Gub.—*Picks out and holds up the No. 20.*

Bronze.—(*Aside*) Oh Lord—Oh Lord.

Bash.—There now that is very amusing, what is that he holds in his hand.

Moost.—Moon of intelligence it signifies—20 but—

Bash.—Wonderful—very wonderful truly, only think that a Brute animal should possess so much discernment. I could not have done it better myself.

Moost.—But may I submit to your lunniousness—does 3 times 3—make 20?

Bash.—Eh?—Ah!—I declare now that never struck me—

very curious that I should not have thought of that—Hark-ee Merchant of Bears—does 3 times 3 make 20.

Bronze.—Oh your Highness—I dont know what may be the case *here*—but where my Bear was educated 3 times 3 was always consider'd as twenty or in fact any other number; as three times three cheers for instance.

Bash.—Well I declare Moostapha, that's a very sensible man that Merchant of Bears, and the whole thing is very amusing, and makes me very tired—can't that surprizing animal do something else.

Bronze.—What is there he *cannot* do?

Bash.—I'm sure I dont know—can he sing?

Bronze.—Why that is his weak point—he is naturally modest—and just now rather hoarse, but he can dance like a pea on a tobacco pipe—and play on the double bass like Orpheus himself.

Bash.—There Moostapha—only think how amusing. He can play upon a bass Fiddle like a tobacco pipe and dance like Morpheus. Roxalana shall dance with him directly, and if he does it well he shall have a bushel of split peas and the inside of a bullock for his supper—but first let us hear him play.

Bronze.—My Lord you shall be satisfied.

Bash.—I should like to hear something of his own composition.

Bronze.—Certainly the piece he is about to perform is entirely his own.

Bash.—Come come, merchant of Bears; you have corrected it a little eh?

Bronze.—No upon my honor, but your Highness shall judge for yourself. Ladies and gentlemen let me entreat silence and attention, my Bear is going to begin.

GUBBINS plays "*Cherry Ripe*," On the *Double Bass*.

Bronze.—There Rossini never composed such an air as that.

Bash.—Most marvellous and amusing; well certainly Europe is the only place for such things—a Turkish Bear would never have done so much. Tell me now how did you manage to instruct this pleasant animal in such a surprizing manner? answer to my satisfaction and I will make you tutor to my children which will be very amusing.

Bronze.—My Lord you must first catch a Bear—that is if you can.

Bash.—Yes I conceive, if you can—well?

Bronze.—Well, it's best to catch a young Bear, but if you catch an old one it is precisely the same thing, or if he is middle aged it does not make any difference.

Bash.—Admirable! Well?

Bronze.—After you have caught your Bear, you must lay down a system and follow it or not as you like—you must bring up your Bear as he ought to be brought up—if he understands what he is told and remembers all he is taught; he will probably learn what you teach him—in short you must take your Bear and give him an education, and if he profits by your lessons he will be educated.

Bash.—S'death! you astonish me as much as your Bear. But how the devil did you make him a musician.

Bronze.—My Lord by teaching him music.

Bash.—Moostapha my Friend, that man expresses himself with a clearness and facility which quite surprize me. I never *was* so amused—now for the dancing.

Bronze.—Certainly my Lord, Go, Billy Taylor—and—

Bash.—What do you call him?

Bronze.—Billy Taylor My Lord.

Bash.—Ah! a very pretty name indeed.

Bronze.—Go Billy Taylor and ask those Ladies to dance.

Bash.—Star of loveliness beautiful Roxolana—what is to say paragon of beauty—in other words—Moostapha.

Moost.—(To Roxolana) His Highness would say, Oh light of the interior apartment, that he wishes you to dance with this amusing animal. The Bashaw is about to purchase him, and for you also sun of loveliness, he gave forty-five sequins and eight dinars.

Rox. Fool! (*Aside*). Well Sir, I shall obey His Highness, but in my country we wait till the Bears themselves solicit the honor of dancing with us.

Bronze.—Do you hear Billy Taylor, go, go.

Gubbins goes to Roxolana and Zulema—and invites them by signs to dance.

Bash.—Admirable!—admirable!—he invites Roxalana and Zulema to dance, well this is very amusing.

Bronze.—Don't fear him Ladies, he's by many degrees more quiet than a lamb.—*The BEAR and the LADIES dance an Allemande; at the moment of turning ROXOLANA the BEAR embraces her.*

Rox.—Heavens what imprudence!—(*aside*)

Bash.—Capital—Capital—I couldn't do that. It is very amusing, and I declare I am quite tired—but stay, let every one retire, every one but you merchant of Bears, and take that pleasant animal and shew him the curiosities of the palace. If he wants to dive after the little fishes in the pond or climb up any of the trees for ants don't prevent him. Now go all of you.

Rox.—Heaven protect my poor husband.—(*aside*)

Every one goes out, the BEAR, very reluctantly, he escapes

from the slave who is leading him and tries to run to MOOS-TAPHA for refuge, the latter takes to flight precipitately followed by the BEAR.

Bash.—Merchant of Bears; I—I say, Merchant of Bears, I have something in my head.

Bronze.—(*Aside*).—The devil he has—I hope he does not suspect.

Bash.—A thought has struck me.

Bronze.—Really.

Bash.—When I say that a thought has struck me—I mean—that I have an idea.

Bronze.—Really.

Bash.—I have another Bear in my menagerie towards whom I feel an affectionate regard, and I thought to myself just now, that it would be very amusing to see the two Bears dance the allemande together—says I—that's to myself you know, says I, it will be just twice as amusing to see two Bears dance as to see one—you understand me Mr. Merchant—so now do as I bid you.

Bronze.—Really I don't know what your Highness wishes.

Bash.—Eh!—oh!—aye—you must teach my other Bear, my white Bear of the north sea to dance like yours, that's all. Music he may learn by and by, but I am in a great hurry to see him dance, so make haste and give him a lesson.

Bronze.—(*Aside*.) The Devil!

Bash.—But Merchant of Bears.—Remember I am in a hurry, I can't wait, I *must* be amused. So I will just give orders for them to shut you up with the Arctic Bear and you can give him the first lesson immediately. I dare say he'll learn “Balancez” and “Dos a Dos” in half an hour at most, for he is very intelligent, and since he eat one of my Mamalukes he has grown as quiet as a boiled onion.

Bronze.—Here's a precious scrape. (*Aside*.)

Bash.—But you must be quick Merchant of Bears, you must be quick, because you see though I am naturally as mild as cream-cheese, yet when people make me angry and impatient—

Bronze.—Well—then—

Bash.—I order their heads to be cut off which is quite natural you know.

Bronze.—Oh Jupiter (*Aside*.) That to be sure is one way, but—

Bash.—Oh yes it shortens all difficulties.

Bronze.—Yes (*Aside*) and it shortens those who make them at the same time—But illustrious Prince if it was permitted me—what the devil shall I say to get out of this scrape? (*Aside*.)—If it was permitted me, to—to—to present you with my system of—of political economy.

Bash.—My good fellow present any thing you like. The more presents the more pleasant, as we say in this country.

Bronze.—Doubtless all learned Sir, you know what Political Economy is.

Bash.—Ah it is assuredly something very diverting, or you would not offer it to me, but go on.

Bronze.—Now I will explain what it is by an example, do you think my animals are not difficult to conduct? but if I was to cut off their heads where the devil would political economy be?—answer me that.

Bash.—Why really—ah!—you—that is Merchant of Bears I don't know unless it might be in their tails, but go on—that man (*Aside*) is really very wonderful.

Bronze.—Now my system of Political Economy is this—you have never read Doctor Kitchener—have you.

Bash.—No but I dare say, it would be vastly amusing.

Bronze.—Well, *he* says—that—after dinner particularly, you should not order any one to get the Bastinado—and that you should never give it to all alike.

Bash.—Very true that might create jealousy—he's (*aside*) a wonderful man.

Bronze.—For instance, I, now, don't castigate my wise canary birds as I do my Elephants. The birds I only punish, when they are mutinous, with a tweak.

Bash.—Merchant of bears, what's a tweak?

Bronze.—If your Highness would condescend to lend me your nose I'd shew you in a minute.

Bash.—Merchant of Bears, excuse me, I don't like at all to have my nose touch'd it always makes me sneeze.

Bronze.—Well a tweak is this kind of thing (*imitating with his fingers*).

Bash.—Oh you mean a pinch.

Bronze.—No tweak is the word.

Bash.—Pinch is more common.

Bronze.—Ah that's the grand mistake with all politicians they don't understand the value of words and so—

Bash.—They say pinch.

Bronze.—They ought to say tweak.

Enter MOOSTAPHA.

Bash.—Ah but here comes my Privy Councillor. Merchant of Bears, let us take him for our judge.

Moost.—Your Highness if—

Bash.—(*Goes up to Moostapha and gives him a pull of the nose.*) My friend what do you call that?

(MOOSTAPHA roars out.)

Bronze.—Fairplay—Fairplay your Highness, don't influence his decision (*advances to Moostapha and gives him another pull of the nose*)—now what do you call that?

Moost.—Oh! Oh!—Your Highness!—merchant of Bears—what has my nose done to offend.

Bash.—My Friend, be cheerful, he had my permission to make use of it, but what do you call that (*approaching his finger again to Moostapha's nose.*)

Moost.—(*Retiring and holding his nose*)—My Lord, My Lord, what can I call it but a pull of the nose.

Bronze.—There, tweak, pinch, pull, every class in society has its particular terms—and that's quite according to my system of political economy, which your Highness now understands perfectly.

Bash.—(*With an air of infinite stupidity*) oh marvellously; it's the clearest science in the world, and very amusing.

Moostapha.—Sir.

Bash.—You may speak now.

Bronze.—(*Aside.*) Thank Heaven what a relief!

Moost.—According to your orders they allowed Mr. Bear to walk alone in the garden and they have found him—just guess where?

Bash.—Ha—really—Ha—why, perhaps eh—in one of the walks eating Filberts.

Moost.—You would never guess it; only think, at the feet of Roxolana.

Bronze.—(*Aside.*) Confusion.

Bash.—(*Chuckling*) admirable, admirable, only listen Mr. Merchant—your Bear at the feet of Roxolana, oh it is too amusing. But Moostapha my friend, had he an interesting air?

Moost.—Just the air of some one who makes a declaration. He seems a very affectionate animal.

Bash.—(*Very much amused*) and so he declared himself? well that is miraculous—I never saw a Bear offer his hand and fortune, I never did as much to Roxolana I'm sure.

Moost.—I have had him conducted into the little menagerie there.

Bronze.—(*Aside*) murder murder—poor Gubbins in a menagerie.

Moost.—(*To Bronze*) I suppose we may rely upon the amiability of his character, for there are only birds, monkeys, gold fishes and other quadrupeds of the innocent kind there.

Bronze.—Oh he is more like a lamb than any thing else (*aside*) I breathe again.—(*Sees Gubbins through the gilt wire of the menagerie who makes signs.*)—There he is.

Bash.—Well no body gives me any credit for my patience, and I really cannot remain patient any longer—I *will* see this Bear dance and converse with my Bear of the Icy Sea.

(*Gubbins make sings of dissent to Bronze who answers him.*)

I would give ten thousand chequeens merchant of Bears to see them dance a Gavotte together. Heavens! it would be too amusing.

Bronze.—Ten thousand chequeens (*hesitating.*) Sir I, I—

(*Gub. In great agitation makes signs to him to refuse.*)

Bash.—You must manage it, or I shall be angry, I shall be angry, I assure you Merchant of Bears I shall—well (*to Moostapha*) are not you gone for the Great Bear of the Icy Sea yet? fly I can't wait a minute. I'll go and inform the Ladies of the Seraglio of this interesting spectacle (*going and returning to Bronze*) don't you think merchant of Bears, that it will be too amusing to see them dance the Gavotte together?

Bronze.—But Sir—

Bash.—Don't make me angry, I can't bear it, it spoils my appetite, I order you to arrange it, they *must* dance the Gavotte, or else by Mahommed off go the heads of the dancers, and yours too my fine gentlemen, I'll impale all the musicians, burn the menagerie and chuck Roxolana into the sea, and so, for five minutes, I have the honour to wish you a very good morning, gentlemen.

(*Exit.*)

(*Bronze and Moostapha stand looking very blank at each other.*)

Moost.—(*To Bronze.*) He is just the man to do it—what in the name of the prophet shall I do. (*Aside.*)

Bronze.—If I could only get poor Gubbins and myself out of this scrape. (*Aside*)—Your Bear then is very wicked. (*To Moostapha.*)—Ah! I see how it is, you are afraid that he will corrupt the morals of my Bear; very considerate indeed, thank ye.

Moost.—Alas the poor animal will never corrupt any one's morals again, he died this morning.

Bronze.—Dead do you say?

Moost.—Yes as dead as Daniel and I had some idea of asking you to deal for his skin; but that's all over now. The Bashaw has set his heart upon seeing him dance a Gavotte, and when he finds out what has happened, he will soon send me to keep company with the lamented deceased.

Bronze.—Lucky dog.

Moost.—Lucky, what to lose my head because an Arctic Bear could not digest three Poodles and a bushel of carrots?

Bronze.—Ten thousand chequeens; by Jupiter,—my good fellow, say no more, only tell me can you dance a Gavotte?

Moost.—This, Mr. Merchant of Bears, is very ill timed pleasantry, you see me on the eve of being cut off in the bloom of youth, and you ask me if I can dance the Gavotte!

Bronze.—Zounds! we have no time to lose, can you, or can you not dance the Gavotte?

Moost.—(*Seeming after a time to comprehend and giving a long whistle*) Whew!—I see, I perceive my dear Friend, dance to be sure, I can dance any thing in the world rather than be made to dance out of it. Zounds I'd dance a waltz on a hot warming pan without slippers, sooner than disappoint the Bashaw (*drawing his hand across his throat.*)

Bronze.—Well then that's all right.—This Bashaw I see is like a spoilt child, good natured in the main and as soft and tractable as treacle, when the first moment of impatience has passed. But we have no time to lose, come I will explain more fully to you while you are making your toilette, and I will inform the Bashaw that his orders are obeyed and the ball is about to commence.

Moost.—Yes, but—

Bronze.—Oh don't fear my Bear, he's as mild and sweet as Warren's Milk of Roses, Besides you saw how he danced with Roxolana, I'll keep near him, never fear, come, come—

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GUBBINS alone (*climbing over the wall of the garden by the menagerie with the Bear's head under his arm, he descends by the tree, and comes forwards shaking his finger*) Oh Lok, Oh Lok, how it does tingle, that cursed animal, he had no more compassion upon my finger than if it had been a nut, (*blowing his finger*) Heavens what a situation is that of a Bear when he cannot make himself respected even by the monkeys. There was I, sitting in my corner, not saying a word to any body. When a rascally black faced Baboon came and began to nibble my tail; I couldn't stand that, for though I never was proud, yet I knew that a monkey ought to keep his distance in company with a Bear: says I to myself the Bear is the nobler animal. So I just put out my hind foot, that's my leg, and gave him a little shove, when, before I could say Jack Robinson, he popped on my shoulders and when I clapped up my fore foot, that's my hand to take him off, he got my poor finger into his mouth, and began to chor it, as if it had been a bit o'pig tail. Oh dear, oh dear, he has taken off all my skin, (*shews a piece of the Bear's skin hanging down torn.*) however I have one consolation, I did not begin the quarrel. Says I, I am the only Christian beast here, so I'll set a good example to the others, who would be a Bear to be kick'd and bit in this manner? oh Mark Anthony Gubbins! Mark Anthony Gubbins! why did you ever leave the tallow candle trade and the place of principal

Sonnetteer in the Lady's Maid's Weekly Recreation to become a stroller? (*begins to cry*.) I can't get my handkercher out of my breeches pocket—well nature is very bountiful to Bears (*wipes his eyes and nose with his paw*) Hollo! what the devils coming now? Oh La! Oh La! what shall I do? Oh Dear! Oh Dear! this is worse than the monkey—what do I see coming this way! The great white Bear of the Icy Sea by all that's horrible, (*tries to climb up the tree again but fails*) what shall I do? what shall I do? I'll put on my head again, perhaps he'll take me for his equal and at all events behave with civility if he isn't very hungry.

(*Puts on the Head.*)

Enter Moostapha.—Completely disguised as the white Bear and with the head on.

Moost.—Ha! Ha! Ha! The scheme is a droll one, and the Bashaw is such a fool that he'll never find it out, and if it succeeds—

Sees Gubbins.

Eh!—What!—Oh Lord! What do I see, I thought he was safe in the menagerie—its no use trying to run in these infernal pauloons. The merchant promised me that he would not leave him, what will become of me? If he *should* be hungry.—I wonder if they gave him the inside of the bullock and that bushel of split peas, the Bashaw ordered for his supper? If now I could only catch hold of his chain.—I'll try. (*approaches Gubbins cautiously*)

Gub.—Ah—Oh—he comes towards me, keep off! (*tries to roar like a Bear.*)

Moost.—Heavens he begins to be enraged—can't I alarm him (*tries to roar like a Bear.*)

Gub.—Oh Gemmini, Gemmini, where shall I fly, (*roars.*)

Moost.—Help me Prophet—help me, he is getting savage, (*roars.*)

They both turn tail, run round the stage and meet at the top, they jostle each other roaring all the time, and while so doing both the Bears heads tumble off.

Both.—The devil!

They have fallen on their knees in which attitude they continue staring at each other in stupid astonishment.

Gub.—Crimini, here's a go—well this beats Romeo and Juliet all to nothing, so it is you after all Mr. Moostapha, (*rising.*)

Moost.—(*Rising.*) Now arn't! you a pretty fellow. You deceptions Hypocrite to pass yourself, for a black Bear—had it been a white Bear it would have been of no consequence—cheat the Bashaw, make love to Roxalana, and frighten me almost to

death—but never mind—good nature is my failing, and since you can get my head taken off by telling the Bashaw of this little frolic of mine. I heartily forgive you.

Gub.—My dear fellow, if ever you *should* come to West Peckham—d—e! I'll give you a Pit Ticket for nothing, (*they embrace.*)

Moost.—But come let us talk about this curious adventure, let's have a little comfortable chat.. (*They go to the Bashaw's throne, leaving the Bear's heads where they fell, and sit down, after some ceremony.*) Well now, tell me—My Dear Friend, how you contrived. (*Music behind the scenes.*) Heavens here is the Bashaw, quick, quick to our parts, or boiling to death will be the mildest sentence pronounced.

(*They both run and pick up the heads in great trepidation, —GUBBINS puts on the head of the white Bear, and MOOSTAPHA that of the black Bear, they then plump down upon their hands and knees, side by side in the middle of the stage, and gaze towards the audience.*)

(*Enter The BASHAW, ROXOLANA, ZULEMA, BRONZE, and ATTENDANTS.*)

Bronze.—(*Speaking as they enter.*) Yes my Lord—you shall be satisfied—s'death, and the devil! (*aside.*) What have they been doing?

Bash.—Merchant of Bears—I can understand most things, but what the devil's this?

Bronze.—(*Aside.*) The awkward Ideots—Zounds we shall all be impaled together.

Bash.—How is it—How is it, I say that my white Bear has got a black head, and my black Bear has got a white head?

Bronze.—(*In great confusion.*) It is, my Lord—it is—nothing can, indeed it is the easiest thing in the world to understand. (*Devil take them, Aside.*)

Rox.—Good heavens! I hope Gubbins has not really changed heads with any one (*Aside.*)

Bash.—The easiest thing in the world to understand! have the goodness to explain it then.

Rox.—(*Aside.*) Alas, how shall I discover my poor Mark Anthony Gubbins in this confusion of Bears.

Bronze. (*Endeavouring to speak with confidence.*)—Ladies and Gentlemen, you have doubtless read Mounsieur Buffon, and Aristotle's Treatise on Animals.

Bash.—Yes to be sure, we have read all these, but nevertheless how is it that my Bear, who had a white head, has now got a black one?

Bronze.—You will understand me directly for thank heaven I have not got to lecture an Ignoramus, but the great Shahabaha-

malique. The patron of the arts, the most enlighten'd person in the East.

Bash.—Thank'ye my friend, you're exceedingly kind, but let us hear.

Bronze.—This faithful animal, knows that he has changed his master, and you are too well informed not to know the effect of grief on a tender and sensitive mind. We have, alas ! heard of human beings as tender as my Bear, who in the space of one night saw their brown locks turn grey.

Bash.—That is very true, I understand all that—but how the devil can you account for the white ones getting a *black* head ?

Bronze.—(*In confusion*) Alas sire, I own to you, that on that point I am rather embarrassed, unless indeed, what I cannot positively affirm, he has taken to wear a wig.

Bash.—We'll soon find that out, I know a friend of his who can tell me—Moostapha (*calling*.)

Moost.—(*Forgetting himself and answering quickly*) Sir !

Bash.—The devil—one of the Bears spoke.

Bronze and Roxolana.—Impossible.

Bash.—But I say they did, though, and I will know who answered me. (*During the preceding dialogue the two Bears kneel on all fours side by side in the centre of the stage staring gravely towards the audience*).

Bronze.—You see they do not reply.

Bash.—That is just because they are obstinate, nothing else. but by the Prophet I will teach them to speak—cut off their heads.

Rox.—Oa my Lord what are you going to do, do not spill innocent blood, cutting off their heads won't make them speak a bit better.

Zul.—Oh my gracious Lord, so genteel a Bear !

Bash.—Ah ah—Ah ah—What coquettes these women are—because they found one of the Bears at her feet—well, well Roxolana, I can refuse you nothing. I permit you to save one—but no pity for the other.

Rox.—(*Aside.*) What can I do ? How shall I know him ? Mr. Bronze which, oh which is my husband ?

Bronze.—(*Aside.*) Upon my soul they have mixed themselves up in such an extraordinary manner, that I don't know which is which.

Rox.—Alas I dare not make a choice.

Bash.—Then my great courier shall settle the matter. Bring me both their heads.

Moost. and Gubbins.—*Jump and lay their Bear's heads at the Bashaw's feet—saying*

My Lord we'll save him the trouble. We have the honour to place our pericraniums at your Highnesses' gracious disposal.

Bash.—(*Astonish'd.*)—What my counsellor a Bear! and who in the name of the Prophet—is that other beast?

Rox.—Oh my Lord. That's my husband.

Bash.—(*Apparently furious.*) So every one has deceived me. Those Bears were not Bears—and the lady they gave me for a wife is somebody else's wife—vengeance! vengeance! (*Draws his sword*)

Air and Chorus.—“PRAY GOODY.”

Rox.—Good Bashaw, please to cast away that sabre from your hand.

Zul.—Dismiss those looks of fury from your eyes.

Moost. and Gubb.—Oh dear, I'm very dizzy, I can neither go nor stand.

All.—Then kneel and ask forgiveness if you're wise.

All.—Pardon—Pardon.

Zul.—Do not be too hard on.

Rox.—My poor Hubby.

Bronze.—That is Gubby.

Gub.—Yes we tells no lies.

Gub.—These prythee spare.

Moost.—Your Bear.

Gub.—Your Bear.

Bronze.—Your Tutor.

Moost.—And your Friend.

Moost. and Gub.—You'll never meet with others half so wise.

All.—*Chaunting.*

Pardoy—Pardon!

Bash.—Leave me alone with your pardons, you set of geese, it was my *intention* to pardon them—but you have taken away all the merit of it. Ha! Ha! Ha! I only wish'd to amuse myself, and it has been quite too amusing.

All.—What goodness—long live the Bashaw!

Bronze.—My Lord, when will you pay me my salary as governor of your children, and teacher in chief of Political Economy to your Highness.

Gub.—And me the value of my services as principal Bear.

Bash.—Ha! Ha! Ha! this is quite too amusing—very good indeed. They first make me swallow all their tricks, and then Mr. Bear with his head in his hand asks for payment—well well, I have had plenty of amusement. I haven't yawned this half hour, so divide the ten thousand chequeens amongst you, and look when you go back to Europe, don't be telling any of your ridiculous stories about the

“BEAR AND THE BASHAW”

Curtain drops.

H. M. P.

A SCENE IN THE DOOAB.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS,

In tangled depths the jungles spread
 Around the solitary scene,
 The lurking panther's sullen tread
 Marks the wild paths of the ravine.

Here too the fierce hyena prowls,
 Haunting the dark jeels broad lagoon,
 And here at eve the wolf cub howls,
 And famished jackalls bay the moon.

Its scorching breath the hot wind pours
 Along the arid waste, and loud,
 The storm fiend of the desert roars,
 When bursts the sable thunder-cloud.

A crumbling mosque—a ruined fort
 Hastening alike to swift decay,
 Where owls and vampire bats resort,
 And vultures hide them from the day

Alone remain to tell the tale,
 Of moslem power and moslem pride,
 When shouts of conquest filled the gale,
 And swords in native blood were died.

They sleep—the slayer and the slain
 A nameless grave the victor shares—
 With the weak slave who wore the chain
 None save a craven spirit wears.

Yet had the deeds which they have done
 Lived in the poet's deathless song,
 These nameless Spahis must have won
 All that to Valour's hopes belong.

They brought their faith from foreign lands
 They reared the Moslem badge on high,
 And swept away with reeking brands
 The reliques of idolatry.

Where'er they preached their prophet's creed,
 The guilty rites of Brama fled,
 No longer shrinking victims bleed,
 Or sleeps the living with the dead.

The frantic shrieks of widowed brides
 From burning piles resound no more,
 Or Ganges desecrated tides,
 Bears human offerings from the shore.

Their wreaths have faded—lizards bask
 Upon the marble pavement—where
 T'was erst the dark eyed beauties task
 To crown with flowers her raven hair.

Unheeded now the scorpion crawls
 And snakes unscathed in silence glide,
 Where once the bright Zenana's halls
 To woman's feet were sanctified.

No trace remains of those blest hours
 Where lamps in golden radiance bright,
 Streamed o'er there now fast falling towers
 The sunshine of their perfumed light.

The maiden's song—the anklet's bells
 So sweetly ringing o'er the floor,
 And eyes as soft as the gazelle's,
 Are heard, and seen, and felt no more.

Now all is silent—the wild cry
 Of savage beasts alone is heard—
 Or wrathful tempest hurrying by,
 Or moanings of some desert bird.

GRIEF.

A SONNET.

Impassioned grief is dumb—no earthly sound
 Can form its faithful echo. Sorrow's dart
 In fevered breasts awakes a secret smart
 That friendship may not share. •Oh! curse profound
 To bear each struggling passion darkly bound
 Within that fearful cell—the shrouded heart!
 The quivering lip—the quick convulsive start,
 But feebly tell the strife. The croud around
 When sinks the strong man 'neath the sullen stream
 But mark the bubbles rise. Naught can reveal
 Our fiercer pangs. When mourners pant and teem
 With silent thought, and voiceless anguish feel,
 The world's calm brow, the charms of nature, seem
 To mock the smothered soul's unheard appeal!

D. L. R.

BETTER DAYS FOR INDIA.

*Libertas, quæ sera, tamen respexit inertem,
Respexit tamen, et longo post tempore venit,
Virgil.*

Ask ye the time? Oh, fool and slow of heart!
Its omens in the populous air are ripe:—
Thunders shall bellow not, nor lightnings start,
Nor prodigies break forth of stellar strife.
When the dry bones are summon'd into life;
Nor gift of Prophecy is needed now,
Through doubt and tears to read a coming age,
While an incredulous world derides the sage!—
But silently the signs are gathering round;
Fate nor retards, nor expedites their speed
Inevitable;—they who run may read!—
Portentous whispers, audible though low—
Tyrants confess and tremble at the sound
They cannot chuse but hear. Still will they cloak
Their guilt, and “Bliss” to “ignorance” impute?—
’Twere better then to have been born a brute—
Or better still—a weed—to soak and soak
Beside the sluggish tank until it rot,
And there an end!—indeed a “blissful” lot
For beings in their maker’s image made,
And little lower than the angels! This—
This is the life which Bigotry calls Bliss!
How different from the life to freedom given!
With none to make the peasant’s heart afraid,
Secure to him his fig-tree’s peaceful shade,
Securer still his humble hopes of Heaven.

A voice as in the wilderness—Prepare!
Solemn and still, though in its coming long.
Harvests shall bloom where tigers made their lair,
And Sabbath-bells from mangoe-topes ring out;
Hamlets and trim-built cottages shall smile
The happy homes of industry; the shout
Of innocent pastime shall be heard, and toil
(Nature repaying twice her debt to Art)
Prompt by its own return the grateful heart
Full of a Peace, oppression cannot wrong!—
Ask ye the time? ’Tis now upon the wing,
And ye shall live to see it, and to sing!

CAPEL SOUTH.

“Where ignorance is Bliss
’Tis folly to be wise”—

The most unphilosophical and altogether unmeaning dictum, that ever was used
as an apology for bigotry and oppression. C. S.

ON THE POETRY OF L. E. L.

THE IMPROVISATRICE, AND OTHER POEMS, 1824.

• THE TROUBADOUR, 1825.

THE GOLDEN VIOLET, AND OTHER POEMS, 1827.

THE VENETIAN BRACELET, AND OTHER POEMS, 1829.

The appearance of a new volume from the pen of Miss Landon (or L. E. L.) induces us to offer a few remarks upon the nature of her poetry, which, as it seems to us has never yet been examined with strict impartiality. By a host of enthusiastic admirers, she is held up as the glory and wonder of the nineteenth century, while a small circle of sterner critics regard her with a feeling almost bordering on contempt. The grossly exaggerated estimate of her genius that has been formed by a very large class of readers, may be attributed to Mr. Jerdan, the Editor of the *London Literary Gazette*, under whose pilotage the young Poetess first ventured her little bark upon the tide of public opinion. The extensive circulation of the journal just alluded to, secured even her earliest efforts a considerable share of public notice, and if her friend had been somewhat more discreet in his praises, L. E. L. would probably have been a better and more successful Poet than she is now considered by men of judgment. The truth is, that her first crude effusions were hailed by the well-intentioned but imprudent Editor, with such outrageous and unqualified applause that she must have imagined herself at the goal of glory before she had well cleared the starting post. She was thrust blindfolded into a sudden and dangerous notoriety, with all her imperfections on her head, and was foolishly made to believe in the morning of her life that her genius was at its meridian. The task of correction to one already so laden with honours seemed a useless toil. There was no room for, or at all events, no need of improvement, for no additional care or labour could add anything to her fame. One poem was as much admired as another, and the English language was soon exhausted in her praise. Every new production called forth a repetition of the same eulogistic epithets. Her only incitement therefore was to write not as *well*, but as *much* as possible, for the more frequently she wrote, the more frequently the silver voice of flattery was ringing in her ears. However much to be lamented, it is certainly not to be wondered at, if under these unfavorable circumstances her latest works have all the errors of her first and that many of those de-

fects, which are characteristic of inexperience and immaturity, and which the suggestions of sound criticism and her own study and self-examination might have soon removed, still continue to deform her writings. Mr. Jerdan has checked her intellectual growth, and almost killed her with too much kindness. Under better guardianship we are convinced that the genius of L. E. L. would by this time have wrung from the coldest critics a valuable tribute of admiration. Her patron's unmeasured and injudicious praises have not only greatly retarded the natural progress of her powers, but have disgusted many who might otherwise have felt an interest in her success.

But even Mr. Jerdan would hardly have succeeded in thus spoiling his poetical ward if a consideration for her sex had not kept many silent who would otherwise have exposed her errors, and tendered their advice. In this case however, as it appears to us, a false delicacy beguiled the critics into a culpable neglect of their public duty, while it would in fact have been more kind as well as more just towards the author herself, if they had saved her early genius from the perils of indiscriminate commendation. It should be remembered also that it is not only the cause of the individual author, who is called to the bar of public opinion, that is affected by the critic's judgment, but that the general interests of Literature are more or less dependent on every decision in the Courts of Criticism. Many a severe sentence that has driven an unfortunate author to the verge of insanity, would have been more cruel than necessary, if an example were not sometimes called for to deter fools from profaning the temples of literature and infecting the public taste. The errors of real genius are still more fatal in their effects than the eccentricities of scribblers, because they are apt to be regarded with silent indulgence by men of judgment, and are often confounded with excellencies by the mass of readers, and held up as precedents by the servile herd of imitators.

Though most of the more respectable critical journals have either passed over the works of Miss Landon in total silence or noticed them with very general and faint approbation, one of the most powerful Reviews* of the day has spoken of her faults with even more than sufficient sternness. Considering the extraordinary popularity however of these poems we certainly deem it the imperative duty of every sincere critic to point out in how far they are deserving or not of the public favor. It is high time indeed to make this enquiry when it is known, that very large sums are realized by their extensive sale while the volumes of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey and other unquestionably great poets, almost invariably entail a loss upon

* The Westminster.

their publishers. Some persons have maintained that popularity is the test of poetical genius and if this proposition were true we should have no hesitation in placing L. E. L. above any of the writers to whom we have just alluded. A more fallacious criterion, however, could hardly be conceived; for though we readily admit that extensive popularity is a pretty certain indication that a writer is not utterly devoid of every species of merit, it by no means follows that he is necessarily superior to his less favored rivals. Popularity is no more a proof of genius than unpopularity is a proof of the want of it. But as the first implies merit of some kind or other, of however low a grade, yet palpable to common readers, so its opposite is generally occasioned by certain defects that are equally obvious to the general eye, while the excellencies, if such there be, require more penetration to discover and taste to appreciate, than are possessed by the multitude. In these cases the fortunes of the writers are usually reversed. In the process of time the critics bring the once neglected poets into public favour, and make the people ashamed of their former idols.

In the remarks that we are about to make on the poetry of Miss Landon, we trust that we shall not be thought unfriendly to her fair reputation, because we venture to explain her defects, as we shall always be equally or rather more willing to admit her merits. But the unqualified admiration of her poems that prevails in this country, as well as in England, renders it a duty we owe to our readers to explain, as far as it is in our power, in what their real character consists.

The poetry of Miss Landon is for the most part constructed of materials more congenial to young persons of either sex, than men or women of mature thought and sober habits. It is better suited to the boudoir or the ball-room than the study. Her imagery is too much borrowed from the ornamental arts, and her notions of human character are generally formed from those external and adventitious distinctions which are observable only in high life and artificial society. Nothing out of the pale of the most chosen circles is worthy of her regard, and even within this limit she is remarkably fastidious. Her attentions are scrupulously confined to youth and beauty. There is neither childhood, nor manhood, nor old age in her little dazzling world. We meet with no personage, male or female, who is in any way distinguished for lofty intellect or moral worth. She sees in fact "no virtue extant" save the fidelity of lovers, and deems no talent so truly glorious as that which displays itself in a melodious address to an arched eyebrow or a ruby lip.

We have a constant round of festivals, and hear of nothing but bright eyes and gorgeous dresses, of tales of courtship and of

broken hearts! We have no graphic descriptions of external nature, nor revelations of the human breast. Every thing is sparkling, meretricious, and conventional. Miss Landon has a strange notion of an earthly Paradise. A person of moderate sense would soon be sick unto death of the eternal glitter and gaiety of her Utopian world. The soul aches with the glare of her redundant imagery, and we soon become weary of meeting with an endless succession of radiant beings with the same characters, features, and costumes. Her *Dramatis Personæ* have nothing to distinguish them from each other but their names, and the scenes are all equally dazzling, unnatural, and deficient in relief. She has got a perfect store-house of ornaments, colours and lay-figures, but she blends a mass of gay hues confusedly on the canvas and fancies it a picture, and is unable to infuse the spirit of real life into her glittering automaton. These defects and incapacities are to be attributed partly to her imperfect poetical education, and partly to the peculiar nature of her genius. With a prolific fancy, she has little pure imagination, and less judgment. Her greatest misfortune, however, is a deficiency in the most essential attribute of the true poet—*invention*. From her wealth of imagery she is tempted to “a wasteful and ridiculous excess,” and makes every thing more fine than elegant, less neat than gaudy. From a want of invention and imagination and judgment, her incidents are ill-conceived and ill-arranged. The narratives, if narratives they may be called, are broken, abrupt and improbable. Miss Landon is utterly incapable of writing a long connected tale. *The Improvisatrice—The Troubadour—The Golden Violet* and *The Venetian Bracelet*, are continuous and complete poems only to the eye. They are in fact a collection of short fragments connected more by the Printer than the Poet. As her imagery is an ill-disposed nosegay of brilliant exotics, so her tales are a confused cluster of episodes.

We shall now proceed to illustrate a few of our remarks by specimens from this Lady's works. We have observed that her transitions are too abrupt, and her incidents extravagant and ill-conceived,—a few extracts and a very little explanation will show the truth of this assertion. Among the miscellaneous poems in her first volume, is a story entitled ROSALIE. *Rosalie* leaves her mother's roof to throw herself into the arms of her lover *Manfredi*. The first we hear however of these two lovers is that they are in a bark upon the sea. The following passage is very prettily written.

There was a bark a little way apart

From all the rest, and there two lovers leant :—

One with a blushing cheek and beating heart,
 And bashful glance, upon the sea-wave bent;
 She might not meet the gaze the other sent
 Upon her beauty;—but the half-breathed sighs,
 The deepening colour, timid smiling eyes,
 Told that she listened (to) Love's sweet flatteries.
 Then they were silent:—words are little aid
 To Love, whose deepest vows are ever made
 By the heart's beat alone.

The poet, a few lines after, takes occasion to mention, that *Rosalie* recalled for a moment the image of her absent mother and started up in agony, but her lover's fond smile and gentle words restored her to more cheerful dreams, and

She bent in passionate idolatry,
 Before her heart's sole idol—MANFREDI!

Miss Landon has no sooner displayed her young heroine in this picturesque position, than off she vanishes over time and space, in the twinkling of an eye, and after "bustling up with unsuccessful speed," the reader is requested to observe a little chapel in the shade, where the poet informs us is the portrait of a Saint, "whose cheek bore trace of frequent tears," and who should he find kneeling before the picture, but the very lady who so lately.

Bent in passionate idolatry,
 Before her heart's sole idol—MANFREDI!

We are then told that *Manfredi's* "heart forgôt its vowed idolatry," (a too favorite word) and that in consequence of this change in her lover's affections, she sought the sacred precincts of the chapel and knelt to the picture as she had before knelt to *Manfredi*. All of a sudden we are again informed, that

There is a pilgrim by that old grey tree
 With head upon her hand bent mournfully,
 And looking round upon each lovely thing
 And breathing the sweet air, as they could bring
 To her no beauty and no solacing.
 'Tis ROSALIE!!

The Pilgrim or *Rosalie* strays into the church-yard and sees a grave "just closed." She thinks of her poor mother, goes home, and finds her——dead!! She had just expired!! These are not incidents but co-incidents, and very strange ones.

The next poem is entitled ROLAND'S TOWER. The narrative begins in the following manner. *Isabelle* had heard of the heroic deeds of young *Roland* and she had just been speaking

of them with enthusiasm when there came a Pilgrim to Lord Herbert's Hall. He was admitted with courtesy, and the maiden favored him with a song at the close of which she suddenly exclaims—

—I would give worlds, to see this chief,
This gallant ROLAND ! I could deem him all,
A man must honour and a woman love !"
Lady ! I pray thee not recal those words,
FOR I AM ROLAND !!! From his face he threw,
The hood and pilgrims cloak,—and a young knight,
Knelt before ISABELLE !

After this romantic adventure she of course loves and is beloved—and, continues our fair Poet,

"Time past by,
As time will ever pass, when love has lent,
His rainbow plumes to aid his flight—and spring,
Had wedded with the summer, when a steed,
Stood at LORD HERBERT's gate,—and ISABELLE,
Had wept farewell to ROLAND, and had given,
Her blue-scarf for his colours. He was gone
To raise his vassels, for LORD HERBERT's towers
Were menaced with a siege. But he had sworn
By Isabelle's white hand that he would claim
Its beauty only as a conquerer's prize.
Autumn was on the woods, when the blue Rhine
Grew red with blood : LORD HERBERT's banner flies,
And gallant is the bearing of his ranks.
But where is he who said that he would ride,
At his right hand to Battle ? ROLAND ! where—
Oh ! where is ROLAND !"

After many days and nights of weary watching, *Isabelle* at last beholds from her lonely tower, an armed train bearing her father's banner to the castle.

Down she flew
To greet the victors :—they had reached the hall
Before herself. What saw the maiden there ?
A bier !—her father laid upon that bier !
ROLAND was kneeling by the side, his face
Bowed on his hands and hid ; but ISABELLE
Knew the dark curling hair and stately form
And threw her on his breast. He shrank away
As she were death, or sickness or despair,
ISABELLE ! It was I who slew thy father ! ! P^a

Here is another most marvellous incident, and which would no doubt tell admirably on the boards of some provincial Drury. The Poet explains that "*unwitting of his colours*" *Roland* had slain the father of his "*worshipped Isabelle*!" They agree to part for ever—She goes, where most unhappy ladies are sent by the Poets, to a convent, and *Roland* builds a tower within sight of it. It was previously agreed between them that *Isabelle* should daily at a certain hour wave a silk scarf from the lattice of her cell that *Roland* might be assured that she still lived. The scarf was regularly seen at the appointed hour for many days, but one evening *Roland* watched and watched in vain and at length his hope grew desperate and he prayed that *Isabelle* might have forgotten him. At midnight however the Convent's heavy bell convinced him of her death.

Next day,

They laid her in her grave—and the moon rose,

Upon a mourner weeping there : that tomb,

Was *ROLAND*'s death-bed !!!

All this is mighty surprising and romantic but by no means to our taste. We think L. E. L.'s Printer should have had an extra font of notes of exclamation to mark the host of startling passages that crowd upon the reader's notice.

The next Story is entitled *THE GUERRILLA CHIEF*. We are first introduced to a young man, (*Leandro*,) leaving a cottage, with the appearance of one who thinks that "every echo of his step will raise a spectre."

When he reached the fount

He sat down by its side, and turned to gaze

Upon the cottage : from his brow the sweat

Poured down like summer rain ; there came no sound

From his white lips, but you might hear his heart

Beating in the dead silence. But at length

A voice came to his sorrow :—"Never—never—

"Shall I look on that face again! Farewell!

"I cannot bear that word's reproach, nor look

"On pale lips breathing blessings which the tears

"Belie in speaking! I have blighted all—

"All—all their hopes, and my own happiness!"

He has no sooner made these lamentations, than strange to tell—

"*LEANDRO*!" said a sweet and gentle voice ;

And a soft hand pressed on his throbbing brow,

And tears like twilight dew fell on his cheek,

He looked upon the maiden ;—'twas the one

With whom his first pure love had dwelt,—the one

Who was the sun and starlight of his youth!

This was *Bianca*! The lovers, however, part again. He goes to Mexico, returns to Spain, and finds it wasted by war. His road home lies through ruined villages, but some old men who sit by their roofless dwellings, assure him that the war-storm has left untouched his own native valley. He travels on with a pleasing hope but is at last horror-struck at finding his home—"a heap of mingled blood and blackened ashes." While he is gazing on the dreadful scene he is startled by a woman's voice. "He looked, and knew *Bianca*!!!" As soon as she sees him she gives a shriek, becomes crazed, and at last dies in his arms! The lovers are eventually buried together in the same grave!

The three poems, we have thus noticed appear consecutively in the volume from which they are taken, and may be regarded as fair specimens of Miss Landon's Tales. We need not dwell on their abruptness and want of invention, and their melodramatic effects, for these peculiarities are too obvious to require further comment.

It may be observed that notwithstanding the gaiety and splendour of the scenes through which Miss Landon conducts her actors, almost every narrative has a tragical termination. And though she is so partial to ball-rooms, and brilliant dresses, she seems to be well aware that truth and happiness are found in other places, and arise from other sources. In fact she is often rather too cynical, and deals somewhat too abundantly in melancholy and mistrust. Her constant allusions to the guile and coldness of the human heart, and the sadness that lurks beneath a radiant brow, degenerate at last into mere cant. She makes no distinctions. All her women are superlatively beautiful, and outrageously affectionate, and indulge in mawkish sentimentalities. Her heroes on the other hand, are with few exceptions, as false and faithless as they are irresistible. Both sexes however, are generally unhappy, and Love seems to have descended upon this breathing world, for no other purpose than to make people hypocrites, or to break their hearts. According to Miss Landon life has certainly very few attractions. As we have already observed, Youth and Beauty and Love, seem to this Lady all that is worth a thought. If there are exceptions to our remark that there is neither childhood, nor manhood, nor old age in Miss Landon's representations of humanity, they have the same reference to her more prominent personages, that pictures or visions have to real life. They are only occasionally and distantly alluded to. Not the slightest attempt is made to sketch the character of a person who is either before or beyond his teens. Even those who have the good fortune to be of the noticeable age are neither powerfully nor accurately drawn. Woman, in Miss

Landon's pages, is merely a beautiful living flower, and illustrates Pope's insulting line—

"Most women have no characters at all."

There is accordingly a disagreeable mannerism in L. E. L. which tries the patience of the unfortunate critic who is condemned to wade through her productions. To many people who rather dip into, than read her volumes, the bitter complaints of criticism may often seem captious and ill-founded. The critic is like a man who has slipped behind the scenes, and is too familiar with the tricks of the establishment. The charm of novelty is gone, and nothing is more wearisome than repetitions of anticipated scenes. There is no writer of the present day who is so thoroughly monotonous as L. E. L. One volume is the counterpart of another. We have one eternal theme, and one eternal set of illustrations. Her actors, her incidents, her images, her diction and her versification have always the same character and tone.

We must venture a few observations on the mechanism of Miss Landon's verse. It is occasionally very melodious and agreeable, but generally speaking it appears deficient in strength and firmness, and is often singularly diffuse and irregular. Her blank-verse is too much like divided prose, and seems to be constructed on no fixed principle. If one line has the proper heroic stateliness and is formed of pure iambics, perhaps in the very next she slips into a quick and dancing measure that would do well enough for a lively lyric, but which is quite out of keeping with the general tone of a blank-verse poem. Her rhymed verse is somewhat better, but it is deformed by very similar defects. It is so careless and undisciplined that the reader is continually puzzled to catch the euphony, and indeed it is often at his discretion whether it shall be verse at all. He must have a practised ear, and be able to humour the rhythm, or many lines will appear like broken prose. Pope's poems have often been placed in the hands of young persons to teach them a correct pronunciation, but Miss Landon's volumes would have a very opposite effect. The following lines, (and a thousand similar ones might be selected) would defy the most ingenious reader to recite them according to the ordinary rules of metrical composition.

His very faults were those that win,
Too dazzling and ready an entrance in.
When waried by the vain chill'd by the cold,
Impatient of society's set mould.
She had the rich perfection of that gift,
Her Italy's own ready song, which seems,
The poetry caught from a thousand flowers.

Language so silvery, that every word,
Was like the lute's awakening chord;
Skies half sunshine, and half starlight,
Flowers whose lives were a breath of delight.

I looked upon the deep blue sky,
And it was all hope and harmony.

I saw a youth beside me kneel;
I heard my name in music steal;
I felt my hand trembling in his:—
Another moment, and his kiss &c.

Then came remembrances of other times,
When eve opened her rich bowers for the pale day,
When the faint, distant tones of convent chimes,
Were answered by the lute and vesper lay.

Of fear and pain, there were these the last night,
With a remembering like that which a dream,
Leaves, &c.

Curled half in the pride of its loveliness,
And half with a love-sigh's voluptuousness.

This hope is vain, my grave must be
Far distant from my own country.

Some one had brought dew of the spring,
With woman's own kind solacing.

She prest her hand to her brow, or pain
Or better thoughts were passing there,—the room
Had no light but that from the fireside.

Which like the meteor has from darkness birth,
She watched her circle,—ready smile or sneer,—
Smiles for the absent ones, smiles for the near.

Her blank-verse has often feeble and slovenly terminations, as in the following instances.

Her voice.

Lost its so tremulous accents as she bade
Her child tread in that Father's steps, and told
How brave, how honored he had been.—But when
She did entreat him to remember all
Her hopes were centered in him, that he was
The stay of her declining years, that he
Might be the happiness of her old age, &c. &c.

There was one whose brow.

Dark with hot climates, and gashed o'er with scars "
Told of the toiling march, the battle-rush
Where sabres flashed, the red shots flew, and not
One ball or blow but did destruction's work,

But then his heart was high and his pulse beat
Proudly and fearlessly :—now he was worn,
With many a long day's suffering—and death's
A fearful thing, &c.

—Perhaps,

For he has left some high memorials, Fame,
Will pour its sunlight on the picture, when
The artist's hand, &c.

From an ignorance of the principles of blank-verse, the noblest measure in our language, and from that unhappy confidence in her own powers which has been engendered by the injudicious praises of her friends, she has often whole pages that are literally nothing but mere prose, divided into lines of ten syllables. She mistakes a command of words for the inspiration of the Muse, and therefore never aims at condensation, or wearies herself with that “degrading toil” which has made almost every line of Pope or Campbell, a model for the poetical student. She has been taught to believe that her most careless and unstudied effusions approach as nearly as possible to perfection. It is this unfortunate self-confidence that has been the ruin not of L. E. L. only, but of Wordsworth, Southey, and other eminent living poets. They send forth volume after volume, and the ignorant crowd are amazed at their copiousness and facility, and wonder at the labour and comparative poverty of Pope, and Gray and Goldsmith and Campbell. It is a truth that seems little understood at the present day, that there may be more thought and poetry compressed into two lines of one writer than can be found in two thousand of another. A man's genius is now estimated by the comparative bulk of his volume. In former times a great book was held to be a great evil, and we confess for our own parts that we are still of this old fashioned opinion. To modern readers, however, it might certainly appear somewhat incongruous to to speak of Goldsmith or Gray as great Poets, when their Lilliputian duodecimos are seen in juxtaposition with the gigantic quartos of Wordsworth and the Poet Laureat. We have no wish to underrate the genius of these two living Poets, (the former of whom is our especial favorite) but we are quite sure that if they had written less they would have written better. Writers who possess a “fatal facility” should recollect the remark of the ingenious Frenchman who apologized for a very long letter, by observing that he had not time to write a short one.

We shall now extract two or three specimens of Miss Landon's blank-verse poems, and by merely *printing* them as prose, we have no doubt but they will also *read* as such. They are really in no respect elevated above ordinary prose composition. Be-

fore we proceed however to the extracts, we have an additional remark or two to offer, the justice of which they will in some measure serve to illustrate. With her usual dislike to every species of drudgery Miss Landon has disdained to lower her genius by an attention to the common rules of grammar, of which almost every poem contains some flagrant violation. Another peculiarity worth observing is, that her pieces generally begin with an abrupt allusion to some object or circumstance of which the reader is wholly ignorant. She commences a narrative as if she were explaining a picture to one who had as full a view of it as herself. The reader, however, is perfectly in the dark, and listens to an explanation of scenes that are not before him. She runs on with her unconnected hints, as if the public were in all her secrets. Her transitions are so rapid as to be utterly perplexing and unintelligible. She often begins a story in the middle; the close, however is generally complete, for death, her almost invariable resource, is a pretty strong conclusion to all human adventures. The three first of the following extracts are literally the commencements of the poems from which they are taken. The fourth is also the opening of a poem but it is not liable to the same charge of abruptness or want of clearness. It is as simple as a nursery tale. The last piece is like an extract from a Traveller's Journal.

FROM "LOVE'S LAST LESSON."

Teach me if you can—forgetfulness. *I surely shall forget if you can bid me; I who have worshipped thee, my god on earth, I who have bowed me at your lightest word. Your last command, "forget me," will it not sink deeply down within my inmost soul? Forget thee!—ay, forgetfulness will be a mercy to me.* By the many nights when I have wept, for that I dared not sleep,—a dream had faded me live my woes again, acting my wretchedness, without the hope my foolish heart still clings to, *though that hope is like the opiate that may lull awhile then wake to double torture; by the days passed in lone watching and in anxious fears, when a breath sent the crimson to my cheek like the red gushing of a sudden wound; by all the careless looks and careless words which have to me been like the scorpions stinging; by happiness blighted, and by thee, for ever; by the eternal work of wretchedness; by all my withered feelings, ruined health, crushed hopes, and rified heart, I will forget thee! alas! my words are vanity. Forget thee: &c. &c.*

FROM "THE SAILOR."

An aged widow with one only child, and even he was far away at sea; narrow and mean the street wherein she dwelt, and low and small the room; but still it had a look of comfort; on the white washed walls were ranged her many ocean treasures—shells, some like the snow, and some pink, with a blush caught from the sun-set on the waters; plumes from the bright pinions of the Indian bird; long dark seaweed and black and crimson berries were treasured with the treasuring of the heart. Her sailor brought them, when from his first voyage he came so sunburnt and so tall she scarce knew her fair stripling in that manly youth. Like a memorial of far better days, the large old Bible, with its silver clasps lay on the table; and a fragrant air came from the window; there stood a rose-tree lovely but of luxuriant growth, and rich with a thousand buds and beautifully blown flowers. It was a slip from that which ever drew fraise from each passer down the shadowy lane where her home stood, the home where yet she thought to end her days in peace: that was the hope that made life pleasant, and it had been fed by the so ardent spirits of her boy, who

said that God would bless the efforts made for his old mother. Like a holiday each Sunday came, for then her patient way she took to the white church of her own village, a long five miles.

FROM "THE COVENANTERS."

Never ! I will not know another home. Few summers have passed on, with their blue skies, green leaves, and singing birds and sun-kissed fruit, since here I first took up my last abode and here my bones shall rest. You say it is a home for beasts, and not for human kind, this bleak shed and bare rock, and that the vale below is beautiful. I know the time when it looked very beautiful to me. Do you see that bare spot, where an old oak stands black and leafless, as if scorched by fire, while round it the ground seems as if a curse were laid upon the soil. Once by that tree, then covered with its leaves and acorn crop, a little cottage stood ; 'twas very small, but had an air of health and peace.

FROM "THE CHANGE."

There were two boys who were bred up together, shared the same bed, and fed at the same board ; each tried the others sports, &c. they parted, &c. they met again, but different from themselves ; the one proud as a soldier of his rank, and of his many battles and the other proud of his Indian wealth, and of the skill and toil that gathered it ; each with a brow and heart alike darkened by years and care. They met with cold words and yet colder looks, each was changed in himself, and yet each thought the other only changed, himself the same ; and coldness bred dislike. &c. &c. &c.

FROM "THE HISTORY OF THE LYRE."

I soon left Italy : it is well worth a year of wandering, were it but to feel how much our England does out-weigh the world. A clear cold April morning was it, when I first rode up the avenue of ancient oaks.—We passed through Rome on our return and there sought out Eulalia.

We have gone through the disagreeable part of our duty, and shall now say a word or two in our author's favour. We should be sorry indeed if any of our readers were to imagine for a moment that in what we have advanced against her claims to indiscriminate admiration we have been actuated by any ungenerous motive. We have merely endeavoured to place her poetical peculiarities, in a proper light, and to expose the absurdity of lauding her in such unmeasured terms, as are used on all occasions by her imprudent Patron. If another Shakespeare were to arise, at the present day, Mr. Jerdan would find it difficult to honour his genius with a single laudatory expression that he had not already applied to L. E. L. This is the very prostitution of criticism. We mean not to be severe on Mr. Jerdan, for "his failings lean to virtue's side," and if he were less kind and generous, his critical judgment perhaps would not so often be called into question as it now is. Every critic is more or less liable to the influences of personal friendship, and if we had ever had the pleasure of L. E. L.'s acquaintance we are not sure that we should have been *quite* so impartial in our present article. But Mr. Jerdan's sins in this way are really too gross and glaring, and in justice to the genius of L. E. L. we must attribute to his unbounded eulogies a large share of her defects. If her errors had been duly

explained to her, and her studies properly directed, we verily believe there would have been at this day, but little ground for censure. Her style would have been less meretricious, less feeble and more firm and concentrated. But even spoiled as she has been, it is almost impossible to open her volumes without finding something to admire. When we have taken them up casually, we have met with passages of such delicate beauty that we have ceased to wonder at the enthusiasm of her admirers. But these flowers have been surrounded by so many weeds, that it has wearied us to search for others. With all her faults, however, she is a poet of real genius. Few young writers of the present day are more strictly original, or owe less to their contemporaries. When there are so many poetical Mocking Birds, originality is of itself an indication of no ordinary mind. If she has imitated any of our later or living Poets, they are Thomas Moore, Lord Byron and Barry Cornwall. She most frequently resembles the latter; but she is not a servile copiest of any one. Her poetry has always a distinctive character and may be recognized without the aid of her celebrated initials. She has a feminine grace of manner, an exquisite delicacy and tenderness of feeling and a profusion of sparkling imagery.

Miss Landon's latest volume containing, "THE VENETIAN BRACELET, THE LOST PLEAD, &c." has only just been received in this country, and therefore demands an especial notice. This article, however, has already extended to a sufficient length, and we must confine ourselves to very rapid outlines of the principal stories and a few brief extracts. *Amenaide*, the heroine of the first poem, though nobly born, was brought up as a humble peasant girl. Her father, had been compelled to fly the country in a time of political convulsion. *Leoni*, a young soldier of high rank and character is won by her charms, and his affection is returned. Before they can be wedded however he is called away to the field. After his departure news is received of the death of the father of *Amenaide*, and the restoration of his daughter to the family honours. Young *Leoni* in his absence becomes attached to a beautiful English-woman, and marries her. *Count Arrezzi*, a relation of *Amenaide* gives a splendid entertainment at which *Leoni* is expected to be present. With a beating heart, and ignorant of the change in his affections and circumstances, *Amenaide* attends the festival.

With eager glance.

She watch'd the door, and counted every dance;
 Then time grew long, hope caught a shade of fear—
 "LEONI—but they said he would be here!"
 When sudden came AREZZI to her side,—
 "Look there, the Count LEONI and his bride!"

She with the violet wreath in her bright hair ;
 Sooth but to say, that English bride is fair !
 But I must go and have my welcome paid."
 Alone AMENAI'DE stood in the shade,—
 Alone ! ay, utterly. A couch was nigh,
 And there she sank—oh, had it been to die !

The following description of her feelings and conduct on her return, has considerable pathos and beauty.

LEONI and his bride have left the hall.
 Why does that cheek grow pale, that dark dark eye fall ?
 Why does that lip its wit, its smiling cease?—
 It only pass'd for beauty's gay caprice.
 She left the feast—but, oh, not yet alone :
 Many a cavalier has eager flown
 Upon her gondola's home course to wait,
 And sigh farewell at her own palace-gate.
 Her maidens gathered round. What more, yet more,
 To read the breast now throbbing to the core ?
 She hurried not their task,--- each silken braid
 Of raven hair was in set order laid :
 But once she showed her weakness,--- when her hand
 Strove vainly to unloose a glittering band,
 It trembled like a leaf :---but that pass'd by ;
 Struggle she might, but no one heard her sigh ;
 And when her last good night was courteous said,
 Never more queenlike seem'd that lofty head.
 The last step died upon the marble stair,—
 She sprang towards the door,—the bolt is there :—
 She tried the spring, gave one keen look around,
 Mutter'd "alone !" and dash'd her on the ground.
 Corpse-like she lay,—her dark hair wildly thrown
 Far on the floor before her ; white as stone,
 As rigid stretch'd each hand,—her face was press'd
 Close to the earth ; and but the heaving vest
 Told of some pang the shuddering frame confess'd,
 She seem'd as stricken down by instant death.—
 Sudden she raised her head, and gasp'd for breath ;
 And nature master'd misery. She sought,
 Panting, the air from yonder lattice brought.
 Ah, there is blood on that white lip and brow !---
 She struggles still---in vain---she must weep now
 She wept, childlike, till sleep began to press
 Upon her eyes, for very weariness.

She determines to conceal the struggles of disappointed love
and wounded pride—

This must not be !—stain'd cheek and fever'd brow
Too much the secret of my soul avow
Aye deep as is the grave my heart shall keep
What burning tears AMENAÏDE could weep,
Oh, never let LEONI know the worst :
'Tis well if he believe I changed, the first.
Too much e'en to myself has been reveal'd,
— And thus be every trace of tears conceal'd.”
She sought the alcove where the fountain play'd,
And washed from lip and cheek their crimson shade ;
And bathed her long hair, till its glossy curls
Wore not a trace but of the dewy pearls
The water left, as if in pity shed.

There is a touch of nature in the following lines.

The weary day pass'd on—night came again :—
AMENAÏDE has joined the glittering train ;
Self-torturer—self-deceiver—cold and high,
She said it was to mock the curious eye.
Such strength is weakness. *Was it not to be*
Where still, Leoni, she might gaze on thee?

She begins to think that *Leoni* had never truly loved her, and
that his attentions were a heartless mockery. This thought is
gall and wormwood to her lofty spirit. As she is one day wander-
ing about her garden, a pedlar enters.

---She hears a tread : who is it dares intrude
On this her known and guarded solitude ?
She sees an aged Jew ; a box he bore
Fill'd with gay merchandize and Jewell'd store.
Ere she could speak, he spread before her eyes
Those glittering toys that loveliest ladies prize :---
“ Fair dame, in sooth so fair thou seem'st to be,
That almost it is vain to offer thee
The many helps for meaner beauty made :
But yet these gems would light that dark hair's shade ;
Well would these pearls around that white throat show
Each purple vein that wanders through its snow.”
Angrily turned the Countess,---“ Fool, away !”---
“ So young, as fair, has vanity no sway ?---
But I have things most curious, and 'mid these
Somewhat may chance your wayward fancy please.”

---He took bracelet,---'twas of fine wrought gold,
 And twisted as a serpent, whose lithe fold
 Curl'd round the arm :---he spoke in whispering tone---
 " Here lady, look at this, I have but one :
 Here, press this secret spring ; it lifts a lid,---
 Beneath there is the subtlest poison hid.
 I come from Venice ; of the wonders there
 There is no wonder like this bracelet rare."
 She started—evil thoughts, at first repress'd,
 Now struggled like a storm within her breast.
 Alas ! alas ! how plague-spot like will sin
 Spread over the wrung heart it enters in ?
 Her brow grew dark—Amid thy baubles shine
 This ruby cross, --- but be the bracelet mine."
 Around her arm the fatal band is fast ;
 Away its seller, like a vision, pass'd.

She poisons her rival, who dies on her husband's breast. *Leoni* himself is suspected of having destroyed his bride, and is taken to the Council on suspicion. But the real criminal is seized with remorse, confesses her guilt, and dies in an agony of grief, in *Leoni's* arms.

" THE LOST PLEIAD" is founded on the old classical story of the *Pleiades*. The six sister *Pleiades* had been all wooed and won. Prince Cyris at last becomes enamoured of the seventh. She returns his love and quits the heavens. The Prince however is but a fickle lover, and soon treats her with indifference. The lost *Pleiad* dies of sorrow and mortification.

" THE HISTORY OF THE LYRE" is a description of a young Poetess, in which Miss Landon seems to have introduced a large share of her own personal feelings. The following extract is rather long, but it is too characteristic to be omitted.

All time attests the miracles of man :
 The very elements, whose nature seems
 To mock dominion, yet have worn his yoke.
 His way has been upon the pathless sea ;
 The earth's dark bosom search'd ; bodiless air
 Works as his servant ; and from his own mind
 What rich stores he has won, the sage, the bard,
 The painter, these have made their nature proud :
 And yet how life goes on, its great outline
 How noble and ennobling !—but within
 What base alloy ; how Disappointment tracks
 The steps of Hope ; how Envy dogs success ;
 How every victor's crown is lined with thorns,

And worn mid scoffs ! Trace the young poet's fate :
 Fresh from his solitude, the child of praise,
 His heart upon his lips he seeks the world,
 To find him fame and fortune as if life
 Were like a fairy tale. His song has led
 The way before him : flatteries fill his ear,
 His presence courted, and his words are caught ;
 And he seems happy in so many friends.
 What marvel if he somewhat overrate
 His talents and his state ? These scenes soon change.
 The vain, who sought to mix their name with his ;
 The curious, who but live for some new sight ;
 The idle,---all these have been gratified,
 And now neglect stings even more than scorn.
 Envy spoken, felt more bitterly,
 For that it was not dream'd of ; worldliness
 Has crept upon his spirit unaware ;
 Vanity craves for its accustom'd food ;
 He has turn'd sceptic to the truth which made
 His feelings poetry ; and discontent
 Hangs heavily on the lute, which wakes no more
 Its early music :---social life is filled
 With doubts and vain aspirings ; solitude,
 When the imagination is dethroned,
 Is turn'd to weariness. What can he do
 But hang his lute on some lone tree, and die ?
 " Methinks we must have known some former state
 More glorious than our present, and the heart
 Is haunted with dim memories, shadows left
 By past magnificence ; and hence we pine
 With vain aspirings, hopes that fill the eyes
 With bitter tears for their own vanity.
 Remembrance marks the poet ; 'tis the past
 Lingering within him, with a keener sense
 Than is upon the thoughts of common men
 Of what has been, that fills the actual world
 With unreal likenesses of lovely shapes,
 That were and are not ; and the fairer they,
 The more their contrast with existing things,
 The more his power, the greater is his grief.
 ---Are we then fallen from some noble star,
 Whose consciousness is as an unknown curse,
 And we feel capable of happiness
 Only to know it is not of our sphere ?

"I have sung passionate songs of beating hearts ;
 Perhaps it had been better they had drawn
 Their inspiration from an inward source.
 Had I known even an unhappy love,
 It would have flung an interest round life
 Mine never knew. This is an empty wish ;
 Our feelings are not fires to light at will
 Our nature's fine and subtle mysteries ;
 We may control them, but may not create,
 And love less than its follows. I have fed
 Perhaps too much upon the lotos fruits
 Imagination yields,---fruits which unfit
 The palate for the more substantial food
 Of our own land---reality. I made
 My heart too like a temple for a home ;
 My thoughts were birds of paradise, that breathed
 The airs of heaven, but died on touching earth.

The next poem of any length in the volume is a Dramatic Sketch entitled "THE ANCESTRESS." We do not fancy its subject but it contains several passages of considerable excellence and more force and condensation than usually characterize the writer.

From the miscellaneous poems we take the following little pieces almost at random.

FANTASIES.

I'm weary, I'm weary,—this cold world of ours ;
 I will go dwell afar, with fairies and flowers.
 Farewell to the festal, the hall of the dance,
 Where each step is a study, a falsehood each glance
 Where the vain are displaying, the rapid are yawning,
 Where the beauty of night, the glory of dawning,
 Are wasted, as fashion, that tyrant at will
 Makes war on sweet Nature and exiles her still.

I'm weary, I'm weary,---I'm off with the wind :
 Can I find a worse fate than the one left behind ?
 ---Fair beings of moonlight, gay dwellers in air,
 O show me your kingdom ! O let me dwell there !
 I see them, I see them !---how sweet it must be
 To sleep in your city !---is there room in't for me ?
 I have flung my clay fetters ; and now I but wear
 A shadowy seeming, a likeness of air.

Go harness my chariot ; the leaf of an oak ;
 A butterfly stud, and a tendril my yoke.
 Go swing me a hammock, the poles mignonette ;
 I'll rock with its scent in the gossamer net.
 Go fetch me a courser : yon reed is but slight,
 Yet far is the distance 'twill bear me to-night.

I must have a throne,—ay, yon mushroom may stay,
 It has sprung in a night, 'twill be gathered next day :
 And fit is such throne for my brief fairy reign ;
 For, alas ! I'm but dreaming, and dreams are but vain.

A SUMMER DAY.

SWEET valley, whose streams flow as sparkling and bright
 As the stars that descend in the depths of the night ;
 Whose violets fling their rich breath on the air,
 Sweet sperdthrifths of treasure the Spring has flung there.

My lot is not with thee, 'tis far from thine own ;
 Nor thus, amid Summer and solitude thrown :
 But still it is something to gaze upon thee,
 And bless earth, that such peace on her bosom can be.

My heart and my steps both grow light as I bound
 O'er the green grass that covers thy beautiful ground ;
 And joy o'er my thoughts, like the sun o'er the leaves,
 A blessing in giving and taking receives.

I have heap'd up thy flowers, the wild and the sweet,
 As if fresh from the touch of the night-elfin's feet ;
 A bough from thy oak, and a sprig from thy broom,—
 I take them as keepsakes to tell of thy bloom.

Their green leaves may droop, and their colours may flee,
 As if dying with sorrow at parting from thee ;
 And my memory fade with them, till thou wilt but seem
 Like the fitting shape morning recalls of a dream.

Let them fade from their freshness, so leave they behind
 One trace, like faint music, impress'd on the mind ;
 One leaf or one flower to memory will bring
 The light of thy beauty, the hope of thy spring.

We have excused ourselves the task of noticing the peculiar beauties and defects of this volume as it would be a needless repetition of our remarks on her works generally. There are the same beauties and the same imperfections in her last work as in her first, and this volume is neither better, nor worse than any of its predecessors. This is not a very flattering circumstance, but Miss Landon is still young, and may fall into the hands of better instructors than she has yet met with. If the higher order of London Critics would do their duty, and rescue her from her present inauspicious position, there would be no doubt of her future improvement. We have only to add, to what we have already said, that we should be among the first to rejoice at any change that might tend to the advancement of her genius, and the stability of her fame.

THE PARTING.

Linger not long ! Home is not home without thee,
 Its sweetest tokens only make me mourn ;
 Oh ! let its memory as a chain about thee
 Gently compel and hasten thy return !

Linger not long !

Linger not long ! Though crouds should woo thy staying,
 Bethink thee can the mirth of friends though dear,
 Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
 Costs the poor heart that sighs to have thee here—

Linger not long !

Linger not long ! How I shall watch thy coming,
 When evening's shadows stretch o'er moor and fell,
 When the wild bee hath ceased his weary humming,
 And silence hangs on all things like a spell !

Linger not long !

How shall I watch for thee when fears grow stronger,
 As night draws dark and darker on the hill !
 How shall I weep when I can watch no longer !
 Oh ! art thou absent—art thou absent still ?

Linger not long !

Oh ! I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth me,
 Gazeth through tears that make its splendour dull ;
 Yet though I sometimes fear when thou art with me,
 My cup of happiness is all too full,

Linger not long !

But haste then home, unto thy mountain dwelling—
 Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest—
 Haste as a skiff when tempests wild are swelling
 Flies to its haven of securest rest !

Linger not long !

STANZAS.—BY CAPT. W. ELLIOTT,

Author of "The Nun," &c.

Oh lady, leave thy love-strung lute,
 And hush thy dulcet strain;
 For, charming one, thou must be mute,
 Or I shall love in vain.

The Orthian* air had moved me less,
 Upon the silent sea,
 Than thy sweet notes of tenderness;—
 They flow so silvery.

But Oh! 'tis sad, while strains so fond
 Thy warbling lip depart,
 And every chord and pulse respond
 Of my enchanted heart,

Amidst the ecstasy to feel
 That all my love would tell,
 Nor look nor accent must reveal—
 No—not at my farewell.

I would not have thee join thy fate
 With one so drear, as mine;—
 Oh! it has long been desolate,
 'But *shall not* darken thine.

The warrior-exile's weary way,
 For glory's vain reward,
 Is mine until my dying day;—
 My wealth, a soldier's sword.

Then lady, leave thy love-strung lute,
 And hush thy dulcet strain;
 For, charming one, thou must be mute
 Or I shall love in vain.

The Orthian air Arion sang on board the Corinthian vessel before he sprang into the sea; and it was the enchantment of this air, which induced the Dolphin to receive him on his back and to carry him to Tænarus. See Herodotus.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF JACOB AJAR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I was born in the county of——in the west of England. My father, a respectable farmer, died before I had attained my eleventh year, leaving to my mother, and myself a small sum of money, to look after. He had not been dead many months when my remaining parent was also carried to the grave, having fallen a victim to grief, or typhus fever, or both. I was bequeathed to the care of my paternal uncle who resided at a neighbouring market town and who was a man of some substance and some consequence. He was by profession a tailor, very attentive to his business, and very fond of money, but possessing withal a considerable portion of the milk of human kindness. He was proud of his calling and with a laudable zeal used his best efforts to give in his own person a practical contradiction to the generally received notion that a tailor is only the ninth part of a man and he certainly succeeded, for what with a huge appetite, easy circumstances and a sedentary life he managed to increase his weight to about 18 stones. This worthy unit of humanity sent me to a respectable school, where I fancy I gained as much knowledge in a given period as boys of my age usually do. After having been birched for three years, my uncle thought it high time I should begin to learn some business, and entertaining so lofty an opinion of his own trade, it is not surprising that I should find myself at 14 years of age, seated cross-legged on his work-board. For a couple of years I blundered through button holes, &c. &c. often incurring his displeasure for my carelessness. At length I found I could no longer put up with this contracted mode of existence, and I felt that my genius was not of a nature to be confined within the narrow limits of a thimble nor limited to the point of a needle. I accordingly scraped together all the little money I could honestly lay my hands on, and leaving a few lines behind me craving my relative's forgiveness, I started on foot one fine morning for the county town. Here I fell in with a coach and proceeded by it to the metropolis, where I arrived in due course. Previous to quitting my guardian's protection I had laid down no plans for my future movements and found myself in London without well knowing why or wherefore. I passed the first night at the inn where the coach stopped, and sallied out the following day to look about me, in the evening I returned to the quarters I had occupied the night before, but on entering my apartment discovered to my consternation that I had quitted it without taking the precaution of either locking my trunk or closing

the door. During my absence some person or persons had entered and robbed me of every article I possessed. Here reader let me steal a march on my narrative to inform you that all my after mishaps through life arose out of the singular failing of never being able to shut a door after me or to turn a key in a lock when I ought to have done so.

Luckily when I left the "Swan with two necks" in the morning I had taken with me a couple of guineas so that I was enabled to pay for my lodging. I passed a restless and unhappy night, and the succeeding day found me again wandering about in search of what fortune might produce. I had not proceeded far when I fell in with a school-fellow to whom I related my situation, and who seemed to have been thrown in my way by providence, for he told me he was just on the look out for such a person as myself to succeed him in a place he held as servant to a gouty infirm old gentleman, to whose residence we immediately proceeded; matters were speedily adjusted and in a few hours I was duly installed in my new office. Here I had a very easy, and a very happy life of it so long as the summer months continued, but when the raw autumn days approached, my worthy master began to find the enemy troublesome, and became proportionately peevish; I was often taken to task for not closing the door after me, but to no purpose. With every wish to give satisfaction. I was at length so incorrigible that my wages were paid up and I was discharged. The old gentleman however, who was really a kind hearted man gave me an excellent character, with one exception "*he cannot shut a door after him.*" I had not been many days out of employ when I was offered service by two maiden sisters, which I accepted, and as they were both free from bodily ailments I thought there would be no chance of their having occasion to complain of the defect which had so recently ejected me from a comfortable and easy livelihood. The elder of the two had a couple of pet canaries which engrossed her time and affections. I was in the frequent habit of admiring these favorites and consequently won the old lady's heart to such degree that she one day went so far as to order me to clean the cage during her absence, an *honor* which she had hitherto reserved to herself. I obeyed her injunctions and then set about my other duties. My Mistress returned, went up stairs, and in a few minutes my ears were saluted with shrieks and imprecations. I hurried to the spot and there found her perfectly frantic with grief and rage. The floor was strewed with yellow feathers, and the cage was empty. I had left the door open, the birds had flown out and the younger sister's Tom Cat had taken a meal which cost me my place. I was next hired by an eminent barrister to look after his apartments in the middle temple. I went on as well as could be wished

for 18 months, gained the confidence, and I may say esteem of my master, and in fact began to fancy I had entirely overcome my failing, when one unfortunate Sunday I was invited to pass the day with a friend in the suburbs. I obtained permission to be absent, had a very agreeable excursion, and returned home highly delighted, with my entertainer and myself. The first thing that caught my eye on ascending the steps of the chambers, was the key in the door-lock; I had omitted to take it with me, I entered and could hardly sustain myself seeing that every thing of value within had been removed by thieves. I knew not what to do—after a little reflection I determined to communicate the whole to my master and trust to his kindness for forgiveness. I accordingly proceeded to his residence and related what had been the consequences of my carelessness. He was at first greatly chagrined, when however he had given full vent to his anger he became more calm and addressed me as follows; “Jacob I believe you to be perfectly honest, and until now I considered you equally circumspect, you have subjected me to a great possibly an irreparable loss, we must part but I shall give you a letter to Mr.———Sheriff of the county of———who may probably be able to provide for you.” I tendered my cordial and sincere thanks and in a few days afterwards I stood in the presence of the *civic dignitary*. I presented my credentials, received a gracious smile in return, and was told that I might consider myself appointed one of the *turnkeys* of the county jail, a charge of all others for which I was least calculated, I nevertheless entered upon this important office with many good resolutions, but alas how fleeting are all human determinations. I had not been a week in my new situation when neglecting to lock one half of the cells, I was the innocent means of letting loose several prisoners. As may be anticipated I was seized, confined, and tried as a felon for having aided and assisted certain culprits in His Majesty’s jail of———to elude justice. It is unnecessary to tire the reader by detailing the means by which I avoided conviction, but avoid it I did, and was discharged after receiving a severe reprimand from the Bench. In quitting the court a letter was presented to me by my successor, which had he said, arrived during my incarceration. I opened, read it and saw that it was from an attorney in my native town, communicating to me the death of my good uncle, of whom I had not heard since my unceremonious departure. The ponderous knight of the needle had been carried off suddenly and dying intestate, I succeeded to his fortune amounting to some ten thousand pounds. I lost no time in proceeding to take possession of my unlooked for acquisition, and the greater part of my uncle’s estate being invested in houses, I managed to retain it till I got married, since which my wife, who

early discovered my propensity has entrusted me with nothing that ought to be under lock and key. I am the father of six children, all of whom I have (as soon as they could lisp) instructed in door shutting and locking, and now that I am descending into the vale of years it is some satisfaction to me to reflect that I have spared no trouble to save my offspring from the many misfortunes which my unhappy, failing had entailed upon myself.

JACOB AJAR.

SONNET.

SCENE NEAR HYDRABAD.

The butterflies are all abroad,—the flowers
Are courted by them; and the piff'ring wind,
From every shrub, embathed in dewy showers,
Extorts its tribute of sweet things:—enshrined
Within its leafy cradle, sings its song
The lively Mina,—whilst, from tree to tree,
The tricksome monkey chases, merrily,
The squirrel, bounding the wet leaves among!
The sun throws slantingly on you Minār
Its infant beams, arraying in bright gold
The Tamarind grove.—whose every leaf a star
Seems gilded fruitage in fair chains to hold;—
And like a lake of molten fire the tank
Shows bright and gorgeously beneath this bank!

SONNET.

NIGHT.

Creation sleeps—and o'er the curtained earth
A holy silence lingers,—like a cloud
Of incense o'er some temple, whence aloud
The chant of praise is heard to issue forth.—
Nature alone, most watchful Queen! awake,
Keeps generous virgil o'er her wide domain,
For ev'n the restless wind, that o'er the plain
Play'd 'midst the grass, reposes; and the brake
Hath lost its leafy voice!—'Tis sweet to slake
The thirst of a worn spirit, in such hour,
From the fair flood of Poesy!—around
The heart world-wounded looks, and owns the power
Of quiet deep!—a leaf falls on the ground,
Scaring the silence with a stilly sound!

R. C. C.

STEAM NAVIGATION.

(From a Correspondent.)

“ TO STEAM OR NOT TO STEAM, THAT IS THE QUESTION ”

The subject of a Steam communication with Great Britain being again vividly revived, we propose to take a rapid view of what has been done towards the attainment of a consummation so devoutly to be wished, and to offer an opinion on the probability of the realization of a prospect so delightful as that of being in effect brought nearer to our native homes by many thousand miles, and being able to reach it in person or by letter in the brief period of six weeks instead of that number of months now very often occupied in the voyage. It is not however to the European alone, that the accomplishment of such a plan is desirable ; in a political and commercial point of view it is of deep moment to the welfare of the people of India at large. What then has been done to promote it ? What are the prospects of its success ? In the ever changing, coming and going community of India, there may be not a few who know little of the first, and many may deem the opinions of one who has studied the subject, on the last, at least worthy of perusal. We shall endeavour to satisfy both these classes of readers.

In 1823, Captain Johnstone first excited a lively sensation in this community, on the subject, although it had been previously discussed in the Journals of the Presidency*. He had in England sought information from every quarter as to the practicability of the scheme and was satisfied that with proper support, it might be accomplished, the only difficulty being in fact, the want of funds. A Meeting was held at which Capt. Johnstone read a sort of summary of the result of his ardent and anxious investigation of the subject, and in which it seemed that he had suffered no point of importance to escape him. The route preferred by him was the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. He had made very accurate estimates of the distances of the different stages proposed by him, of the journey up the Nile from Alexandria to Cairo, of the route across the desert from Cairo to Suez, of the cost of the vessels requisite, the expense of sailing or steaming them, and a calculation of the probable amount of passage money, &c. and of every particular in short, essential to demonstrate that the scheme was not merely practicable, but might be made *profitable*, his object being to engage the government and mercantile men, the com-

* The Red Sea route was first advocated here, by Mr. Greenlaw, when that gentleman edited the *John Bull*.

munity at large indeed, in the speculation, something after the fashion of a lottery scheme; and there can be no doubt, that if all those who usually dabble in these state gambling concerns had abstained from doing so for one year and devoted the price of one or more tickets to Captain Johnstone's plan, it would have been carried into effect, and we should long ere now have been reaping the advantage in that rapid interchange of communications with the mother country so ardently desired by all. It was however, otherwise ordered. After a great deal of discussion at the Meeting, Mr. Holt Mackenzie proposed, that instead of the community giving two lakhs to the speculation, a sum of one lakh should be subscribed to be held out as a *bonus* to any one who should first accomplish two complete voyages to and from India in the given time. The argument in favour of this proposition was, that we should thus invite the competition of all England, and that, if that did not effect what was contemplated, it might fairly be deemed impracticable. This argument was thought to be conclusive at the time: but experience has shown it to be fallacious. The practicability of the scheme no one doubts: yet the competition of all England has not yet brought out a steamer. Either the *bonus* was too trifling or what is very probable, nobody ever heard of it at home, but those to whom Captain Johnstone himself communicated it.

In consequence of his failure to engage the community in his speculation, Captain Johnstone bought a ship, went home, sold her at a considerable sacrifice, and as all our Indian world know brought out the *Enterprise* in time to render some service to the state in the Burmah war; but except that her coming out round the Cape, demonstrated that a steamer could come by that route, her arrival in India in no degree advanced the grand object of a steam communication with India, for her voyage was in point of time, a complete failure, her passage being about 110 or 12 days, a much longer time than sailing vessels often take to perform it. The causes of this failure are not generally understood and it may be worth while to explain them, that no one may be discouraged by it. The *Enterprise*, then, was a vessel by no means adapted to the voyage, her utmost speed being about seven miles per hour, while against strong winds and a heavy head sea, she would not make three miles; next she was loaded too deep in the absurd attempt to reach India with only one depot. Captain Johnstone was united with others who would not be guided by his judgment, and assured him the vessel would have a velocity of nine knots with all her fuel for thirty days on board!

The next vessel that came out was Mr. Taylor's *Emulous*, but she made the passage under sail, being a long low shallow vessel

of great power, but of no capacity for a long voyage. Mr. Taylor sent out also, a ship with coal, and had engaged another vessel to go up the Mediterranean, but his schemes failed, chiefly it is said for want of means, but owing partly no doubt, to their not being well digested and practicable. The *Emulous* never could have made the voyage up the Red Sea.

After these unsuccessful attempts, at various times paragraphs appeared occasionally in the London Journals on the subject, but nothing was actually done until in 1828. Mr. Waghorn of the Pilot service an enterprising and intelligent young man and a smart seaman, turned his attention to the subject and offered himself to the public to go home and bring out a steamer built after a plan of his own, round the Cape in 75 days. She was to be a small vessel without any accommodation, except for himself and crew who were to mess with him, and she was to carry no passengers nor cargo, but merely letters and packets or small parcels. His scheme was submitted to the subscribers to the steam fund, and the balance then in hand (40,000 Rs. having been some time before voted to Captain Johnstone for bringing out the *Enterprize*) was voted to him in the terms proposed by himself, to be remitted to his agents in London, to be paid to his order as soon as he should have actually sailed on his vessel. With this pledge and that of the Government to secure him the postage of letters Mr. Waghorn departed for England to carry his plan into effect. Within the last month intelligence has been received of his arrival at Bombay overland. He has been induced to return to India without building his vessel in consequence of not hearing a single word from India on the subject of the steam fund! and thus two more years have been utterly lost. There has been sad neglect, somewhere it would seem. Mr. Waghorn however, had not been idle: he has communicated with the Court of Directors who have promised him their patronage, with his Majesty's Post Master General and other public authorities, and received every possible encouragement short of actual and pecuniary support and that is promised him to a certain extent.

The Court of Directors having received information from the Bombay Government, that a steamer would be at Suez in December, sent out dispatches by Mr. Waghorn overland to meet her there. Mr. W. crossed the channel and landed at Bolougne, where he bought a carriage and posted all the way to Trieste, where he had to wait several days for a passage to Alexandria, which he at length obtained in a Spanish ship. From Alexandria he proceeded as rapidly as he could to Suez, and there found, not only no steamer but no vessel of any kind but boats, in one of which he made his way near 700 miles

to Juddah where he got on board the *Thetis* Cruizer and reached Bombay.

Meanwhile Mr. Taylor who has devoted five years to the subject and lost according to his own account, near £50,000 in his efforts to perfect his plans, has also come out to India overland having made a direct line from Calais where he landed, from Dover to Marseilles, at which place he met as he expected, a beautiful steamer the *Superb* which wafted him in 18 days to Alexandria, touching at Malta : a convincing and delightful proof of the rapidity with which the voyage may be made by such means. At Suez Mr. Taylor like Mr. Waghorn whom he met there, we believe, was disappointed of course, as to a steamer, and obliged to share the inconveniences of an open boat with that gentleman, so that they both reached Bombay together.

Mr. Taylor informs the public, that he has succeeded in making arrangements for the immediate establishment of a line of steam packets on both sides the Isthmus of Suez, by means of which the voyage may be made to Bombay in 40, to Calcutta in 55 days or less ; that he has also provided a newly invented carriage for conveyance across the Desert, and that he wants nothing more than a pledge from the government of that advantage of postage which was guaranteed to Mr. Waghorn, and that for two years only, when he on his part will bind himself and those with whom he is associated, to carry the plan into effect, to convey officers and others at the Company's rates, provide them with a good table and guarantee them against quarantine, if they will conform to his regulations, which of course all his passengers must bind themselves to do.

Such is a rapid view of what has been done towards the establishment of the proposed communication : and it is our decided opinion, that with such arrangements as Mr. Taylor tells us he has made, the complete success of the scheme is certain, and we do hope and trust therefore, that no conflicting claims will be suffered to overcloud and destroy the bright prospect now before us. If the Government be not irreparably pledged to Mr. Waghorn, and Mr. Taylor adduces satisfactory evidence that his plans are really so far advanced as he states, we think it should insist on Mr. Waghorn's uniting with that gentleman, or if he refused, should transfer to the latter, the advantage in question, rather than subject us to two more years of that " hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," of which we have already endured so much in regard to this question. We say two years, for whatever, Mr. Waghorn may say, we are convinced, that ere he can return to England, build his vessel and be out here again, having previously provided the necessary depots, of coals, at least full two years will elapse. If he should at-

tempt to come out without having at least four or five depots there is great chance of his failure.

Another advantage this line of packets secures is very important. If an accident happen to Mr. Waghorn's single vessel, we are instantly thrown back on our present tedious mode of communication; but if vessels sail every fortnight on each side the Isthmus, the delay from a similar cause must be insignificant. It is therefore on every account desirable that this gentleman and Mr. Taylor should unite their means for the establishment of the proposed line of packets. It is to be observed also, that Mr. Waghorn's plan does not embrace the conveyance of passengers. It is obvious therefore that one which supplies that omission and a quicker and more certain and regular communication will be and ought to be preferred.

It will be enough to offer a few words in support of our conviction of the feasibility of the plan of navigating to India by steam. In 1822, ample testimony of a highly interesting character was given before a Committee of the House of Commons, of the capacity of steam vessels to stand any weather whatever, the great difficulty of adapting them to long voyages being the impossibility of combining the great burthen essential for a large supply of fuel, with a model to give the required velocity. — The obstacle can only be overcome, by having frequent depots, which are easily provided, although it may require time and considerable expense to supply them, an objection which is lessened much by the Red Sea and Mediterranean route where the remotest depot would not exceed 4,000 miles from the port where coals are procurable. In this route, the longest stage is 1,350 miles, that from Cochin to Socotra; and vessels may easily be procured of 9 or 10 miles speed, which will carry at least 8 or 9 days coals, and the winds in the Arabian Gulph or the sea between the Malabar Coast and Arabia are never directly adverse unless when light, so that with such a vessel, an average of at least six knots might be safely reckoned on, and therefore she could certainly make the longest stage without difficulty. The *Forbes* has steamed against a heavy head wind and sea upwards of seven knots, and she carries nine day's coals. We are justified in our conclusion therefore, that the plan is perfectly feasible, and we now indulge the strongest hopes of seeing it speedily carried into effect. S.

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

I.

She loved that ancient strain,
 Because its echoes brought.
 Her native hill, and vale and plain,
 From hidden realms of thought ;
 And in its dulcet tone,
 She saw the woodland rill,
 Whence the mist wreath pale soared o'er the vale,
 To crown the distant hill.

II.

And every cadence was,
 As a spell to raise the dead,—
 The surface of a magic glass,
 Where spectral beings tread ;—
 And faces thence looked out,
 That now were shrouded deep,
 Where the cerements of death enwrapt them about,
 In their long and loathless sleep.

III.

And eyes looked on her, thence,
 Bright with those sunny glances
 Where a first love's innocence
 On the waves of passion dances ;
 And words came on her ear,
 Voluptuous as the song
 Of bees, that are sinking to slumber where
 They have fed on sweet flowers too long.

IV.

But when it died away,
 That sweet and ancient strain,
 The spirit of decay,
 Once more crept o'er her brain ?—
 Then who would doubt the power,
 To the Psalmist's lyre that clung,
 When it brightened the monarch's frenzy-hour,
 As the Minstrel David sung.

R. C. C.

JOHNSON AND GARRICK*.

The following *Jeu d'Esprit* was written by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS to illustrate a remark which he had made, "That Dr. Johnson considered Garrick as his property, and would "never suffer any one to praise or abuse him but himself." In the first of these supposed dialogues Sir Joshua himself, by high encomiums upon Garrick, is represented as drawing down upon him Johnson's censure; in the second, Mr. Gibbon, by taking the opposite side, calls forth his praise.

JOHNSON *against* GARRICK.

Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Reynolds.—Let me alone, I'll bring him out. [*Aside.*

I have been thinking, Dr. Johnson, this morning, on a matter that has puzzled me very much; it is a subject that I dare say has often passed in your thoughts, and though I cannot, I dare say *you* have made up your mind upon it.

Johnson. Tilly fally, what is all this preparation,—what is all this mighty matter? •

R. Why, it is a very weighty matter. The subject I have been thinking upon is, Predestination and Free-will, two things I cannot reconcile together for the life of me; in my opinion, Dr. Johnson, Free-will and Fore-knowledge cannot be reconciled. •

J. Sir, it is not of very great importance what your opinion is upon such a question.

R. But I meant only, Dr. J., to know your opinion.

J. No, sir, you meant no such thing; you meant only to shew these gentlemen that you are not the man they took you to be, but that you think of high matters sometimes, and that you may have the credit of having it said that you held an argument with Sam. Johnson on predestination and free-will; a subject of that magnitude as to have engaged the attention of the world, to have perplexed the wisdom of man for these two thousand years; a subject on which the fallen angels, who *had yet not lost all their original brightness* find themselves in wandering mazes

* This *Literary Curiosity* was privately printed by Nichols and Bentley of Fleet Street, in the year 1816. The copy from which it is reprinted is the property of a gentleman in this country who assures us that this specimen of the wit and talent of Sir Joshua Reynolds (his "great uncle,") has only been circulated amongst the friends of the family. We seem to have an indistinct recollection of having met with it before, though our correspondent is pretty positive that it has never yet been published. It is at all events not generally known, and as it does not occupy a great deal of space, we have little hesitation in inserting it.—*Editor, Cal. Mag.*

lost. That such a subject could be discussed in the levity of convivial conversation, is a degree of absurdity beyond what is easily conceivable.

R. It is so, as you say, to be sure; I talked once to our friend Garrick upon this subject, but I remember we could make nothing of it.

J. O noble pair!

R. Garrick was a clever fellow, Dr. J.; Garrick, take him altogether, was certainly a very great man.

J. Garrick, Sir, may be a great man in your opinion, as far as I know, but he was not so in mine; little things are great to little men.

R. I have heard you say, Dr. Johnson—

J. Sir, you never heard me say that David Garrick was a great man; you may have heard me say that Garrick was a good repeater—of other men's words—words put into his mouth by other men; this makes but a faint approach towards being a great man.

R. But take Garrick upon the whole, now, in regard to conversation—

J. Well, Sir, in regard to conversation, I never discovered in the conversation of David Garrick any intellectual energy, any wide grasp of thought, any extensive comprehension of mind, or that he possessed any of those powers to which *great* could, with any degree of propriety, be applied—

R. But still—

J. Hold, Sir, I have not done—there are, to be sure, in the laxity of colloquial speech, various kinds of greatness; a man may be a great tobacconist, a man may be a great painter, he may be likewise a great mimic; now you may be the one, and Garrick the other, and yet neither of you be great men.

R. But Dr. Johnson—

J. Hold, Sir, I have often lamented how dangerous it is to investigate and to discriminate character, to men who have no discriminative powers.

R. But Garrick, as a companion, I heard you say—no longer ago than last Wednesday, at Mr. Thrale's table—

J. You tease me, Sir. Whatever you may have heard me say, no longer ago than last Wednesday, at Mr. Thrale's table, I tell you I do not say so now; besides, as I said before, you may not have understood me, you misapprehended me, you may not have heard me.

R. I am very sure I heard you.

J. Besides, besides Sir, besides,—do you not know,—are you so ignorant as not to know, that it is the highest degree of rudeness to quote a man against himself?

R. But if you differ from yourself, and give one opinion to-day—

J. Have done, Sir, the company you see are tired, as well as myself.

T'OTHER SIDE.

DR. JOHNSON AND MR. GIBBON.

Johnson. No, Sir; Garrick's fame was prodigious, not only in England, but over all Europe; even in Russia I have been told he was a proverb, when any one had repeated well he was called a second Garrick.

Gibbon. I think he had full as much reputation as he deserved.

J. I do not pretend to know, Sir, what your meaning may be, by saying he had as much reputation as he deserved; he deserved much, and he had much.

G. Why surely, Dr. Johnson, his merit was in small things only, he had none of those qualities that make a real by great man.

J. Sir, I as little understand what your meaning may be when you speak of the qualities that make a great man; it is a vague term. Garrick was no common man; a man above the common size of men, may surely without any great impropriety, be called a great man. In my opinion he has very reasonably fulfilled the prophecy which he once reminded me of having made to his mother, when she asked me how little David went on at school, that I should say to her, that he would come to be hanged, or come to be a great man. No, Sir, it is undoubtedly true that the same qualities united with virtue or with vice, make a hero or a rogue, a great general or a highway-man. Now Garrick, we are sure, was never hanged, and in regard to his being a great man, you must take the whole man together. It must be considered in how many things Garrick excelled in which every man desires to excel: setting aside his excellence as an actor, in which he is acknowledged to be unrivalled; as a man, as a poet, as a convivial companion, you will find but few his equals, and none his superior. As a man; he was kind, friendly, benevolent, and generous.

G. Of Garrick's generosity I never heard; I understood his character to be totally the reverse, and that he was reckoned to have loved money.

J. That he loved money, nobody will dispute; who does not? but if you mean, by loving money, that he was parsimonious to

a fault, Sir, you have been misinformed. To Foote, and such scoundrels, who circulated those reports, to such profligate spend-thrifts prudence is meanness, and economy is avarice. That Garrick, in early youth, was brought up in strict habits of economy I believe, and that they were necessary, I have heard from himself; to suppose that Garrick might inadvertently act from this habit, and be saving in small things, can be no wonder; but let it be remembered at the same time that if he was frugal by habit, he was liberal from principle; that when he acted from reflection he did what his fortune enabled him to do, and what was expected from such a fortune. I remember no instance of David's parsimony but once, when he stopped Mrs. Woffington from replenishing the tea-pot; it was already, he said, as red as blood; and this instance is doubtful, and happened many years ago. In the latter part of his life I observed no blameable parsimony in David; his table was elegant and even splendid; his house both in town and country, his equipage, and I think all his habits of life, were such as might be expected from a man who had acquired great riches. In regard to his generosity, which you seem to question, I shall only say; there is no man to whom I would apply with more confidence of success, for the loan of two hundred pounds to assist a common friend, than to David, and this too with very little, if any probability of its being repaid.

G. You were going to say something of him as a writer—you don't rate him very high as a poet.

J. Sir, a man may be a respectable poet without being a Homer, as a man may be a good player without being a Garrick. In the lighter kinds of poetry, in the appendages of the drama, he was, *if not the first, in the very first class*. He had a readiness and facility, a dexterity of mind that appeared extraordinary even to men of experience, and who are not apt to wonder from ignorance. Writing prologues, epilogues, and epigrams, he said he considered as his trade, and he was, what a man should be, always, and at all times ready at his trade. He required two hours for a prologue or epilogue, and five minutes for an epigram. Once at Burke's table the company proposed a subject, and Garrick finished his epigram within the time; the same experiment was repeated in the garden, and with the same success.

G. Garrick had some flippancy of parts, to be sure, and was brisk and lively in company, and by the help of mimicry and story-telling made himself a pleasant companion; but here the whole world gave the superiority to Foote, and Garrick himself appears to have felt as if his genius was rebuked by the superior powers of Foote. It has been often observed that Garrick never

dared to enter into competition with him, but was content to act an under part to bring Foote out.

J. That this conduct of Garrick's might be interpreted by the gross minds of Foote and his friends; as if he was afraid to encounter him, I can easily imagine. Of the natural superiority of Garrick over Foote, this conduct is an instance; he disdained entering into competition with such a fellow, and made him the buffoon of the company; or, as you say, brought him out. And what was at last brought out but coarse jests and vulgar merriment, indecency and impiety, a relation of events which, upon the face of them, could never have happened, characters grossly conceived and as coarsely represented? Foote was even no mimic; he went out of himself, it is true, but without going into another man; he was excelled by Garrick even in this, which is considered as Foote's greatest excellence. Garrick besides his exact imitation of the voice and gesture of his original, to a degree of refinement of which Foote had no conception exhibited the mind and mode of thinking of the person imitated. Besides, Garrick confined his powers within the limits of decency; he had a character to preserve, Foote had none. By Foote's buffoonery and broad-faced merriment, private friendship, public decency, and every thing estimable amongst men, were trod under foot. We all know the difference of their reception in the world. No man, however high in rank or literature, but was proud to know Garrick, and was glad to have him at his table; no man ever considered or treated Garrick as a player: he may be said to have stepped out of his own rank into an higher, and by raising himself he raised the rank of his profession. At a convivial table his exhilarating powers were unrivalled; he was lively, entertaining, quick in discerning the ridicule of life, and as ready in representing it; and on grave subjects there were few topics in which he could not bear his part. It is injurious to the character of Garrick to be named in the same breath with Foote. That Foote was admitted sometimes into good company (to do the man what credit I can) I will allow, but then it was merely to play tricks. Foote's merriment was that of a buffoon, and Garrick's that of a gentleman.

G. I have been told, on the contrary, that Garrick in company had not the easy manners of a gentleman.

J. Sir, I don't know what you may have been told, or what your ideas may be, of the manners of gentlemen; Garrick had no vulgarity in his manners, it is true Garrick had not the airiness of a fop, nor did he assume an affected indifference to what was passing; he did not lounge from the table to the window, and from thence to the fire, or whilst you were addressing your discourse to him, turn from you and talk to his next neighbour,

or to give any indication that he was tired of his company; if such manners form your ideas of a fine gentleman, Garrick certainly had them not:

G. I mean that Garrick was more overawed by the presence of the great, and more obsequious to rank, than Foote, who considered himself as their equal and treated them with the same familiarity as they treated each other.

J. He did so, and what did the fellow get by it? The grossness of his mind prevented him from seeing that this familiarity was merely suffered as they would play with a dog! He got no ground by affecting to call peers by their surnames; the foolish fellow fancied that lowering them was raising himself to their level; this affectation of familiarity with the great, this childish ambition of momentary exaltation obtained by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another, only shewed his folly and meanness; he did not see that by encroaching on others dignity, he puts himself in their power either to be repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension. Garrick, by paying due respect to rank, respected himself; what he gave was returned, and what was returned, he kept for ever; his advancement was on firm ground, he was recognized in public as well as respected in private, and as no man was ever more courted and better received by the public, so no man was ever less spoiled by its flattery; Garrick continued advancing to the last, till he had acquired every advantage that high birth or title could bestow, except the precedence of going into a room, but when he was there, he was treated with as much attention as the first man at the table. It is to the credit of Garrick that he never laid any claim to this distinction, it was as voluntarily allowed as if it had been his birth-right. If this, I confess, I looked on David with some degree of envy, not so much for the respect he received, as for the manner of its being acquired; what fell into his lap unsought, I have been forced to claim. I began the world by fighting my way. There was something about me that invited insult, or at least a disposition to neglect, and I was equally disposed to repel insult and to claim attention, and I fear continue too much in this disposition now it is no longer necessary; I receive at present as much favour as I have a right to expect. I am not one of the complainers of the neglect of merit.

G. Your pretensions, Dr. Johnson, nobody will dispute: I cannot place Garrick on the same footing: your reputation will continue increasing after your death, when Garrick will be totally forgot; you will be for ever considered as a classic——

J. Enough, Sir, enough; the company would be better pleased to see us quarrel than bandying compliments.

G. But you must allow, Dr. Johnson, that Garrick was too much a slave to fame, or rather to the mean ambition of living with the great, terribly afraid of making himself cheap even with them; by which he debarred himself of much pleasant society. Employing so much attention, and so much management upon such little things, implies, I think, a little mind. It was observed by his friend Colman, that he never went into company but with a plot how to get out of it; he was every minute called out, and went off or returned as there was, or was not a probability of his shining.

J. In regard to his mean ambition, as you call it, of living with the great; what was the boast of Pope, and is every man's wish can be no reproach to Garrick; he who says he despises it, knows he lies; that Garrick husbanded his fame, the fame which he had justly acquired both at the theatre and at the table, is not denied; but where is the blame either in the one or the other, of leaving as little as he could to chance? Besides, Sir, consider what you have said, you first deny Garrick's pretensions to fame, and then accuse him of too great an attention to preserve what he never possessed.

G. I don't understand—

J. Sir, I can't help that.

G. Well, but Dr. Johnson, you will not vindicate him in his over and above attention to his fame, his inordinate desire to exhibit himself to new men, like a coquet, ever seeking after new conquests, to the total neglect of old friends and admirers;—

“He threw off his friends like a huntsman his pack,”

always looking out for new game.

J. When you quoted the line from Goldsmith, you ought, in fairness, to have given what followed,—

“He knew when he pleased he could whistle them back;”

which implies at least that he possessed a power over other men's minds approaching to fascination; but consider, Sir, what is to be done: here is a man whom every other man desired to know. Garrick could not receive and cultivate all, according to each man's conception of his own value—we are all apt enough to consider ourselves as possessing a right to be excepted from the common crowd; besides, Sir I do not see why that should be imputed to him as a crime, which we all so irresistibly feel and practise; we all make a greater exertion in the presence of new men than old acquaintance; it is undoubtedly true that Garrick divided his attention among so many that but little was left to the share of any individual, like the extension and dissipation of water into dew, there was not quantity united sufficiently to quench any man's thirst; but this is the inevitable state of things, Garrick no

more than another man could unite what, in their natures, are incompatible.

G. But Garrick not only was excluded by this means from real friendship, but accused of treating those whom he called friends, with insincerity and double dealings.

J. Sir, it is not true; his character in that respect is misunderstood: Garrick was, to be sure, very ready in promising, but he intended at that time to fulfil his promise; he intended no deceit; his politeness or his good nature, call it which you will, made him unwilling to deny, he wanted the courage to say *No* even to unreasonable demands. This was the great error of his life: by raising expectations which he did not, perhaps could not, gratify, he made many enemies; at the same time it must be remembered that this error proceeded from the same cause which produced many of his virtues. Friendships from warmth of temper too suddenly taken up, and too violent to continue, ended as they were like to do, in disappointment: enmity succeeded disappointment, his friends became his enemies, and those having been fostered in his bosom, well knew his sensibility to reproach, and they took care that he should be amply supplied with such bitter potions as they were capable of administering; their impotent efforts he ought to have despised, but he felt them; nor did he affect insensibility.

G. And that sensibility probably shortened his life.

J. No, Sir, he died of a disorder of which you or any other man may die, without being killed by too much sensibility.

G. But you will allow, however, that this sensibility, those fine feelings, made him the great actor he was.

J. This is all cant, fit only for kitchen wenches and chambermaids; Garrick's trade was to represent passion, not to feel it. Ask Reynolds whether he felt the distress of Count Hugolinó, when he drew it.

G. But surely he feels the passion at the moment he is representing it.

J. About as much as Punch feels. That Garrick himself gave into this foppery of feelings I can easily believe; but he knew at the same time that he lied. He might think it right as far as I know, to have what fools imagined he ought to have, but it is amazing that any one should be so ignorant as to think that an actor will risk his reputation by depending on the feelings that shall be excited in the presence of two hundred people, on the repetition of certain words which he has repeated two hundred times before in what actors call their study.—No, Sir, Garrick left nothing to chance, every gesture, every expression of countenance, and variation of voice, was settled in his closet before he set his foot upon the stage.

LINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE ALBUM OF AN UNKNOWN LADY.

Another year !—and to his harp again
 The minstrel hurries with a fevered brow ;
 For thee, unknown ! to wake its first sad strain,
 For thee, unknown ! to bid its breathings flow :—
 Oh ! marvel not if from its strings arise.
 Discord for harmonies.

The chain-bound maniac, in his stony cell,
 Vaunts his straw crown and deems it regal gold ?
 And thus, the humblest bard, that loves to tell
 His tale of friendships fled and loves grown cold,
 Prizes his simple pipe, and fondly turns
 To what the proud world spurns.

Thou wilt not mock the mad in heart and brain—
Thou wilt not scoff at seared and blighted hearts,
 Nor point thy finger at another's pain,
 Nor ape the cold world and its chilling arts ;
 For oh ! there are who look with laughter wild
 On sad Enthusiasm's child !

For me—my hours of hope have passed away,
 Yet still I look upon the Earth with love ;
 I hail the sun—its first, and farewell ray—
 I pay obeisance to each green and grove,—
 I woo the rivers and the mountains still,
 With love that nought can chill.

When morning like a herald from far isles,
 Bearing bright gifts, appears upon the hill,
 My spirit basks in its first sunny smiles,
 And, for the moment, drinks the joyous rill,
 Of light and loveliness :—and then I deem,
 Past sorrows a dark dream !

And from her palace when pale Night stalks forth,
 When all the glorious stars that burn on high,
 Like startled revellers from some hall of mirth,
 Rush out, bewildered, o'er the dark blue sky,
 A holy transport bids me long to be,
 Amidst their revelry.

THE STATUE OF HARPOCRATES.

Pass on another year—and I no more
 May win ev'n fleeting solace from such things :—
 The heart's frail shallop, wrecked on life's rude shore
 A dreary freight of gloom and sorrow brings,
 And I have madly battled with the wave,
 That *would not* be my grave !

But words like these are not for young maid's book ;
 Oh ! blot them out !—and be thy years all joy ;
 Tranquil and pure as some translucent brook
 Which ev'n the whirlwind stains not with alloy :—
 And through life's progress ever may'st thou find,
 The sunshine of the mind !

1st Jan. 1830.

R. C. C.

THE STATUE OF HARPOCRATES.

A SKETCH.

Who is it stands beneath the marble porch
 Of you fair Temple ? Hush ! draw near, and see !
 A youth, with gentle visage, graceful form,
 —And features, fairer than beseem his sex ;
 Yet, naked to the view, whose well formed chest
 Shows broad and masculine !—His maidlike cheeks
 Are colored like the corals of that tree
 Whose tongue-shaped leaves are glitt'ring on his brow,
 —The delicate Peach,—yet doth the first rich down
 Of budding manhood mantle o'er his lips,
 That swell out poutingly !

 His tunic, flung
 Aside, to minion with the toying breeze,
 Is gaily spotted o'er with spangles bright
 Of shape fantastic, human ears and eyes !
 Long are his radiant locks, and taking flight
 From the Egyptian mitre on his brow :—
 A horn unblown hangs in one hand,—the other
 Is upwards raised ;—A finger softly prest
 Upon his kissing mouth—, and in his eyes—
 —Dark as the calyx of the alonite
 A sage precaution sits that augurs wit
 Beyond his bashful haviour and fresh age !
 ———— His silence.

R. C. C.

THE WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

THE TEMPTER.

I was in Prague on commercial business. Though I passed my time in an endless variety of amusements, yet the longing for my home pressed every day more upon me, and my young wife was anxiously looking for my return. We had been separated two months and we had never been absent from each other so long a time since our marriage.

It is true that Fanny wrote to me regularly twice a week, but these letters of which every line breathed tender attachment, and the strongest desire for my return were only like so much oil thrown upon the fire.

He who has no amiable wife, with a head of curly hair, and blue eyes, twenty-two years of age, charming as the Goddess of Love, with two living young Cupids at her side, and after five years of matrimony does not love such a being a hundred times more, than the day before marriage—to him in vain should I attempt to give an idea of my longing for home.

Suffice it to say I thanked heaven when at last my business at Prague was ended. I immediately sent for the landlord to pay off my long accumulated bill. I found I had not cash enough to settle the list of various items and to defray my expenses on my journey homewards; it was therefore necessary to cash one of my bank notes. I looked for my portfolio; I searched in every pocket, and in every corner of the room. It was not to be found. I felt very unwell, for it contained three-thousand Thalers in bank notes, and that is no trifle. It also contained all Fanny's letters.

In vain did I turn the room upside down, in vain did I a hundred times ransack all my trunks; in my anxiety I even searched those places in which my portfolio could not possibly have gained an entrance. It was not to be found.

"It is just so" said I to myself: "when a man for a moment thinks himself happy, the devil immediately plays off his pranks upon him; man ought never to rejoice, there would then be less of terrible anxiety and less of grief."

Either my portfolio must be lost or stolen. This very morning I had it in my hands; I used to wear it in the front pocket of my surtout.

I began to tear my hair and to curse my unhappy fate, how many comforts might I have procured for my dear Fanny and my poor children with these three-thousand Thalers. If the devil

were now making his round as in the good old times I should immediately have entered into a compact with him. Whilst I thought thus a figure which I had seen but a few days ago, and which even at that time I found to have an exact resemblance to Satan passed by the window. A cold shudder seized me; yet I was in such despair that I said to myself: "Never mind, if he were Lucifer himself he would now be welcome to me, were he but to get me back my lost portfolio."

At that moment I heard a knock at the door. "The tempter," thought I "will surely not take my joke in earnest?" I could only think of that famous red-coat; indeed it struck me that it could be no one else.

And behold—singular occurrence! As I opened the door, the tempter with a grin in his countenance, and with a nod, entered the room.

I must relate how I became acquainted with that singular apparition lest I should be thought a romantic dreamer.

One evening as I entered the Coffee-house of Dijon to read the most recent news, two gentlemen playing at chess were seated at the small side table to the right. But neither the account of the Spanish war, nor the board could draw my attention: Though a great amateur of chess playing my whole mind was rivetted on a short elderly man with a scarlet surtout slowly walking up and down the room with his hands crossed on his back. His dark yellow face with a long Roman nose and protuberant cheek-bones gave him a terrible aspect. This man surely is a born executioner, the grand inquisitor, or the leader of highway robbers. He looks exactly such a man as for pleasure's sake could see people roasting alive on a slow fire, like the barbarous Hindoos their mothers, or delight in beholding little children in convulsive motions pierced with iron spikes. I should not wish to be in a lonely place with this man. His harsh features are never formed into a smile.

But I was mistaken; in glancing at the game betwixt the chessplayers he smiled more than once. But heaven protect us said I, from such a smile! If he is not the devil incarnate, it is his brother.

As he passed the players, one of them triumphantly exclaimed to his dejected and embarrassed opponent. "Now beyond all hope you are lost!" At this he stood still, cast a hasty glance on the game and said: "You have erred in three moves, you will be unavoidably checkmated!" The conqueror smiled proudly; his antagonist shook his head in doubt and drew according to the red-coat's directions; in three moves, the supposed conqueror was checkmated.

That man now all on a sudden stood before me.

• With your leave you are M. Ludwig Ris?

"The very same," I replied.

"How do you prove it?" Singular question; I showed him the address of a letter that was lying on the table.

• "Very well," said he, but I wish to have more substantial proof of it, I should wish to enter into business with you."

"I cannot think of business now, I am no merchant, besides I am on the eve of departure."

"Yet you transacted some commercial business here. Is not your brother on the point of becoming a bankrupt?"

I turned as red as fire for I thought that not a soul knew that but my brother and myself. The tempter smiled with a malicious grin.

"I have more than one brother Sir, but none of them has the least occasion to apprehend bankruptcy."

"So!" muttered the tempter and his dry iron features became again serious.

• "Sir," said I some what angrily, for I did not relish that any one should know of my brother's affairs. "Sir, you have been certainly mistaken in my person. I must beg your pardon for requesting you to be brief. I have not a moment to lose."

"Have patience for a few minutes," he replied "I wish to speak with you. You seem to be embarrassed and uneasy. Has any thing disagreeable happened to you? Trust me. I can give good counsel. Do you want money?"

Here he smiled or rather grinned, as if he were desirous to barter for my soul. I was seized with fear, in no case would I have any thing to do with such a suspicious face, as soon as I could find breath I said, "I want nothing Sir."

At that moment a letter was brought to me, I took it.

"Read the letter first," said the red coat man; we may afterwards speak together, without doubt the letter is from your aimable Fanny."

"Good God how can he know that! thought I in a paroxysm of fear."

"Do you now guess what I want from you?"

It was on my lips to say: "My poor soul!" Yet I remained silent.

• He continued. "You are going to Uhm, your town is in my way, I go to-morrow, will you accept of a seat in my travelling chaise?"

I thanked him, saying that I had already engaged a seat in the mail coach.

• "But I must become acquainted with your wife, your Adolf and Charles. Don't you guess yet who I am? In the Devil's name I should wish to fender you a service. Speak on man."

"Well! said I at last:" "if you are a magician, tell me where I can get again my lost pocket book."

"Stuff! what do you care for a pocket book?"

"But in that pocket book were three-thousand Thalers in Bank notes."

"What will you give me if I restore it to you?"

So saying he looked at me as if he were desirous to put the words into my mouth "I'll give you my soul." But I remained silent and embarrassed he drew fourth my pocket book and said, "Here is your pocket book with its contents."

I was ready to leap for joy. On opening it and finding nothing wanting, I asked him, "how he came by it."

"At noon passing over the Moldan Bridge, I found it and secured it in my pocket."

Indeed at that time I had passed over the Bridge, and had occasion to refer to some papers.

"Probably you put it outside your pocket when you wanted to put it inside again. I remained there a full hour, but as no one came in search of it. I returned to my hotel opened it and read the letters to discover to whom it belonged."

How much we can be mistaken in forming an opinion from a man's physiognomy. I said to him the most obliging things, My joy non was as great as my sorrow before. But he only said: "My compliments to your Fanny. We may see each other again." and he went away.

ARRIVAL.

As I was leaving the Hotel for the Post-house my brother entered. Of course my departure was postponed and we returned to my room. I heard with pleasure that his tottering pecuniary circumstances were changed for the better. A considerable loss was compensated six-fold by an immensely large speculation in Coffee and Cotton.

"Now" said he "my affairs are in a more promising state than ever, but in what an anxiety I was a short time ago, what dreadful moments I passed? thanks to God it is now all terminated beyond the full extent of my hopes. I bid now adieu to all commerce, no longer will I run the hazard to have millions at my command one day, and to be reduced to beggary the next. I came here to thank you for your fraternal exertions in my behalf, and to liquidate my affairs."

"I was obliged to accompany him to several houses, but he perceived my extreme impatience and desire for my home, he therefore told me after a few days not to wait for him but to depart alone. I did not hesitate to do so particularly as his stay in Prague was for some weeks. I instantly hastened home.

On my way the singular red-coated man haunted my imagination. His likeness to Belzebub became stronger on every comparison of his features ; true he had returned me the Pocket Book ; no man could have acted more honestly ; he had read Fanny's letters and the instructions of my brother, thence he might easily have been informed of my secrets. But his face ! nature seldom writes so legibly. I gave my mind wholly up to those fancies, it served to pass away my time. I thought he might well be the real devil, that his honesty might be an allurement to the more easy possession of my soul. But if really he were the devil, what could he offer me ? Gold ? I never was very covetous, I had an ample income. A throne ? Yes for eight days to give peace to all the world, then like a second Cincinnatus to return to my small garden to cultivate my own turnips. Handsome women ? No, a thought to my beloved Fanny, and the most beautiful Circassian virgins appeared to me like old women. But enough of this.

On the tenth day of my journey I hoped to reach my home, but it grew late, in vain did I urge the postilion at first with promises, then money, and at last with curses and maledictions, it got darker and my impatient longing for home increased with every minute. For a quarter of a year I had not seen my dearly beloved Fanny, nor my dear children ! The thought made me tremble that on this same evening I should hold in my arms the most lovely woman on earth—my wife.

True it is that before I knew Fanny I had been deeply in love. There was an Eliza who through the pride of her parents was torn away from me and given in marriage to a polish nobleman. It was our mutual first love—it was adoration. We swore reciprocally eternal love and faithfulness. Kisses and tears sealed our oaths. But every one knows how such oaths are kept. She became the Starost's wife, and I saw Fanny. My love for Fanny was more tender, more religious. Eliza was the Goddess of my fancy—Fanny the Idol of my heart.

The clock struck one when we drove through the silent street, I dismounted at the Post-house, where I left my servant in charge of my baggage, as I had a mind to return in case I should find every one asleep, I walked alone to my house.

ODIOUS VISIT.

All were asleep ! Oh Fanny, Fanny ! had you been awake what terror, what mortal anguish you would have spared me ! They all slept—my wife, my children, my servants,—and no where a light ! For the tenth time did I wander round my house, all was shut. I did not wish to awake any one. Better thought I to postpone the pleasure of the meeting to the following morning, than to see them drowsy.

Fortunately I found the garden cabinet door unlocked. I entered there, on a small table was the work basket of my wife, by the light of the moonshine I discovered on the chairs and on the floor, hobby horses, drums, whips, &c. probably they passed the evening here. Surrounded with these trifles I felt so well! I stretched myself on the couch with the intention to sleep there for the rest of the night. The night was not too cool. Fatigue, want of rest, and the fragrance of the flowers soon lulled me to sleep.

I had scarcely fallen asleep, when the grating noise of the garden door awoke me again. I rose, saw a man enter, I thought it was a thief. But fancy my astonishment, it was the man with the red-coat.

"Whence do you come?" I asked.

"From Prague, in half an hour I must be off again. I could not pass Ulm without seeing you and your amiable Fanny according to my promise, your servant told me at the Post-house that you had just arrived, and I expected to find every one awake in your house. Surely you are not going to sleep here in this damp night and make yourself ill?"

I went out with him into the garden. I trembled in all my limbs, for such were my fears at this singular apparition. True that inwardly I ridiculed such idle fears, but yet I could not banish my terror. Such is man. The iron features of the Prague fiend appeared still more horridly diabolical in the fainter light of the Moon, his eyes more fiery.

"You have indeed frightened me like a ghost!" said I. "I tremble all over. How came you to look for me in the garden house. You seem to be omniscient." He grinned maliciously and said: "Do you know me now, and what I want of you?"

"Indeed I do not know you better than I did in Prague. But I can tell you what impression you made on me. You will not take it amiss. I thought if you were not a conjuror you might be the devil himself."

He grinned again and said: "Suppose that I am the latter, will you enter into a compact with me?"

"Truly Mr. Satan you must offer me a good deal. For my happiness indeed is complete."

"I should not offer you, nor give you any thing. That was customary formerly when people believed in the devil and were afraid of him and consequently in guard of him—at that time it became necessary to make stipulations. But now a days when no one believes in the devil, when man endeavours to reason away his existence—the children of men are too cheap."

"Indeed I hold the power of Belzebub as a mere fable to frighten old women and children."

Just that is it! in your proud security, you mortals get more recruits for hell than a whole Battalion of recruits in black, the devils uniform.

Since you began to consider immortality as, at the best, a problem, and hell as an oriental fable, since honesty and stupidity are synonymous terms with you, we give ourselves in hell no longer trouble to catch you. You come of your own accord, ha, ha!"

"That is spoken truly satanically!"

"Certainly" said he grinning again "For I speak truth since you no longer believe in it. So long as mankind spoke truth, the devil was the father of lies. Now it is all the contrary. We poor devils are always the Antipodes of men."

"You are then not my Antipode, my philosophical Mr. Devil, for I agree with you in your love of truth."

"Well then you already are my property. He who yields to me but one hair of his head, is mine. And—but it is cold here—my carriage is perhaps already waiting—I must be off. Come and take a glass of punch with me, I have ordered some ere I came here.

I accepted of the invitation. His carriage was ready. I felt comfortable in a warm room.

CONSEQUENCES.

The punch stood on the table. A scarf and a Leghorn Bonnet was on a chair. A stranger was walking up and down in a gloomy mood; it was an elderly tall lean man. Whilst we drank our enlivening punch, a servant maid of the Hotel entered, to whom the stranger said,

"Tell my spouse that I am gone to bed, that early in the morning we depart, to be ready in time." I did not wish to return to my cold garden house, and I ordered a bed. The stranger went away. We finished twice our punch-bowl under various discourses. The fire of the Rum refreshed me and set my blood in a pleasing quick circulation. The red-coated man went to his carriage and whilst I helped him to enter, he said: we shall see each other again?" The carriage rolled off.

When I re-entered the room a lady with the scarf and the hat in her hand was leaving it. When the fair creature turned towards me, I almost lost my senses. It was Eliza, my first love. She was with her husband on a journey to Switzerland, as I was afterwards informed—she was not less frightened than I.

"In God's name is it you my Ludwig?"

"Eliza!" I exclaimed, and all the pleasing reminiscences of our former love rushed on my soul. I was going to approach respectfully. Her eyes were filled with tears, she stretched her arms to me, I lay weeping on her bosom.

When we recovered our senses she perceived that she was half undressed. This is not my room Ludwig, said she, while covering herself with the scarf. "Come, we have much to say to each other." I followed her into her room. "Here we can discourse more freely," she said, and we sat on the couch. How much we had to say. I lived again in the fever dream of our first love. Eliza not happy with her old Starost, all her former tenderness for me returned. She appeared even handsomer than formerly. I had grown handsomer too she said. May my Fanny pardon me for this time, though I, it is perhaps my last moment in this world with Eliza. It is a happy but brief dream. As we spoke our lips gradually drew nearer. We spoke of things past. Our lips imperceptibly were closely pressed together. The flame of our former passions revived in our kisses—no it was but one single kiss—our souls melted in the embrace. How describe the magic of her words, her manners! The past time was made present, again I saw her as I did the first time at the Ball of her sister's nuptials, the same impressions seized me; then our meeting at the Promenade, again the trip on the water with our respective parents and how we vowed with tears and kisses, eternal love and fidelity under the trees of the Elisium of Mon Pepos. Then—but enough: unconcious of the present time we lived only in the past. With sighs did we recall the day of our separation, with tears in our eyes we embraced each other. Oh how weak is man! We forgot that we did not belong to each other.

At that moment the door opened. The tall lean stranger entered, we started. The Starost stood a while motionless, pale as a corpse. Then with three long steps he sprung towards Eliza, rolled her long fair locks round his fist, wheeling her with the strength of a fury round himself and flung her shrieking at a distance from him on the floor, calling out "Traïtress, base, vile woman!" I was going to assist her; but with such powerful strength he struck me, that I fell back. As I got up again, he ceased to maltreat her, calling out to me: "As for you villain I'll strangle you!" In my despair I seized a knife from the table threatening to plunge it in his side if he dared to approach me. But he darted on me like a furious tyger, squeezed my neck with both his hands, untill I entirely lost my breath. In the agony of death I pushed with the knife on all sides. All on a sudden he fell, the knife had reached his heart.

Eliza lay bruised on the floor, with deep groans, next to her, her murdered husband, I stood motionless like a statue. "Oh!" thought I, had I but remained on the couch in the garden-house, cursed be the Red-coated man, cursed be the pocket book! O my beloved, unhappy Fanny, my poor children! On the threshold of

my homely-Paradise, I am flung back into a hell which I never knew before! I am a murderer! an adulterer!

The noise in the room had alarmed the whole house. All were up. Every thing was in motion. Flight only remained to save me from discovering. I seized the burning wax candle which stood on the table, to light me out of the house.

CLIMAX OF HORROR.

As I descended the stairs, I resolved to run to my house, to awake my wife and my children, to press them once more to my heart; and then, like Cain to seek refuge in the wide world, and escape the hands of justice. But already on the steps I perceived that all my clothes were stained with the Starost's blood. I trembled lest I might be seen.

The large gate towards the street was shut. As I ran back through the court-yard I heard behind me people hastening down-stairs with loud cries of murder, I ran through the court towards the barn, I knew that from thence I could effect my escape through the fields and adjoining gardens out of the town. But those who pursued me were already close on my heels. I had scarcely reached the barn, when one of pursuers seized my coat. With mortal anxiety I tore my coat from his hands and threw the candle on a high heap of straw bundles. Immediately after the flames arose. Thus I hoped to escape. I succeeded. They ceased to pursue me, probably to extinguish the fire. I escaped out of town.

Seized with terror I ran blindly forward, jumped over intervening ditches, forced my way through the hedges. There was no longer any hope of embracing once more my Fanny, my Adolph, my Charles. Every other feeling of nature and of the heart gave way to that of self-preservation. When I thought of my arrival this night a few hours ago, of my expectations this morning and then to behold!—Oh! I could not believe the past to be true. But when I saw my clothes besmeared with blood, when in spite of having run myself out of breath, I felt the keen chilly morning wind, I shrank with horror from myself, now a worthless outcast of society!, I ran on, but I could no more. Oh! had there been a precipice, a river, I should have put an end to my execrable existence.

Dripping in perspiration, breathless, exhausted in every limb, with trembling knees, I continued my flight with slow uncertain paces; often was I obliged to stand still, I was almost dropping down, several times I nearly fainted from exhaustion.

Thus I reached Konitz, the nearest village.—There, whilst I reflected whether I should turn back, or braving danger, march through it—for the moon shone, the sun had not risen yet—the bell in the church steeple began to sound. Shortly after, I heard the bells of distant villages tolling. It was the alarm bell.

Every stroke of the bell crushed me. I turned round. Oh God! behind me was a wide, dark red, and glowing fire. An immense pillar of vivid flame reached the heavens and hovered over my home. The whole town was in a blaze. I—I am the incendiary. Oh unfortunate wife; oh my poor innocent babes! what a frightful, horrid awaking from your sweet slumber has your father prepared for you!

I felt as seized by the hair and the soles of my feet as light as feathers; with mighty leaps I ran toward the adjoining forest, right through the village. The flames of my native town made all as bright as day-light, and the yelling alarm bells pealed with bursting sounds through my distracted frame.

When I had penetrated far into the thick forest to avoid the frightful sight of the red broad light of the conflagration, my body as if already consumed by fire seemed to cast no shadow, I could not proceed further, I fell on the wet ground. In frenzy I beat the earth with my forehead, with my hands and teeth I tore out roots and grass in convulsion. I wished to die—to annihilate myself, but in my horrid despair I did not know how to set about it.

Adulterer, murderer, incendiary, all within the same hour. Oh! the red-coated fiend was right: there are no honest men among you except those to whom the opportunity to commit sin is wanting. Offer a hair only to the devil, and he has your whole head. What an unlucky fate brought Satan into my garden house! Had I not drunk his punch I should have met Eliza without committing that infidelity to my wife. Had I not become an adulterer, I should not have murdered the Starost, and had I not assassinated him, I should not have set the town on fire, I should not be herein despair, to myself an object of abomination, and to mankind a curse!

In the meanwhile the alarm bells continued their horrid melancholy ringing; it started me up; distracted I ran to the road, heard the cries of men, the shrieks of women and children,—the wind was high and with the crackling of the flames the falling in of the houses, and now and then a frightful explosion, my ears were stunned with sounds that threatened to burst the world. Then the running to and fro of people, some loaded with heavy bundles, some half naked with children on their arms, the rolling of waggons, the rattling of fire engines! all nature was in a horrible confusion! I was glad it was not day-light, for I hoped to escape to a greater distance. But when I remembered that this was the 1st of May, the birth day of my wife, I sunk to the ground crying aloud. Oh! with what innocent joy and mirth did we celebrate this day in the circle of happy beings! and now oh what a day, what a night!—Then the singular idea—it is the

Walpurgis-night! Singular, as since time immemorial, superstition made this night, a night of terror, in which evil spirits began to celebrate their feast, and the devil assembled the witches on the summit of the mount Blocksberg. I wished I could believe the truth of these horrible and foolish enormities. Then the suspicious red-coated being obtruded himself again on my thoughts with all his strange talk. Now—wherefore deny it? Now I should gladly have given my soul, that he were indeed he whom in joke he pretended to be at my garden house, to obliterate from my memory the present horrors.

But the alarm bells tolled louder. I perceived the dawning of the morning and continued my flight.

CAIN.

But my legs and lungs soon compelled me to stop. I panted for breath. All that had happened was so horrible—so sudden. I could scarcely believe it myself. I turned—but through the pines I saw still the columns of fire rising with sudden blast towards the heavens. As I felt my clothes I besmeared my fingers with the coagulated clots of blood of the Starost.

This betrays me to the first man I may meet! thought I, and tore the stained clothes from my body, hid them in a thick bush, washed my hands and face with the dew of the grass. Thus almost naked I ran on the open high-way.

Who art thou now? said I to myself! only mad men or murderers run in their shirts through forests. I may say that I have been attacked and plundered; if I should meet a peasant I will pounce on him, and force him to give up his coat. In the day I may hide myself in the thickest woods, at night I may continue my flight. But whence get my food? It struck me that I had thrown away my pocket book with my coat. Irresolute I stood still.

At one moment I was on the point of turning to fetch my pocket book. But had there been a million at stake, I could not have overcome my disgust to behold the blood of the Starost again.

Suddenly I heard the rustling of a waggon, or perhaps a fire engine. Immediately I sprung from the road and hid myself beneath the adjoining bushes from whence I could look on the road without being seen myself. I trembled like an aspen leaf. A handsome travelling chaise loaded with trunks made shortly after its appearance, slowly drawn by two horses. One man only conducting the horses, was in it. He came on slowly, at last he stopped near the place in which I was concealed. He dismounted, left the carriage and came over against my side of the road.

If I were in the carriage I should be safe! thought I eagerly: My legs are as if they were broken on the wheel, they will carry me no longer. Clothes, money, sudden flight, all together! Heaven begins to feel pity for me, let me seize the opportunity. The carriage is unoccupied. I will jump in.

No sooner thought than done. For there was no time to be lost in sober reflections. Every one is nearest to himself, self-preservation is the first law of nature. Despair and necessity have no laws. One leap and I was on the road, another seated 'me in the carriage, I seized the reins and turned the carriage off the side of the horizon reddened by the burning town. Suddenly the proprietor sprung forth, and the moment I made the horses feel the whip, he endeavoured to catch the horses' reins. He stood before them. I applied the whip more soundly. Now all was to be hazarded. The horses stood erect, and forced themselves forward. The proprietor fell and lay under the horses. The carriage drove over him. He called out for help. His voice petrified my frame. It was a known—a beloved voice. I durst not trust my ears. I stopped and looked behind at the unhappy man, I saw him!—But gracious God! I shudder to tell it, I beheld my brother, who had either terminated his affairs at Prague, or had other secret causes for his sudden return.

I stepped slowly out of the carriage. There lay the tortured man. I felt as if struck by lightning, lamed, benumbed: Oh that was far from my wish, my thought. I kneeled down to my dearest brother. The heavy wheel had gone over his breast. I called his name with a trembling feeble voice. He heard me no more. He knew me not. His sufferings were over. 'I—I was the profligate villain, that had despoiled him of life, that made his children orphans, his loving wife a widow, Oh Satan now I am full ripe for thee, shake hands with me, I am worthy of thee; brother Satan!

Two men murdered in one night, and that with my own hands, a whole town burned to ashes? how many suffered the tortures of hell fire, ere they were ripe for thee Satan! Come demon and kiss me!

My eyes became wet, but it was not the tear of pity for the remains of my much beloved brother, it was the tear of furious frenzy against my fate, against heaven, against God! Cursed be my fate, cursed my existence! Never, never in my life could I have imagined that man could commit such horrid crimes. Oh what a falling off! I have been sensible to whatever was great and true. I knew no sweeter pleasure than to make my fellow creatures happy! And now a damned levity, an unlucky moment of self forgetfulness—and the mischievous sport of chance or necessity have rendered me the most miserable, the

most abominable being under heaven. Oh, that no one may boast of his virtue, his power to resist temptation, or his prudence! No more than a minute is necessary to change the innocence of angels into the most diabolical turpitude.

But to proceed to the end of my misfortunes.

REPENTANCE.

I, kissed the front of the corpse of my poor brother, but at once I heard voices in the forest. Terrified I sprung up. Shall I suffer myself to be caught, on the cold corpse of my brother, whom I wanted to plunder but whom I have assassinated? Ere I had time to collect myself, I was in the thickest bush, abandoned the corpse, the horses, carriage, and baggage. The all-powerful instinct for life was awake in me, every other feeling was dead. I forced my way through bushes and thorns, I hastened to the deepest thickets. Conscience cried loud within me, whoever will find me may kill me as an outlaw, Cain! fratricide!

Fainting from weakness I sat down on a rock in the midst of the forest. The sun had just risen without my perceiving it. The shuddering Walpurgis-night was passed, but its abominations still haunted my brains. Methought I saw my poor wife, my innocent boys awaking by the fire reaching their sleeping room, I saw them rushing driven by the flames and smoke towards the door. The same horrid picture was before my eyes, even when I shut them. I saw their young flesh devouring by the unrelenting fire. My Fanny, my babes in the agonies of the most cruel death, in vain calling loud for assistance. I saw the inconsolable family of my murdered brother, calling for the vengeance of heaven on the cursed head of his base assassin. I saw the place of execution, the hang-man's march to the gallows, the carcases of recent malefactors.

Life was a burden to me. Oh! why did I not suffer myself to be strangled by the Starost? I so richly deserved it! I was a traitor to my Fanny to whom I swore faithfulness a thousand times. Or had I only returned when the town was on fire. I might have pressed my wife, my children, once more to my heart, and after my final leave precipitated myself into the fire. Thus I should not have become the murderer of my brother.

I was afraid that my life might be prolonged, lest I might commit new crimes which seemed to me to be unavoidable at every step. The recent tragical events had laid such a fast hold on my senses that I thought every draught of breath would bring a new sin to the sinner. I was going to commit suicide, but I was too feeble. Thus I resolved to give myself up to justice and to confess my crimes. Then—though under such afflicting circumstances, I might embrace for the last time my wife, my children, I should be

able to implore their forgiveness, and thus accompanied by their tears be launched into eternity. I might settle many domestic circumstances, I might give my wife many useful counsels and disclosures on various family affairs.

This thought rendered me more calm. I had given up every thought of life, the furies of conscience were satisfied, they ceased to torment me.

I rose to proceed, but whither? In my dreadful anxiety I had lost my way. After a few steps I came on a road, which I took without caring whither it led.

THE TEMPTER.

Shortly after I heard the neighing of horses. I started. The love of life returned anew. I was about to run back into the thickets and bushes when I saw just before me the well known ominous red-coated fiend near him was his upset carriage with a broken wheel. Terror and rapture seized me at the sight. When he perceived me, with his wanted custom he grinned at me, and exclaimed.

"Welcome here! Did I not tell you that we should meet again? I have waited here this whole night. My postilion has gone back to town for assistance, and he is not yet back."

"He will be required to give his assistance there, don't you know that the whole town is on fire?"

"I thought so from the redness of the heavens. But what are you about here? What do you look for? Why don't you assist to extinguish the fire?"

"I have other things to extinguish than the fire of wood."

"I thought so, did I not tell you so, a short time ago?"

"Oh save me Sir! I am now the most wretched criminal—I became a light-minded husband, a murderer, incendiary, highway robber, fratricide, all—all since the moment you have left me, all within these three unhappy hours. And yet I swear unto you I am not a bad man."

As I said so the red-coated fiend stamped with his foot on the ground as an indication of his displeasure. But his features remained hard and stern. Nor did he make a reply. I then related to him my unprecedented misfortunes of last night. He remained entirely calm.

"Do you know me now, and what I want of you?" he at last asked—

"My soul! my soul!" cried I: "for now I begin to believe that you are he indeed, whom in joke I called you!"

"And who is that?"

"Satan!"

"Then fall down before me and adore me!" he roared in a tremendous tone of voice.

I fell down on my knees in a state of frenzy, raised up my folded hands and cried! "Oh, Help me! Save my wife and children from ruin! They are innocent! Place us in a solitude with nothing but bread and water. But only wipe off from our recollection the consciousness of the last Walpurgis-night! If you cannot do that, then it will be better for me to die by the hands of the hangman!"

As I said so he raised his foot and kicked me in the face, so that I tumbled backwards. I rose again. I was about to repeat my supplication, but he interrupted me and said, in the most contemptible tone: "Behold here the pious, honest man, see the proud mortal in the gloriousness of his reason; behold the philosopher who denies the existence of the devil, and who brings eternity into learned doubts. He crowns his hideous crimes with the adoration of Satan!"

"By this, Satan, I know thee," I cried furiously, "by this, that soft pity is wanting in thy iron breast which dwells in the warm heart of man. But I'll no more seek compassion from thee, who know but malicious scorn. I will buy thy favor, I will buy it with my soul. It might better itself, it might yet by repentance obtain mercy. It might escape from thy clutches when thou thinkest to hold it firmly in thy grasp!"

Contemptuously he replied: No Sir, I am not Satan as you believe. I am a man as you are. Hitherto you have been a criminal now you are a maniac. I hold you in contempt. If I could assist you, I should not do it. Your soul, is ripe for hell without Satan's offers!

• HOPE.

Oh that could I have flown from myself, I felt the curse, the malediction of the whole human race on me! Were hell to have opened her fiery bosom, I should have plunged into it, to annihilate from the face of the earth such a hideous malefactor. Shame and fury, repentance and resolution to commit any crime to extricate myself from my present dilemma struggled in me.

"If you are not he" said I at last, "for whom I took you, I must wish you were. Oh Save me, else I am lost! Save me, for you alone are the cause of all my horrid crimes!"

"Wretch, you wish to wash yourself clean and burden others with the cause of your crime, even when you are stained with the blood of a brother!"

"Yes Sir, you yourself were the sole, and primary cause of all the horrors of last night. Why did you enter my garden house where I slept in quiet repose to wait for the dawn of the day? Had you not awoke me, all this crowd of horrors would not have happened."

"Did I awake you to become an adulterer, a murderer, an incendiary? Here is a pretty fellow! When he has murdered thousands, he endeavours to lay all the blame on the mine from which the iron has been dug. Your breathing is as well the cause of all your crimes, since without breathing you could not have done them. But without breath you could have had no life."

"But why in the garden did you act the part of Satan, and why did you say so ominously, he who yields the devil but one hair, his head is his also?"

"Very well and was that a lie? who can better testify the truth of it than yourself? Did I ask a hair of you, or did you offer it to me? When you first saw Eliza your first sweetheart, you ought to at least have borne in mind that you gave your oath of fidelity to Fanny, if you had no regard that she was the wife of another man. You relied too much on your virtue or rather you thought of no virtue. Religion and virtue would have cried in a loud voice; Return home! Man, Sir, ought never to trust the firmness of his heart in the hour of temptation. The very first light thought that you cherish, is the mother of all heavy crimes, is the hair in the devils claw."

"Ah I feel you are right! But could I foresee all this?"

"Certainly you might."

"It was impossible. Think only on that horrible concatenation of circumstances."

Of this you ought to have thought in time. Could you not think that the Starost might enter the room when you held his wife in your arms? nor of the conflagration when you flung the burning light on a heap of straw? nor of fratricide when you urged the horses against the breast of the proprietor? for he or another must be, or rather every one is your brother."

"It may be so, but do not increase my despair. You will at least agree that the first fault might have taken place without all the subsequent frightful events, had not the most ghastly concatenation of circumstances intervened, which could fall to the lot of man."

"Who will accede that to you? What was there strange in the circumstance of the Starost visiting his wife? was it so extraordinary an event that they kept straw and hay in that barn as in all other barns? Is it wonderful that your unfortunate brother was peaceably on his return home? No, Sir, what you call a dreadful concatenation of events, might have been for you the most joyous event had you been on the path of the righteous man. Nature has made the world good enough, man makes it a hell."

Then in the agony of despair for I saw my own villany without any veil, I cried aloud: "Oh! until this night I have remain-

ed innocent; I was a good father: a faithful husband, without reproach; now my self-esteem; my honor is gone, I have lost all consolation!"

"No Sir, even in that I must contradict you. It is not this night that you have become what you are, but you have been so a long time. It is not in three hours that man becomes from an angel, a devil, if that man has not all diabolical dispositions inherent in him. You wanted only an opportunity to develop them. Eliza and solitude were what was wanting. The fire is only latent in the flintstone and steel—but strike them together, and the sparks will be apparent. One spark falls into a gun-powder magazine and a whole town with its peaceful inhabitants is blown up! Let no one praise those pious people who in their exulting pride accompany the condemned criminal to his place of execution! under similar circumstances they might have committed similar crimes, and been hung."

"Then I may yet console myself. Thus the whole world, if you speak the truth, is not better than I am!"

"No Sir, you are again mistaken. I will agree for half the world, not the whole. I have not lost my belief in virtue."

"You may be right, but I am not better nor worse than all the rest of mankind."

"You know not your own heart. We never see what is exterior to us within us, but we see ourselves in the exterior. All is as a mirror."

"But for heaven's sake Sir!" I called out in despair. "Save me, for the time passes. If I have been bad can I not become better? Oh save me, my wife and my children! I can, I will improve, for with a shudder do I see of what enormities I have been capable, crimes which I thought no man villanous enough to commit."

"It might be so. But you are weak. I will save you. Do you know me now?"

"You are then my tutelary Angel."

"I did not appear to you in vain in the Garden house, before the accomplishment of those abominations. I warned you. But have courage and patience."

THE NEW WORLD.

His hard and iron features in my eyes seemed to change into an angelical countenance. In a soft tone he repeated to me. I will save you. Fear no longer. You have seen life and death. Become an honest man. I may not save you a second time."

"But, sighed I, My Fanny, my, poor children!"

"They are yours again."

"And the remembrance of all these abominable enormities Oh! wipe them away if you can."

The old man replied: "They shall no longer give you uneasiness."

As he said so, it appeared to me that he dissolved in blue vapor, I stared at the naked rocks, all was incomprehensible to me. But I found myself extremely well; yet all resembled a Fairy-tale.

As I stared at the naked rock, I felt that an invisible being pressed his lips on mine. I felt a sweet warm kiss. I thought I had my eyes open, yet I perceived they must be closed, for I heard footsteps round me and yet I could see no one. I heard the voices of children. Dreams and truth were singularly blended together and separated more distinctly, till I returned to my clear consciousness.

I felt that I was lying on a hard substance and in an uneasy position. It appeared to me that it was on my couch in the Garden-house. I opened my eyes and my Fanny was bending over me. She had awoke me with her kisses. My children joyfully clapped their little hands when they saw me awaking and clambered on the couch and over me, calling out "Good morrow dear Papa, good morrow!" and my wife tenderly pressed me in her arms, and with tears in her eyes she made me gentle reproaches for having slept the whole night in the damp cold air in the open garden-house. If Henry our servant said she had not returned a quarter of an hour ago with the baggage from the post-house, and had not made a noise with the servant-maids and betrayed your arrival, not a soul would have known any thing about it.

But the heavy Walpurgis-dream had so enthralled me that for a long time I dared not trust my eyes or ears. I looked fearfully for the road in the thick forest, but I saw only the Garden-house. Still the drums, hobby horses and whips lay scattered on the floor. On the table there stood Fanny's work-basket, all was as I found it when I entered the place.

"And Henry is only now returned from the Post-house?" I asked: Has he then slept there the whole night?"

"Certainly my dear, said Fanny, caressing me: "he even says that he did so at your order."

"But why in heaven's name did you pass the night here!"

"Why not rouse us from our beds? How happy we would have been to receive you!"

"You have then slept the whole night soundly?"

"But too soundly. Could I but have guessed that you slept here in the Garden house—there should have been no question of sleep. Do you know that it was the Walpurgis-night, when the witches and the goblins celebrate their annual grand feast?"

"I know it but too well?" said I, rubbing my eyes and smiling

joyfully to perceive that all my crimes were a dream, that neither the town had burned nor that I had had a visit from the red-coated fiend, nor from Eliza.

I embraced my amiable Fanny more heartily, more happily, and with my children on my lap: I felt the happiness of a pure conscience. It was a new world, a paradise to me, I doubted it like a new dream. Frequently I looked at the roofs of my dear native town to convince myself that I did not throw fire in the barn.

Never in my life did I dream so connected, so clear, and so dreadful a dream. At the end of it only, when it was blended with the awaking hour it became more dream-like.

After our return to the dwelling house having changed my dress, I went into the breakfast-room loaded with all sorts of toys for my boys; how they were exulting in their joy! every sight of them sent ecstasy through all my veins. "Do you remember dear Fanny that this is your birth day?"

"Never did I celebrate it with more joy; for I have you again. But now be seated, relate to me all that has happened to you, during your long absence."

But my dreadful dream pressed too strong on my memory. I thought I could not better disburden my memory of it. I related. Fanny listened and became very gloomy. "Indeed, said she, it makes one almost believe all the gambols and frolics of the hobgoblins, you have dreamt a whole long sermon. Write down your dream. Such a dream is more remarkable than many occurrences in our life."

THE TEMPTER WITH THE TEMPTATION.

A rather remarkable circumstance heightened the interest of my Walpurgis-night dream.

My wife had invited a party of friends to celebrate this day as a family feast, we were joyfully seated at dinner in the Garden-house, when a servant came to announce a stranger, Baron Bitzinsky. Fanny saw that I turned pale. "Surely you will tremble at the sight of the tempter, if he does not bring along with him the temptation, and even not at the temptation at the side of your Fanny?"

I went down stairs. There on the couch on which I had passed the night sat the red-coated fiend of Prague. He got up, accosted me like an old acquaintance and said: "You see I keep my word I must now become personally acquainted with your amiable Fanny, whom I know from her familiar letters to you. Only don't get jealous. And continued he pointing towards the garden, I have brought with me two guests, my brother and his wife. My

sister-in-law knows you already. We met unexpectedly in Regensburg and now we travel home together."

I assured him that I should be very glad to be introduced to them. In saying so a big gentleman entered with a lady in a travelling dress. Think of my astonishment! It was Eliza with her husband, the Starost.

Eliza was less embarrassed than I; though she changed colour at the first glance of me. After the usual interchange of politeness, I conducted them upstairs, and introduced Fanny to them. The Baron said to her the most flattering things: "I adored you already at Prague where without the knowledge of your husband I became acquainted with all the little secrets which you entrusted to him."

"I know all that and this too, that you are a very wicked man since you gave so disturbed a night to my husband."

"That is not all interrupted he, for here I present to you the beautiful temptation, Eliza the wife of the Starost here."

Fanny looked surprised. But women seldom remain long embarrassed. She embraced Eliza like an old friend and placed the tempter at my side.

Fanny and Eliza though they saw each other for the first time became soon familiar, they appeared to have much to say to each other, and were happy in making me the subject of their raillery. To me it was a feast of no common nature to behold those two figures together, both amiable, but Eliza was only a handsome wife, Fanny an angel.

Eliza as I afterwards heard was very happy, she loved the Starost with all her heart on account of his generous mind; but of the red-coated hero her brother-in-law she spoke with enthusiasm, and asserted that there was not his equal on earth in every manly virtue. So much for my judgment of his physiognomy.

After I had related my dream to the red-coated gentleman he called out: "hail the Walpurgis-night! This dream deserves a chapter in the philosophy of morals. If you do not write it down, I will do so myself and send it to you in print. It contains many singular golden rules. Yet I am glad to hear that towards the end I have the honor to shine as an angel of light, else I should not much care never to hear it repeated, for the part of Satan is not over pleasing."

"But why did you ask me at Prague the mysterious words, do you know me now and what I want with you? for those words made so strong an impression on me that they often under various circumstances were repeated in my dreams."

"Good God! when I came to you to hand you the lost pocket book, I wished that you should first tell me of your loss. My telling you that the letter you then received was from your Fanny

was to bring it to your comprehension that I was the finder of your pocket-book. You were very reserved with me, as if I were the most suspicious man in the world. And yet I could perceive by your uneasiness, that I had the right man before me."

V. R.

THE HEBRIDES.

I.

Ye western isles ! Ye western isles !
Where first I hailed the light ;
Or deck'd in rosy summer smiles,
Or cloth'd in wintry night,
In mem'ry still ye hold a place
More glowing climes can ne'er efface.

II.

" Thou clime of the undying brave
Land of the mountain and the flood,"
Thy breezes ne'er have fann'd a slave,
Thy heather crags were dyed in blood,
Thy sons and daughters still are free
Encircled by their guardian sea.

III.

Tho' erst fair Scotia's conquer'd plains
Have own'd a tyrant's rule
Thy free born sons ne'er brook'd his chains,
Their ardour nought could cool,
When Edward's bloodhounds were set loose
These isles gave shelter to a Bruce.

IV.

Tho' rude and rugged be my lay,
My native hills enshrine
Immortal and poetic clay
That well hath woo'd the Nine.
Thy claims to song let none refuse
Fair birth-place of an Ossian's muse.

LORN.

TO THE CHANGED.

I.

When first thine image met my sight,
 I guessed not thou should'st be so dear,
 Thou didst not shine in a borrowed light,
 Nor dazzle within thy narrow sphere ;
 Thou didst not seem
 The brilliant dream
 That could chain my soul to the dull earth here.

II.

But thou didst win thy silent way
 Into the cavern of my heart ;
 Like the first fair smile of a sunny day,
 That steals a captive's cell athwart.
 And thy voice's tongue
 On my ear was thrown
 Till it formed of my life and being part.

III.

Oh ! sweet were the kisses of brief delight
 That hallowed our passion's mystery !
 And harmless they were as that viper's bite
 Whose only food is the Balsam tree !*
 But over our path
 Came a spirit of wrath,
 Like the storm-king over a summer sea !

IV.

Thine image now is wrapt in a cloud,
 And round it lurid lightnings glare ;
 I see the shape of a shadowy shroud,
 I hear wild voices in the air,
 And a cold, cold breath,
 Like the whispers of death,
 Curdles my blood and bristles my hair !

V.

And thou art changed thy thoughts are all
 But as the thoughts of other men ;
 Thy laugh is loud, thy words now fall
 Flippant, and light, and false ; Oh, when
 Shall I cease to think
 Of that sweet, sweet link
 That bound us, but never shall bind us again ?

R. C. C.

* "Ælianus avoucheth that those vipers which breed in the provinces of Arabia although they do bite, their biting is not venomous, because they do feed on the Baulme tree, and sleep under the shadow thereof." *Treasury of Ancient and Modern Time. vide Southey's Thalaba, vol. 11. p. 162.*

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

Contrary to all established rule the mansion of which I am about to write was not situated in a remote and wild solitude almost inaccessible to human tread ; nor was it surrounded by lonely forests, impassable moors, blighted heaths, and all the dismal scenery usually considered so necessary to heighten the effect of a ghost story, and prepare the mind for the horrors to ensue.

In fact the prejudice was so strongly in favour of desolation and decay, as the adjuncts of a haunted edifice, that I should despair of exciting a proper degree of terror in the hearts of my readers, did not the interior of the house in question, abounding in all appliances and means to boot for the creation of dismal fancies, make amends for the cheerfulness of its scite.

So lately as the year eighteen hundred and twenty-three, there stood nearly in the centre of Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury, a large mansion, which in antiquity was nearly coeval with its gigantic neighbour, Montague House, now the British Museum. In former times it formed the suburban residence of a family of some distinction, and a few elderly persons at the period of which I speak, still remembered, or recollected to have heard it described by others as a country edifice, surrounded by woods and fields abounding in game and affording excellent amusement to the London sportsman.

On the outside, its appearance, with the exception of its superior size, differed little from the long line of houses stretching on either side and intersecting this populous thoroughfare ; but the interior, as I have before mentioned, offered a strong contrast to the snug, compact and somewhat scanty accommodation of the metropolitan mansions of modern date, intended for the occupation of the middling classes. A large hall led to a wide staircase, and on either side long suites of apartments stretched into a spacious but neglected garden. The mansion, had been enlarged by one of its former inhabitants, a surgeon of great eminence in his time, and the purposes to which the additional buildings had been dedicated, being offensive to vulgar prejudice tales of dark deeds performed in the secrecy and silence of the night in these ghostly chambers gained ground ; the house obtained the reputation of being haunted, and it soon becoming difficult to find a tenant, it was suffered to remain unmodernized, and

gradually fell out of repair. Most assuredly strange sights and still stranger sounds were of frequent occurrence, the extraordinary noises and appearances, heard and witnessed by persons of undoubted veracity could only be rationally accounted for by the supposition that they were the effects of a secret combination of individuals interested in the alienation or sale of the property, and who were anxious to diminish its value. It was not possible however for casual a visitor to penetrate the mysteries of this dwelling, or to investigate the motives and detect the contrivances which produced the apparently supernatural events continually spreading consternation throughout the household,—wherefore, though my curiosity was strongly excited, I was obliged to content myself with listening to the marvels that were related concerning the hobgoblins reported to hold their nightly revels within the edifice, and to hazard a conjecture only respecting their probable origin.

The house was rented by a person reduced in circumstances, whose mind and manners were above her condition in life, she was a woman of a lofty and masculine intellect, perfectly inaccessible to fear or superstition of any kind, accordingly she lived quite at ease amid the surrounding horrors, content it should seem with the bad name which the house had acquired, in consideration of the low terms for which she had engaged it; and indeed the total indifference manifested by this unprotected female to occurrences which filled the whole establishment with alarm, might have suggested a suspicion of her co-operation with the conspirators whoever they might be, were it not that the phantasmagoria exhibited with such distinguished success, had the effect of driving away her lodgers, upon whose support her subsistence, and that of her children mainly depended. A house so spacious, so happily situated, mid-way between the east and west ends of the town, in the close vicinity of all the places of public amusement, and moreover kept by a well educated, well connected female of an obliging disposition, was particularly adapted for the residence of persons averse to the troubles or expenses of an establishment of their own, or who sought a temporary abode in London; consequently it was generally full, the apartments being let out in suites, and tenanted by people of the highest respectability—of course there was a considerable fluctuation in the inhabitants of a London Lodging House, but they were usually composed of the description of persons who occupied the mansion when it was my chance to meet an acquaintance amid its inmates. The landlady at the time of which I speak, reserved the right hand suite on the ground floor for her own accommodation, that on the left was tenanted by a gentleman in the India Company's service on leave of absence,

Two drawing rooms, two bed chambers, and a dressing room on the first floor, were rented by a widow lady, the chaperon of a younger female who had obtained her father's permission to visit London for the ostensible purpose of procuring the best masters, but in reality to vary the monotony of a provincial residence. The corresponding suite had for its occupant an elderly single gentleman addicted to science, and engaged in professioned pursuits which frequently took him into the country, there was also a lady sojourning in London for the benefit of medical advice, and awaiting the proper period to undergo the operation of couching, this invalid obtained accommodation in the apartments stretching out into the garden, and there were two or three other persons in the second floor equally respectable, though perhaps not equally wealthy. Such were the inhabitants, and it was from the female residents in one of the drawing room suites already described, that I obtained recitals which beguiled many subsequent winter evenings, and which were particularly interesting both from my acquaintance with the theatre of action, and the bias of a vivid imagination towards tales connected with the dim mysterious intercourse between the world of spirits and mortal flesh, which has obtained belief in all ages and all countries, and can scarcely even in this philosophic era be said to be totally confined to vulgar and ignorant minds. A legion of commingled ghosts and demons seemed to have taken possession of these devoted premises, performing their unhallowed cantrips in a most terrifying and astounding manner, and by their unfathomable proceedings, shaking the conviction of the least superstitious member of the community, doors flew open and shut of their own accord with deafening violence, hollow groans, shrieks and shouts rang through the vast edifice, servants repairing to bed at a late, or rising at an unusually early hour, were alarmed by the sound of heavy footsteps regularly ascending or descending a few paces in front of them. The furniture rattled without a visible cause, ponderous trunks appeared to be dragged over the floors of the upper apartments, although upon inspection and enquiry it was found that they had remained motionless—noises resembling the crackling of large billets of wood when burning, followed by a supernatural rustling which could only be compared to that produced by the turning over the pages of five hundred music books at once, thrilled through the hearts of the hearers, while low indistinct indefinable flutterings, similar to those concussions of the air which are the precursors of earthquakes, suddenly fell upon the startled ear, and impeded respiration for a moment, when all subsided into quietude again—nor was one sense alone assailed, flames glimmered through dim unilluminated apartments, and

blue lights gleamed in the distance. A native servant belonging to the Indian gentleman rushed out into the street one cold and stormy night, unable to endure the horrible spectacles exhibited in his chamber, and too seriously alarmed to enter into a descriptive detail of the appearances he had witnessed. The nurses who sate up with the invalid lady gave warning, lodgers not bound by particular contracts retreated precipitately, and there was a constant change of domestics.

The statements made by the other inhabitants, both gentle and simple, masters and servants, joined to the extraordinary and terrifying noises which with few exceptions highly disturbed the mansion in the dread and dreary hours of darkness, so wrought upon the timid temperament of my female friends, that they were kept in a state of continual excitement deeply impressed with a conviction that these horrors were not, and could not be produced by human agency, the mind of the younger dwelled continually upon one peculiarly melancholy story, which in her idea fully accounted for the frightful apparitions haunting the scene of past but unforgotten crime : her veracity therefore may remain unimpeached, though we must doubt the actual reality of the visitation which she believed to have been made. While lying as she supposed perfectly awake in her bed, one of those fearful warnings which had so often arrested the current in her veins by its supernatural sound, thrilled through the air, she looked up instinctively ; the curtains of her bed were drawn aside, and she beheld the pale attenuated form of a young man, whose attire though perfectly plain, being of the fashion of the last century, proclaimed him not to belong to the present generation. The countenance of the phantom, emaciated and livid, yet shewing the wreck of noble features, expressed deep and almost indescribable anguish. Casting a look of profound melancholy upon the human habitant of the apartment, it melted gradually into air. All those persons acquainted with the extraordinary effects produced by night-mare, will be at no loss to attribute the appearance of this spectre to its natural cause, the dreams in which the unconscious sleeper embodies his diurnal fancies in slumbers too evanescent and fitful to be accounted for as created in an oblivious suspension from the laws and functions of waking life. Convinced of the reality of the vision, all attempt to persuade my friend that she had been deceived by the illusions of a feverish imagination would have been vain, I therefore contented myself with enquiring into the cause and motive of this fearful visitation, and was rewarded by the following narrative.

In the year seventeen hundred and—two young men, relatives came to London together, for the purpose of completing their medical education by walking the hospitals.

Godfrey Harlande the elder, was the son of a distinguished and wealthy practitioner in the country, Francis Gray, his cousin, and a year or two his junior, was the orphan of a subaltern officer, whose death left him in his boyhood totally dependent upon the bounty of his mother's family. Francis however had not been permitted to feel the extent of the loss he had sustained, the elder Harlande performed a father's part by his young kinsman, and though unwilling to indulge him in his choice of a military profession he educated him with his own son, intending to take both into partnership after they had undergone the usual routine of a medical noviciate, with the hope of seeing them happily established in life before the natural course of events should conduct him to the grave. Frank notwithstanding that an ardent lively temper and a disinclination to study rendered him rather unwilling to embrace a learned profession, yet bore his disappointment unrepiningly being convinced by his uncle's representations of the reasonableness of combating a youthful passion for glory, which could only be indulged at the expense of a relative who had a right to command his services in return for the liberal manner in which he had provided for all his wants. In the society of his grave cousin who was indefatigable in the pursuit of science he insensibly acquired an interest in their mutual avocations and if not entering so deeply into the more abstruse studies of his companion, he was equally versed in the lighter species of literature, and perhaps excelled him in those intellectual accomplishments which find a greater degree of favour in general society; but as Godfrey Harlande was looked upon as a sort of prodigy in his native town, and his cousin had only gained the reputation of a wild harum scarum youth, whom people would more readily trust with the management of some scheme of pleasure than the care of their constitutions, neither himself nor his friends, anticipated any brilliant results from his professional career, and poor Francis seemed by public consent to be condemned to compound medicines under the inspection of the second Esculapius descending upon earth in the guise of his kinsman. Although both the cousins had been bred in the seclusion of country retirement, neither betrayed any rusticity or awkwardness of manner, Frank inherited from his father an easy deportment in which the timidity of youth was happily blended with the modest confidence produced by gentle birth and breeding. Godfrey though deficient in the air which distinguished his cousin, yet from the consciousness of attainments of a nature superior to those usually acquired in the ordinary routine of education, was gifted with a degree of self possession, which, while removed from any thing akin to conceit and effrontery by the dignity

and elevation of mind, it occasioned, impressed his auditors with a favourable opinion of his talents. To both a little collision, with the world seemed all this was necessary to give the polish only to be acquired by an introduction into the higher classes of society. Nothing hitherto had occurred to disturb the harmony subsisting between the cousins; Frank was content to look up to his more studious kinsman with feelings approaching to veneration, while Godfrey, if he secretly despised such aimless follies, pitied and pardoned the juvenile errors and trifling pursuits of a young unsteady person, who perchance had not been gifted with the power of rising above the mediocre attainments which his loftier mind disdained.

On the arrival of these young men in London the dissimilarity in their tempers and dispositions became more apparent, and Frank giving loose to the love of novelty and pleasure natural to the gay thoughtlessness of an unpractised heart, became an object of contempt to his more serious cousin, who thought every moment lost and misspent which was not dedicated to improvement, and every deviation from the strict path of rectitude an inexcusable offence. Young Gray was surrounded by danger, dissipation in its most tempting shape offered itself at his first entrance into life; he encountered in the metropolis several of his fathers gay connexions, who led him into society at the court end of the town—he was flattered and caressed by persons of a condition far above his own, he became involved in expenses certainly beyond his means, and which in all probability must lead to the most ruinous consequences. Godfrey remonstrated possibly in too high a tone, and elicited a reply which offended his proud spirit accustomed to deferential attention, he also unhappily felt very little toleration for folly, and was apt to express his opinions in a manner too dictatorial to be suited to his years; while lavishing pecuniary benefits with unsparing generosity, he entertained a stronger sense than the occasion warranted of the obligations conferred upon an unportioned youth, and beheld with astonishment the indifference with which favours of so extraordinary a nature were received—he was surprized at the independant spirit displayed by Frank on more than one occasion, a spirit which he thought not consistent with his situation in life, or with abilities of a moderate grade, his strictures therefore were neither very measured nor very gentle, and Frank indignant at reprehension so far beyond his demerits, betrayed a natural degree of resentment, and the first blow thus unfortunately given to the friendship of these young men was deep and deadly. Godfrey with a stern kind of sorrow beheld his infatuated cousin involve himself in connexion which he believed could only lead to destruction, he grieved over his delinquency but anger mingled

with his grief while Francis deeming that a trivial offence had been too heavily visited, threw off a yoke which he found extremely irksome, and withdrawing himself from society so uncongenial to his disposition, the kinsman were soon totally estranged. Godfrey though irritated and incensed at such contumacious conduct, could not resolve to abandon the offender to his fate, yet desirous that he should receive a severe and salutary lesson, allowed him for the present to follow his evil inclinations, determined to withhold all means of extrication until he should sink almost irrecoverably into the abyss which yawned around him. In the interim the elder student pursued a steady course, partaking soberly in the amusements of the metropolis, and cultivating sedulously the acquaintance of a physician who resided in Bloomsbury Square, an old friend of his father whose house was the resort of what at that period was considered the best, though not the gayest society in London. A young, amiable, accomplished and lovely daughter, presided at Dr. Winstanley's hospitable board, graceful and gay, she performed the honours so bewitchingly and offered in the eyes of the stranger, so striking a contrast to the hoydenish boldness or stiff formality of the provincial belles of his acquaintance, that his heart soon surrendered to her fascinations. He flattered himself that in an unobtrusive manner he was winning his quiet way to the favor of a lady who seemed to be capable of discovering and appreciating the valuable qualities which often lie beneath the surface. Berinthia Winstanley accustomed to admiration was not vain enough to attribute the attentions of her father's guests to the force of her own personal attractions. Continually in the society of young men who were distinguished in their devotion to her slightest wishes, and assailed by this florid species of gallantry which was the fashion of the day, she received the complimentary homage of the circle around her as mere matters of course, sometimes amused by the wild flights of her adorers, but untouched and uninterested in what appeared to her to be nothing more than the commonplaces of society.

Godfrey pleased with the indifference which his fair enslaver displayed to the crowd, construed it in his own favour; he flattered himself that she could distinguish between the warm devotion of an unsophisticated heart and the frothy compliments of fools and coxcombs, and that although he might to common eyes appear the least forward of the group, she could not fail to perceive the strength and depth and fervour of the affection she had inspired in the breast of one, who, the good sense she possessed, must point out as more worthy to be beloved by a virtuous woman, than the wild gallants and unblushing rakes who scrupled not to avow sentiments which filled him with horror. While

indulging these pleasing anticipations of the future, Godfrey was somewhat surprized at a sudden reformation which took place in his cousin's conduct, forsaking all his new and gay acquaintance he applied himself diligently to study, relinquished every expensive habit, and of his own accord returned to the mode of life best suited to his situation and prospects. Godfrey though expressing and ever experiencing great pleasure at this unexpected change, involuntarily felt a secret vexation that it had been effected without his agency, he had not given Francis credit for the strength of mind necessary for the abandonment of a load of folly, and though unwilling to confess the truth even to himself, he was disappointed at the non-fulfilment of his prognostics, and annoyed at the discovery of their fallibility.

Though the volatility of youth had precipitated a lively disposition into error, Frank's principles were of the highest order; led by a set of profligate companions to the very borders of vice he paused in time to avoid a fatal step. Having been induced to incur expenses which he had not the means to defray, he had firmly withstood all solicitations to try the chances of the reparation of his shattered finances at the gaming table: in a moment of intoxication however, he was led unconsciously to a faro bank, played unwittingly high stakes, and when he recovered the full use of his faculties, found himself master of a sum which to him appeared to be of enormous magnitude; but he felt no exultation at this stroke of prosperous fortune, he thought only of the hazard he had risked of being a loser to an equal amount, and of the horrors he had so miraculously escaped, he paid all his debts, quitted the dangerous society which had brought him to the brink of ruin, and resolved henceforth to make the best use of the experience which he never could hope to purchase at so cheap a rate again. It was with feelings of severe mortification that Godfrey saw the repentant prodigal almost instantaneously established in Dr. Winstanley's favour, and the disagreeable sensation was heightened to an almost unbearable point, by the undisguised satisfaction Berinthia took in the society and conversation of a young man in every respect—both as regarding solid attainments and enabling qualities—so unmeasurably inferior to himself. He expected that the whole world should judge correctly between them, and felt aggrieved at the unjust decision in favour of mere animal spirits unsupported by the steady integrity which ought alone to obtain the good will of mankind. The gravity of Godfrey's manners, always unnatural in so young a person, increased to severity; offering a strong contrast to his cousin's liveliness. He became gloomy and unsocial, and lost ground in the estimation of his friends at the very moment in which he was most anxious to secure their good opinion.

At length driven to desperation by the fear of being entirely distanced by Frank, and feverishly anxious to secure the right of removing him from the side of his mistress, he made an offer to Miss Winstanley and was rejected; accusing his kinsman as the cause of a disappointment, whose extent no one from the guardedness of his outward manner could have suspected, Frank unthinkingly congratulated him on the stoicisms which interposed a sevenfold shield between the passion of love, and an invulnerable heart thus rendered unsusceptible of the weaknesses which beset frailer men.

However unsympathizing individuals may be in the anxieties and sorrows of others, nothing is so offensive as the supposition of the absence of feeling in themselves; they expect that notwithstanding their eyes present coldness and indifference, they are still to obtain credit for the possession of the most refined tenderness, without the expense of its display where their friends are concerned. Too proud to betray his agonies, Godfrey expected that his cousin would understand and respect them, and that through his calm and unruffled exterior he would not fail to perceive the convulsive struggles of a wounded heart, but Frank did not see or imagine for a moment the existence of this internal anguish, he had never ventured to make a confidante of his cousin, never dared to repose his youthful griefs, his fears, or his anxieties on a bosom impatient of all such puerile communications and he now could not dream even that this grave philosopher who had been so deaf and insensible to the breathings of a troubled heart could be labouring under the severest distress of mind, suffering all the torments of jealousy and enduring the misery inflicted by a deep sense of ingratitude and unkindness on the part of a person bound to him both by the ties of kindred and by numberless and heavy obligations. Emboldened by the undisguised partiality of her father, and the modest encouragement accorded by Berinthia, Frank, who soon became a lover, declared his attachment, and to the astonishment of all the worldly wise, his suit was successful. As he had always felt a distaste to the surgical branch of the profession, it was determined that he should now study for a degree, and thus qualify himself to succeed his father-in-law in his practice as a physician.

• These arrangements were gall and wormwood to Godfrey, he withdrew entirely from the society of persons who had evinced so little regard for his happiness, and resolving henceforward to think of nothing save the studies which had been in some measure relaxed during his intimacy with the Winstanley's, he took up his abode with an eminent surgeon in Great Russel Street, where in a school of anatomy very celebrated at the time, he tried to forget all that had occurred during his brief intercourse with a de-

ceitful world. The neighbourhood was however too close and his connexion with medical men too intimate to allow him to remain in ignorance of the state of affairs in Bloomsbury square, every day he heard some report which entered like iron into his soul, the passion he vainly attempted to smother burned with undiminished fury, he brooded in silence over his sorrows and his wrongs until fearfully increased by the exaggerations of a wounded spirit, they became a burthen too heavy to bear. The wedding day of Frank with Berinthia was fixed, and Godfrey awaited it with a dreary conviction that it would be the last of his existence—it was however postponed on account of the illness of the intended bridegroom, and the unhappy rival though he had long wished for the only termination of his earthly sufferings he could hope to gain felt it as a reprieve from the grave. Despite of all his endeavours to repress the unwonted sensation, a ray of joy re-entered his heart; amid other moody fancies he believed that he had been misrepresented and maligned to the object of his fondest idolatry, and that she would discover, though perchance too late, that he alone had entertained a true affection for her, and was alone calculated to ensure the happiness of a creature who would pine beneath the neglect of a fickle husband, or the anxiety occasioned by her doubts of his steadiness.

Every day brought intelligence of Frank's increasing danger, there were moments in which Godfrey's heart was touched, and he felt a wish to attend upon his cousin, and to strive by the exertion of all his skill and his intimate knowledge of the patient's constitution to save the life of a rival, who could his marriage be delayed for even an indefinite period, would in all probability, in consequence of the capricious volatility of a disposition to one thing constant never, not take place at all—but no message came, no hint was given that his services would be acceptable; and offended at a silence which he ought to have been the first to break, he remained gloomily inactive. A short period of suspense was ended by the appalling information that Frank Gray was dead,—who shall attempt to describe the tumultuous feelings which filled the lover's breast at this intelligence, the natural grief which despite of long and bitter enmity would spring up at the untimely fate of one so young, so prosperous, whose paradise of felicity was just opening before him, was overwhelmed by the terrible and fierce delight bursting upon a rival's outraged heart at the unexpected and dazzling prospect thus suddenly revealed. Finding it impossible to attend to the usual routine of study, or to conceal the agitation of a mind torn by ten thousand conflicting emotions, Godfrey rushed out of the house, and spending two days in wandering over the adjacent country returned

late on the second evening to his own home. The domestic by whom he was admitted, aware of the young surgeon's excessive zeal in the pursuit of his profession, looked very significantly as he led the way across the hall to a door opening into a passage whence a back stair case conducted the students to the dissecting room. Godfrey paused at the threshold, his mind was not attuned to his usual occupations, and he turned towards his own apartment; but the servant anxious to secure the customary reward of his diligence, informed him that he had procured a fresh subject which he had laid out upon the table and prepared for the knife. Godfrey paused again, he had never permitted private and personal feeling to interfere with his duties, and unwilling to forfeit the pretension to that Spartan sort of heroism which formed the darkest shade in his character, he put the usual fee into the domestic's hand and entered the apartment. Though accustomed to the ghostly horrors of this dreary chamber, its sickening relics of mortality, its blood stained boards, masses of putrefying flesh, heaped up bones, and grinning skeletons, a strange sensation of disgust crept over his frame, and he shuddered. The necessity of conquering such womanish nervousness impelled him forward, the body stretched out upon a table in the centre of the apartment was covered with a cloth, advancing towards it he raised the veil and beheld the pale countenance and lifeless form of Frank Gray! Rooted to the spot in speechless astonishment he gazed for some time silent and motionless upon the corpse; wave after wave of tempestuous thought swept across his perturbed spirit, his happy state of boyhood, the sweet and tender hopes he had cherished with the orphan whom his father protected, arose to his recollection, succeeded by that brief yet stormy career which had blighted all those gentle hopes, planted enmity between once loving friends, and raised the grateful dependent into a proud aspiring rival, a rock, for ever threatening the wreck of all his joys.

The wounds which Godfrey had writhed under were however too deep, too deadly, and too severe for the sufferer to be much softened by the melancholy termination of his enemy's existence. The egotism of self-love suggested the justice of the stroke, and the fierceness of newly awakened hatred enjoyed its triumph. If more gentle thoughts presented themselves they were linked with those visions of promised happiness offered by Berinthia's liberation from her engagement, and all tended to shew the advantage to be derived from Frank Gray's early death. While lost in a flood of wild emotions his practised hand, had instinctively grasped the knife which lay in readiness beside the body, and as the terrible sensations of a heart wrought to high excitement by the incessant contemplation of its injuries, followed by that hurricane of feeling which had driven its restless possessor to wander forth

without aim or object, rose and subsided in fitful starts; he saw, or thought he saw, a movement about the lips, a slight heaving in the breast of the seeming corpse—he looked again—the eyes half opened, and in the next moment the knife he held was buried with fatal speed and precision into a vital part—a pause of unutterable agony ensued, the enormity of the crime stared him like a spectre in the face—a deluge of blood seemed to fall with insupportable weight upon his soul—the whole apartment swam around his dim, and dazzled eyes, and the servant repairing at early dawn to the dissecting rooms, found him still lifeless on the floor. Returning consciousness brought with it the extreme of torture, the murderer looked back upon that long and frightful vista wherein the evil passions unconsciously cherished had been fostered into hideous magnitude, each fondly and proudly esteemed as its opposite virtue, until their fierce collision had produced a deed from which shuddering humanity recoiled.

The young, the promising, the generous minded Francis Gray, stood before him in all his modest worth and kindly heartedness, what had he done to merit this cruel fate? What had been his faults, what his aggressions! alas, how few, how trivial, and yet they had armed the assassin's hand, and precipitated him in the spring time of his youth to a blood stained grave. There were periods in which the unhappy man strove to believe that the signs of returning life which he had witnessed were merely the illusions of fancy, but the impression was too strong to be effaced, he had distinctly seen the lips, the chest, and the eyes move, he could not doubt the truth of the spectacle, or cherish the flattering hope that he had not deprived his cousin of existence, at a crisis in which a little care and attention were alone necessary to restore the vital powers. Remorse of the darkest, and sternest nature took possession of Godfrey's soul; he neither ate, nor drank, nor slept, wasting away like a shadow beneath the fearful inflictions of his penance; yet life sustained by desperate internal strength, still tenaciously upheld its empire, he fancied that he was under a curse, doomed to suffer the load of existence in circumstances wherein aught approaching to humanity must inevitably perish—the scorpion stings of conscience, the yellings of those demons for ever proclaiming his crime, and its punishment became too great a burthen for his lacerated heart,—in a moment of delirious frenzy he fell by his own act.

No trace of the haunted house now remains in Great Russell street; it has been pulled down, and three spruce tenements erected on its scite, too much in the modern style to permit the cranny of a cupboard for the accommodation of those shadowy visitants who delight in amplitude of space, and are only known to congregate amid dim galleries, tapestried chambers, and vaulted halls.

A VISIT FROM MY MUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE NUN.

As I slumbered last night, after cursing the Muses,
 Who lately had used me with singular spite,
 Methought I beheld the nine sister recluses
 Intertwining their festoons of wit-kindled light.

The moon slowly rose o'er the Helicon Mountain
 And bright Hippocrene was tinged by a ray,
 That glowed on the warm rosy cheeks of the fountain
 And danced into ripples that bubbled away.

As for Clio, Euterpe, Thalia, I prayed,
 They would not be offended, but they would not do ;
 And I bowed-out, although Doctor* Flac would persuade
 You, shed make a fish speak, grave Melpomene too.

Terpsichore turned the divine pirouette,
 Nor had I the prudence to bid her begone,
 But, when my poor wisdom was almost upset,
 Erato caught my sight, and I thought of my song.

" Come tell me, my own little Muse, in a minute
 " See here! I've an Album,—and can't write a line
 " Come tell me you rogue what I ought to put in it ;
 " Oh, if you ever were, now be divine.

" Hush, whispered she smiling, before I begin
 " We must" (and she beckoned her sisters to go)
 " We must be alone, for the exquisite string,
 " That I touch, tells what none but my poet must know."

Then coming quite close, while her eloquent eyes
 Were laughing at thoughts she was longing to tell us,
 She snatched up the book—and I marked with surprise
 That she turned, as the mildest can turn, when they're jealous :—

* For the benefit of Gentlemen who have lost their latin in this jostling world of ours, as well of others, who might not be able to discern in Dr. Flac, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, it is as well to mention that in the 3d Ode of the 4th Book of that worthy we find.

O mutis quoque piscibus
 Donatura cygni, si libeat, sonum !

Oh thou that canst unclose the tongue
 Of the dumb fish, and give its song
 (If so thou wilt) sweet as the one,
 Warbled by the expiring swan.

She had cause—it was time ; for when woman invades
 The mind there is naught for the muses to do ;
 And I own, there is that in terrestrial maids,
 Which inclines me to love them the best of the two.

Well : my muse then exclaimed “ from these elegant traps
 “ And writing, which I, though a Goddess, can’t read,
 “ Where poor Tommy Moore is cut-up into scraps,
 I perceive, ’tis for beauty, you wretch, that you plead.

“ But vain is your hope, you’re a fool for your pains.”
 (And she tore in a rage every chord of my lyre)
 “ The wit, if I gave it, would addle your brains
 “ That is equal to yield what the Ladies require.”

“ The clearness of Swift, and the wisdom of Bacon
 “ The love-song of Burns, and the fiction of Scott
 “ Should unite in oneself, for (oh, be not mistaken)
 “ Angelic eyes look for a sun without spot.

“ A lay as refined as the blush of a cheek
 “ Whither love-governed tides of the bosom are darting,
 “ When the virgin would not for an empire speak
 “ The secret that from her fond eye is departing.

“ Should tell of the maid all the singular things,
 “ How her thoughts bent their course, what her heart is about
 “ Where cupid has furl’d for a season his wings
 “ To rest till the cold weather fashions come out.

“ Yet do not suppose could I teach you all this
 “ To make your song (heaven knows how to begin it)
 As chaste as a prayer, yet as warm as a kiss
 “ But this book hears far more than you’d ever write in it.

For Albums are present at each tête à tête,
 Which I will not describe, though you know that I’m able,
 Where blushes and stammerings darkly debate,
 While the feet speak explicitly under the table.

They witness, moreover (but then they grow trite)
 Debates on the household affairs and their cure,
 When Hymen has put little Cupid to flight,
 “ And the Loving Polemicks are never obscure.

“ So adieu !” and maliciously smiling she cast
 Round my neck a torn chord of my impotent lyre,
 “ Adieu if you would not be laughed at, at last
 “ For a Block-head—for heaven’s sake tighten the wire.”

W. E.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Goethe's Tragedy of Faust is so well known by Lord Gower's Translation, that some account of the materials from whence it is derived may be acceptable to your readers. With this view I send you a translation of the two first Chapters from a curious old book on this subject, and should you approve of it, will transmit an occasional continuation.

Absurd as we are accustomed to think the History of the Devil and Dr. Faustus, it is yet certain that it is founded on reality and most of his conjurations are nothing more than efforts of science advanced beyond the comprehension of ignorant and jealous contemporaries. To a philosophical mind the separation of truth from falsehood is an interesting employment. Faust was one of those ill starred individuals who outran the genius of his age, and his contemporaries incapable of appreciating his talents and his love of knowledge considered his studies as nothing better than an intercourse with Evil Spirits and the Black Art. Let us trust, that such days may never return.

I am, Sir,
Your very Obedt. Servant,
C.

Part the First.

OF THE HISTORY OF THE FAR FAMED PROFESSOR OF THE BLACK ART,

DR. JOHN FAUSTUS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

How John Faustus while he studied at Ingolstadt, seduced by bad Company became conversant with unlawful Literature and Diabolical conjurations.

John Faustus was born in the Earldom of Anhalt and lived with his parents in the village of Sondwedel. They were a poor and pious pair of farmers. But he had a wealthy cousin at Wittenberg who being without hairs of his own body, brought up John Faustus (whom he had taken on account of his phrenological head and superior intellect) as his own son, and kept him

carefully at school. John gained so much upon the old man's favour that he sent him from thence to the high school at Ingolstadt. He there made such progress in his studies, that he was considered fit to obtain the place of master, the duties of which he discharged with credit, along with eleven colleagues. His cousin in Wittenberg was much gratified by such good beginnings and promising behaviour, nor is it to be supposed that his parents were less so, for they had spared no expence in the hope at some future time of gaining both honor and satisfaction by his entering into Holy orders, to which all these studies seemed to tend.

But that period was antecedent to Luther's blessed reformation, the old Popedom was in universal authority and people every where practised enchantments, exorcisms and conjurations. All this pleased Faustus much, and laying aside his studies to associate with bad company, and such as were conversant with unlawful characters and secret writing, he was soon led astray and seduced. In addition to this he frequented the company of the wandering Gipsies and learnt from them Chiromancy and Phrenology or the art of Telling Fortunes by looking at people's hands and skulls, and he also used at high festivals when the Sun rises very early in the morning to practice the incantation called the charm of the dawn and other unlawful things.

When he was now completely engaged in these matters, and lending himself to the devil on very easy terms, he laid his former Theological studies entirely aside, applied himself diligently to the art of Therapeutics and under this pretence busied himself in discovering the system of the world, learnt to cast nativities and to prognosticate the good and evil that was to happen to individuals, so by degrees he became a most skilful prognosticator and was even able to compile Almanacks.

With all this he might still have kept in the right path had he not misused his learning and carried it too far. He did not stop where he ought but proceeded to conjurations with spirits, which was what he chiefly aimed at, and succeeded therein so well that several of them became his dependants and followers.

In the mean time he was under the necessity of exculpating himself to his parents and relations in Wittenberg, and of explaining to them why he had abandoned his Theological Studies and wandered into others. He therefore pretended that his genius was much better suited to medicine and astronomy than to theology. He also brought from the University in Ingolstadt a good certificate of his studies, which must have given him great credit in his cousin's eyes, more, especially as after three years, he succeeded in obtaining the degree of Doctor in medicine which however Mr. Freudens will neither believe nor allow.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

*How Dr. Faustus was led away to the Devil by
Burra Khanas and Musical Parties.*

When Dr. Faustus by the abovementioned seductions was so devoted to this unlawful mode of life, he completely forgot the commandments of Heaven. At the same time by the death of his cousin in Wittenberg he came into possession of a considerable inheritance which enabled him to get companions of his own kind, with whom he so behaved that from this time as a certain Theologian asserts who was with him, he was scarcely ever sober and became almost unfit for any thing, and although, when the inheritance of his cousin began to dwindle away by his daily feasting and carousing, he restrained himself a little, yet he by no means reformed so far, as to give over his inclination for another kind of company, namely that of the devils and evil spirits by whose help he hoped to enjoy his fill of sublunary pleasures. How he succeeded but too well in this project will appear in the sequel.

[*To be continued.*]

Note. Extracted from Das Aergerliche Leben und Schreckliche Ende des Viel Beruchtigen Ertz Schwartz Kunslers D. Johannis Faustus, or the Atrocious Life and Fearful End of the far famous Arch Conjuror Dr. John Faustus, by George Rudolph Widmann; Nurnberg, 1711.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE. •

Oh memory, 't is thine to cast
A mellow halo o'er the past ;
And mantle with a softer die
The scenes and seasons long gone by—
And though we know how false each hue,
We love to deem the phantom true.

The future in a misty shroud
Steals on us as a thief at night ;
We cannot penetrate the cloud
That hides its features from the sight,
We eye it with suspicious fear,
As if it meant to work us ill ;
And though no real cause appear,
We feel the sad misgiving still.
The future is an unknown guest ;
The past an old friend sunk to rest ;
The future is a distant strand ;
The past your own receding land.

ODE.

TO THE GODDESS OF CALCUTTA.

Divinity of multitudinous eyes,
 Of ears, of whispers, of each idle tongue
 Which busy rumour touches as she flies ;
 Say, potent Goddess, how would'st thou be sung
 In this *thy* realm, where all with might and main
 Highest, and lowest, worship in thy Fane.

Say shall our incense float,
 Divinest SCANDAL, through the starry air
 With Rappa's frequent note,
 From halls of light and flowers where the fair
 To thee their winning eloquence devote ?
 Or will it please thee better from the Course ;
 Where charming parties in a carriage,
 From other ears remote,
 Discuss the last, or next, new marriage,
 Or something worse ?

But perhaps 'twill sweeter be from the Church door,
 Where, having wash'd off a week's mental ailings,
 Or little sinings,
 We think ourselves entitled to scan o'er
 And criticise our neighbours faults and failings ;
 A kind of running up of a new score—
 Or taking a fresh innings.

Truly it must be pleasing to thine ear,
 SCANDAL, most potent Goddess of such matters,
 To hear the lips which have just lisped a prayer
 Whisper a character to vety tatters ;
 But then with *such* a sympathizing air,
 And eyes turned up, quite full of pious waters ;
 " Well who'd have thought—besides, *depend* upon it
 She hasn't paid LaPlace for that fine bonnet.

Or, mighty Goddess ! should we raise the song
 From one of those same Palanquinish Coaches
 Which shine from door to door the whole day long,
 Incessant heralding thy loved approaches ?
 The grating wheels, the warning bells,
 Gladly the fair one hears ;
 That clapper rings six reputation knells,
 She hides the note half penn'd
 To some one else, abusing her dear friend,
 And welcomes her, and, Goddess thee, upstairs.

Omnipotent—Omnipresent in Calcutta,

SCANDAL great mother of our City's mind;

Strong ruler of the highest and the lowest,

Blighter more potent than the jungle wind,

Who things unthought, and deeds undone, still knowest—

How shall we hymn thy praises, or how put a

Fire in our Harps, worthy of us, and thee,

Fort William's tutel'ar divinity?

Mighty divinity of Scandal,

None more strong or heart-shaking than thou

Unveil'd the stormy horrors of their brow

To fiery Norseman or Rome—conquering Vandal—

Not Thor the terrible

When in Freya's guise his hammer he won,

And shower'd his Thunder-dints upon,

Thrym the King, and his Thrusy—who

All fled or fell as the thick strokes flew

Each weighing a hundred and twenty ton

For they certainly were unbearable.

But maugre this, whenever they have quarrell'd,

Vallhalas Gods withstood in vain the blow

Of the terrible Bersakir's axe—and so

Fled Zerneck from Harold.

Upon the hill of Ghosts,

The hill of a thousand Clouds;

Where the Scatterers of Hosts

Dwell in their misty shrouds;

In awful strife Fingal the King of men

Hurled back the spirit of Lodi to his glen

He fled like the last scud of the parting storm

To the realms of the dead,

The stars dim gleaming thro' his broken form,

Feebly shrieking he fled.

Not so, O! Scandal is it with thy war,

More terrible than Zerneck or Thor,

Or Lodi's Ghost;

The Crowns of earth gleam pale before thy star:

The Leader, who can boast

A thousand glorious fields,

Shrinks before thee—

As timidly as a country maiden yields

Precedency to some established toast,

Oh—Patroness of Tea!

Who could resist thy power?
 Not the Autocrat of the North
 Nor Napoleon the great
 That mighty puppet of Fate,
 Not Owen Glendowr ;
 Or George the Third, or Fourth ;
 No, for beneath thy chariot men are all
 Crush'd—thou most universal Juggernath,
 From the millionaire, to the wretch not worth a groat ;
 From the groom, to the Governor General.
 Goddess severe—the terrible—how shall I,
 The humblest of thy slaves,
 Hymn thy divinity ?
 Come spirits of the whirlwind come,
 Ghosts of old maids come chattering from your graves,
 Spirits of pestilence and fire
 Gather dark shadows—underneath my dome,
 Muster around my Lyre ;
 Let us together raise
 A hymn, a mighty hymn, in praise
 Of that great power who animates our quire :
 While the wild raging elements around
 Clash their dark weapons to the magic sound.

Thunder—appropriate music of this clime,
 Typhoons and fiery gales,
 Awake your stormy choruses sublime
 O'er the sinking wreck,
 With the dead upon her deck,
 O'er the river rended mound,
 O'er the populous village drowned,
 Over a thousand desolated vales.

Fiends who inhabited of yore
 India's ten thousand Idol Fanes,
 With altars where the grime of human gore
 Still uneffaced remains ;
 Ye whose lips drank the last breath,
 Whose ears heard the last stifled shriek,
 Who watch'd the blight of death
 Steal o'er the rose of the young victim's cheek ;
 And smil'd, with a ghastly gladness,
 As howls and dying groans
 And the yells of fanatic madness ;
 Made the air throb around your griesly thrones ;
 Awake ! and fling the awful strain
 To the thunder and the hurricane again !

Spirits of the fires,

Where in flame wreathes red

The living lies writhing by the dead ;

Where the festering corpse burns side by side

With the heaving body of his burning bride,

Till screaming she expires ;

Hear, hear on high the horrible groans,

And the sound of the crackling flames and bones,

And the fanatic trumpets' fallen tones,

And the drums unceasing beat,

And the trampling of ten thousand feet ;

And the shout of the gentle Hindoos, when they

See the fire fiend seize his helpless prey.

Bear the dreadful noises high

Fling them forth in the stormy sky,

Fling them wide, and fling them far

Midst the whirlwinds roar and the thunders jar.

Mingle all sounds of terror—madly sweep

By charmed fountains,

Thro' chasms black a thousand fathoms deep,

O'er haunted mountains ;

Bear winds the clanking of the rusty chains

That rattle round the felon's gaunt remains ;

Bear the deep wailings from those gloomy caves

Where Demons writhe ;

Or those infernal chuckles from new graves

Where Ghouls are feasting blithe.

Mingle spirits of fire, and blood,

Mingle spirits of whirlwind, and flood ;

Elemental uproar come,

Burst around the shaking dome,

While triumphantly we raise

Hymns to mighty SCANDAL'S praise.

Goddess!—hush!—a voice—'tis hers !

Gently murmuring thro' the hall

Like the night breeze, when it stirs

The topmost boughs of sleeping Trees,

Or the hum of a far off water-fall.

Gentle fool, the goddess whispers,

Cease your ravings, drop your Lyre ;

Noises of the flood and fire,

Yells of ghosts and devils dire

Those are no sounds to suit *my* altar :

Rather, there let gentle lispers

Telling half, and hinting half,
 With now a shrug—and now a laugh,
 Thus with smooth tongues their soft devotions faulter.
 Imperial scatterer of viewless darts,
 True to their aim, and sharp as ever were
 The Roman Tyrant's—blighter of young hearts
 Divider of affections—hear our prayer:
 Spare *us* great Goddess—but to make amends
 Do what you like with our five hundred friends.

Mighty art thou—the Duke of Wellington
 Tho' he rules over all the three estates,
 Had he the whole life-guards Cuirasses on
 Could no more stop thy Javelin than fate's;
 Bull—Morning Journal—Age—and all that crew
 But draw the bow—the arrows come from you.

But here—but here—Oh Goddess in this land,
 Where the green ocean bears the mud and foam
 Wash'd from old England's overburthen'd strand,
 Here is thy loved—thine own *peculiar* home
 Not Paphos gave to Venus more allegiance
 Than from Calcutta thou receivest obedience.

Grim chalky women—yellow ochery men,
 Hairless and liverless—the whole day long
 Devote to thee head—hand—heart—tongue and pen
 Alone or in the sudorific throng:
 To the Church organ—or the pipe and tabor
 Think or speak evil of their friend and neighbour

All—all are thine—the priest—the maid—the bride
 The martialist, whose words are steel and fire,
 The sleek civilian, full of place and pride,
 The lawyer, who serves *you* without his hire;
 The matron, who, while sugaring her tea,
 Teaches six daughters how to worship thee.

Is it not grateful when the Church is done
 And the communion over, to behold
 Thy votaries—divineest SCANDAL run
 To some dear friend—a new tale to unfold
 How Capt. Z. had ogled Mrs. Q.
 The shocking creature, half the service through.

"What was the text, dear? Oh! "Love one another."

"Did you observe that little odious fright

"Miss Jub—Jub—and that hateful thing her mother

"'Tis my opinion the girl's starved outright;

"As for her father—between you and I,

"You *know* Miss T!!! *he's* other fish to fry.

"You have heard dear—what they say of Mr. —

"I *always* thought those people liv'd too well :

"You'll see the Tomkinsons will have a smash,

"His wife, the creature, sets up for a Belle ;

"A Belle indeed!—your hair will stand an end

"At what I'll tell you, though she *is* my friend.

Such gentle sounds as those the live long day

Float circling through Calcutta's sunny air ;

At night, they rise from feasts and ball-rooms gay

Where fashions perfumed votaries repair ;

And e'en when slumber waves her wand o'er all

Thou rulest in dreams the sleeping capital.

These are our claims, O Goddess to thy care,

Look then benignly on thy devotees ;

Inspire Calcutta's brave, Calcutta's fair,

For if in other fanes we bend our knees,

Our lips in prayer at other altars move ;

To thine alone we bring—HEART—FAITH—and LOVE.

W. W.—s.

SONNET.

CONSUMPTION.

Roses are on her brow and in her hair

—Her raven hair—bright pearls and jewels gleam,

Like stars that shine through clouds ;—and clinging there,

To that fair pillar, She in sooth doth seem

A thing of Paradise of which saints dream

In summer nights when peace is all abroad.—

—A flush is on her cheek—perchance of pride

To see herself so vassalled by the brave—

Perchance, of bashfulness,—that she should have

His gaze who for her sake shuns all beside !—

Perchance, of bounding glee !—ah ! no—the bode

It is of inward pain !—Consumption throws

—Like setting suns—a shadow of the rose

On that it leads to night —She is Death's Bride !

C.

ON MILL'S THEORY OF MORAL SENTIMENTS.

In his Essay on Government Mr. Mill represented all men in power, from the highest to the lowest, to be actuated by an *insatiable* selfishness, and the phenomena of all Government to result from the degree in which the selfishness of those who had less power was permitted to counteract that of those who had more. On the other hand as he denied the possibility of a resolution of forces in political dynamics, or of a permanent balance of power, it followed that every lesser power being swallowed up by the greater, *every* Government must necessarily be in the highest degree oppressive, and *every* nation subject to that degree of plunder which leaves private individuals "the bare means of subsistence, and that degree of cruelty which is necessary to keep in existence the most intense terror." It was to no purpose that this theory was contradicted by history and experience; that men had only to open their eyes to read everywhere demonstrations of its falsehood. The seeming prevalence of order and justice, and accumulations of property far beyond the bare means of subsistence, were merely the illusive "*outside of facts,*" and "*surface of history,*" beneath which lay those irrefragable principles of human nature which led by infallible sequence to such direful consequences!! He is more unreasonable than Lord Peter, who would not admit that the loaf of bread had the external appearance of bread, and found it easier to affirm that it was a leg of mutton, than to say that it was bread on the outside and mutton internally.

In his "Analysis of the phenomena of the human mind," Mr. Mill, with equal defiance of experience, concludes all men and women under the invincible dominion of selfishness. All the sacrifices that the most generous self-devotion could exact are but modifications of that ignoble feeling. To be virtuous is to love one's-self wisely. To praise the virtue of others, is to stimulate that which may be useful to one's-self. To be praised is to receive signs and tokens of future selfish advantages. "Courage, in fact, is but a species of the acts of prudence: a class selected for distinction by a particular name; that class in which evils of great magnitude, or rather of a particular description, are to be hazarded for the sake of a preponderant good." "Of all that we enjoy more is derived from those acts of other men, on which we bestow the name of virtue, than from any other cause. Our own virtue is the principal cause why other men reciprocate the acts of virtue towards us. With the idea of our own acts of virtue, there are naturally associated the ideas of all the immense

advantages we derive from the virtuous acts of our fellow-creatures. When this association is formed in due strength, which it is the main business of a good education to effect, the motive of virtue becomes paramount in the human breast. We strongly act upon other men when we manifest on our parts a disposition to perform acts in their favour, in consequence of the acts performed by them in favour of others. This disposition we manifest when we praise those acts; or, as we otherwise phrase it, when we declare our approbation or admiration of them."

That there is a pre-established harmony between virtue and utility, is certain; but so far is our feeling of the former from being derived from, and proportioned to our enjoyment of the latter, that there may be acts of heroic virtue which we admire without a thought of their utility, and acts productive of the greatest utility undignified with the name of virtue. Nay the very perception of a feeling of self-interest, which according to the utilitarian system is the constituent of virtue, will divest of the character of virtue, acts which would be otherwise entitled to it; so essentially distinct in their origin and in their nature, are our conceptions of virtue and utility. If Nelson and Howard "hazarded evils of a particular description," that men might reciprocate benefits towards them, and not for the unselfish love of glory and of mankind, in what would they differ from the most reckless gamester who ever terminated his criminal career by a shameful death? If the virtue of Sir Thomas Moore and Andrew Marvel were to be measured by their activity in bartering benefits for benefits, their fame would be eclipsed by that of the inventors of gas lights and mule twist. In vain does the utilitarian, by the infusion of his test, attempt to precipitate a sediment of selfishness in those examples of pellucid virtue which are consecrated by the reverence of the world; or in those numberless examples which repose in the obscurity of private life, hidden in rural retirement, or in the recesses of populous cities; and in proportion to the absence of that impurity our moral approbation and praise are accorded.

From desire of pleasure and aversion to pain, the only principles which Mr. Mill considers to be instinctive in human nature, the power of conscience never could arise. Nor does that word once occur in all his book, nor any acknowledgment of its functions. He explains every thing by association of ideas. He accounts for the love of praiseworthiness, or dread of blameworthiness being a stronger feeling than the love of actual praise, or dread of actual blame, by saying, "it is one of those cases, in which, by the power of association, the secondary feeling becomes more powerful than the primary." Now what is here called the "secondary," is, in truth, the primary feeling, being "the

bosom's lord," conscience, whose whispers are more cheering, or more appalling than the loudest acclamations of external praise or censure. The latter are valued as harmonizing with the former, enhancing satisfaction in the one case, and aggravating pain in the other. According to Mr. Mill praise and blame, without any regard of their being merited or unmerited, derive all their power from being associated with ideas of pleasurable and painful consequences to ourselves. "In some instances of loss of reputation, loss of character, disgrace, infamy," he says, "the association rises to that remarkable case, which we have had frequent occasions of observing; when the means become a more important object than the end, the cause than the effect. It not unfrequently happens that the idea of the unfavourable sentiments of mankind, becomes more intolerable than all the consequences which could result from them, and men make their escape from life, in order to escape from the tormenting idea of certain consequences, which, at most, would only diminish the advantages of living."

This singular explanation is itself in much greater need of explanation than that state of the mind for which it attempts to account. The distress of such moments proceeds more from the past, than from the future. It requires but a moderate degree of fortitude to sustain the probability of future evils, where there is no feeling of self-reproach within; no rooted sorrow that cannot be plucked from the memory. If the apprehended consequences were indeed felt to be such as would only diminish the advantages of living, it is impossible that the mere suggestion of them should produce the despair which precedes suicide. In the early part of the last reign Mr. Yorke accepted the office of Attorney General, and immediately afterwards made his escape from life, not to escape the tormenting idea of a peerage and the wool-sack, but of the shameful defection from his party. That tragical event is not to be ascribed to any mistaken estimate of the relative importance of means and end, cause and effect, but to a vivid sense of the obligations which he had violated, and the sacrifice of principle to which he had been seduced by the glittering temptations of ambition.

As Mr. Mill resolves all feelings of love and friendship into associations of our own pleasures with the object of the affection, so he resolves sorrow for the death of a friend, child, husband, wife, into regret for the loss of a source of pleasurable associations; and adduces the case of a person dying of a broken heart as another instance "in which a greater value is set upon the means than upon the end;" since the pleasurable consequences would, at most, only increase the advantages of living. The death of a patron may be regretted as a privation of many ad-

vantages, but tears of the bitterest grief are shed not for the loss of money, or of the means of procuring enjoyment, but of an object for whose sake money, and life itself, would be lavished.

The following is Mr. Mill's mode of ascribing the phenomena of sympathy to a process which begins and terminates in selfishness; it being observed that while he determines to avoid the use of the word *sympathy*, he cannot give us a tolerably accurate description of so familiar an emotion. "The idea of a man enjoying a train of pleasures, or happiness, is felt by every body to be a pleasurable idea. The idea of a man under a train of sufferings or pains, is equally felt to be a painful idea. This can arise from nothing but the association of our own pleasures with the first idea, and of our own pains with the second. We never feel any pains and pleasures but our own. The fact indeed, is, that our very idea of the pains or pleasures of another man, is only the idea of our own pains, or our own pleasures, associated with the idea of another man. This is not one of the least important, and curious of all cases of association, and instantly shows how powerfully associated trains of ideas of our pains and pleasures must be with a feeling so compounded. The pleasurable association composed of the ideas of a man and his pleasures, and the painful association composed of the ideas of a man and his pains, are both affections, which have so much of the same tendency that they are included under one name, kindness; though the latter affection has a name appropriate to itself, compassion."

When we are under the influence of pity, which implies sorrow for the distress of *another*, and a desire to relieve it, we are, says Mr. Mill, suffering from *our own* pain associated with the idea of another man! The feeling of pity is undoubtedly our own emotion, but the distress which causes it, and which we desire to relieve, is that of another. In the mind of the original sufferer the distress may be associated with the idea of another man who brought it upon him; is he therefore in the same state as those who participate in his grief? A father who has lost a child may have the revived feelings of his own affliction blended with compassion at the sight of similar distress; but those who never were fathers are susceptible of the same sad and tender feeling.

*Naturæ imperio gemimus, cum funus adultæ
Virginis occurrit, vel terra clauditur infans.*

Nor is it true that sympathy is synonymous with and constitutes kindness. Pre-existing kindness will render the sympathetic feelings more intense: but we feel compassion for the pains inflicted on the greatest criminal, and catch impressions of gaiety

from all the symbols of gladness. A man's kindness for a little girl induces him to give her a doll, and the flush of joy in her face is reflected upon his. In analyzing these phenomena of the human mind, Mr. Mill says that the man, with respect to the gift, associated the act with the idea that the little girl might reciprocate acts of virtue towards him; and with respect to the sympathy, that he associated his own pleasure with the idea of his young friend, and by that association evinced his kindness!

Not satisfied with denying any original tendencies in the mind to regard certain actions as right or wrong, moral or immoral; and making utility the constituent of virtue, and standard of merit; Mr. Mill goes so far, in the following passage, as, like Hobbes, to make human laws the source of our ideas of what is just and unjust. 'Men, in Society, have found it essential for mutual benefit, that the powers of individuals over the general causes of good, should be fixed by certain rules; that is laws. Acts done in conformity with those rules are called just acts' &c. It is needless to say that we have antecedent notions whereby we judge of the justice of laws themselves; and that the most unjust act may be done in conformity with a law which violated equity and humanity. If mere *conformity to laws* constitutes the justice of acts, then they must be deemed just if conformable to laws of whatever description.

It may be thought however that there is in the above passage an implied limitation restricting the epithet "just" to acts which are in conformity with laws which have really been enacted for the benefit of the community. With the exception of that one doubtful or careless expression Mr. Mill is not a Hobbiist, but a Humeist, making virtue consist in the pleasure derived from it, and placing prudence in the same rank with fortitude, justice, and beneficence. "The man who has the disposition towards all the four, prudence, fortitude, justice, and beneficence, in full strength; that is, who has acquired, from habit, the facility of associating with those acts the pleasures which result from them, in other words, a habit of obeying the motives, is perfectly virtuous." If the consequences of an act are a balance of good, the act is moral; if they are a balance of evil, it is immoral. Knowledge, therefore, appears indispensable, not merely to the exercise of prudence and fortitude, but of justice and beneficence, for "how is the amount of the good, or the evil, to be ascertained, but by that power of tracing the consequences of acts, *for which the greatest knowledge, and the most accurate judgment are required.*" Every error in judgment is therefore an immoral act. All the mistakes that Lord Bexley made are so many stains on his moral character. If the highest cultivation of the intellectual powers be requisite to the virtuous

conduct of private life, how can we expect to find it in the annals of the poor, to whom Mr. Mill would entrust, not merely the management of their domestic affairs, but the Government of the nation? But, in truth, the lowliest peasant, though he has not, as a statesman should have, a clear knowledge of what will conduce to the greatest good of the greatest number, is not without a better guide to his path, and a sounder knowledge of his moral nature, than any that has been provided by Mr. Mill, who has reviewed the phenomena of the human mind without discovering the existence of conscience, disinterested affection, and the immortality of the soul.

STANZAS.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

The greenwood! the greenwood!
 How pleasant it would be,
 To build a little mossy hut
 Beneath the forest tree.
 To climb each green and grassy knoll
 To pierce each leafy haunt
 And listen with delighted ears
 To every wild bird's chaunt.

The greenwood! the greenwood!
 How bright the sunbeams gleam
 Chequered by many a waving bough
 Upon the dancing stream.
 And there the dainty harebells grow
 There roams the vagrant bee,
 And every gale that stirs the trees
 Makes thrilling melody.

The greenwood! the greenwood!
 How balmy is the air,
 How sweet the morning breeze that fans
 The roebuck in his lair.
 Oh would that from these hated walls
 I too might roam as free,
 And tread the turf with steps as light
 And heart as full of glee.

The greenwood! the greenwood!
 How bright the dew-drops shine
 How gracefully the ivy wreaths
 Around the old oaks twine,
 Take all the feasts and festivals
 This darksome city yields—
 Give me the shade of forest bowers,
 The sun-light of the fields.

A STAGE COACH ADVENTURE.

In the year 18——, I was residing in Edinburgh with a married sister, the Regiment of Dragoons, in which I held the rank of Cornet, (and which I had never joined,) being at this period in India and expected home daily for reduction. I was in every sense of the word an idle man, though my residence in the modern Athens, was for the avowed purpose of attending certain classes at the university. Business, pleasure, or it matters not what induced me in the course of the winter, to take a trip to York, where after remaining for about a week, and seeing the Minster, &c. &c. time began to hang heavy on my hands, while my purse gave evident symptoms of a decrease of weight in my pocket, and it consequently became advisable that I should turn my steps northward again. I accordingly booked myself for an inside seat in "The Highflyer" Coach, and proposed to start from York on the morning of the 17th December.

The Coach drove up to the door of the Inn at which I resided, and I had just completed the arrangement of my baggage in the boat when an elderly gentleman stepped out of the house, and walking up to me, addressed me as follows—"My name is Mr. C. I have come thus far from London in progress to Edinburgh with a widow-lady, my Cousin, who I am in consequence of a sudden recal to the former city, obliged to leave here totally unprotected; to prosecute the remainder of her journey. You will think me very rude in thus addressing a perfect stranger, but (with a smile,) you are an officer of the army, Sir, and all of your profession are ready to shield the fair sex, you will be conferring a great favour on me if you will see that the lady in question wants for nothing during her journey (she has ample means in her possession) and you will add to the obligation by seeing her safely to the residence of her sister in Castle Street, Edinburgh, the coach is ready and I have not time to say more; so if you will allow me I shall bring the lady and introduce her to you." The abruptness of his request so confused me that I know not what I replied, but fancy something affirmative as he immediately left me with a profusion of thanks. He was gone about five minutes during which time my mind was occupied in reflecting on the strangeness of the adventure I was entering upon and I could not help thinking what a joke my college companions would have against me if it came to their ears that I had escorted an old widow-lady of 50 or 60 (I took it for granted she must be a person of that sober age) from York to Edinburgh. I felt half inclined to endeavour to cry off the engagement which

had been thrust upon me but my vanity prevented this and when I called to mind the ready manner in which my *military appearance* had betrayed to Mr. C! my profession (he had seen my name at the Coach-office, Cornet M. Light Dragoons) I could not bring myself to disappoint a gentleman who had displayed a degree of discernment so flattering to a youthful soldier of not quite 17 years of age. I had hardly come to the above resolution when my new acquaintance made his appearance with my *compagne de voyage* on his arm but judge my surprise reader when I beheld not an antiquated female but one young and beautiful, apparently about my own age. She was somewhat below the ordinary size, possessed a figure which was symmetry itself and a foot and ankle which baffles description, her complexion peculiarly fair, her hair a deep brown, a Grecian nose, teeth of pearly white and such lips, "her eyes dark charms 't were vain to tell," suffice it that they were surmounted by a brow of snowy hue which the style of head dress worn by widows seemed to shew forth to great advantage.

My new acquaintance leading her up to where I stood presented her to me as Mrs. P. at the sametime mentioning my name to her, adding good humouredly that he had ascertained it from the book-keeper at the Coach-office. Having embraced her affectionately he handed her into the coach and shaking me cordially by the hand with many acknowledgments of my polite compliance with his request, he took his leave and we drove off towards Edinburgh.

For the greater part of the first stage my companion was silent and evidently much perplexed by the singular situation in which she was placed, and I was equally at a loss how to commence a conversation. The day was piercingly cold and an occasional shiver and movement of the feet convinced me that my fair charge felt inconvenience from the sharp frosty atmosphere, I seized upon this circumstance to break silence by begging she would permit me to offer my military cloak to protect her from the effects of the weather, after some little demur she accepted it and having thus broken the ice one observation led to another, till at length I happened to remark how dreary the country looked at this season, she replied that to her it appeared quite lovely, but that no one knew how to value their dear native land until they learned by absence its superiority over other climes. So, thought I, though so young you have been a traveller, and I was about to put a leading question to that effect when I was interrupted by a loud "Hallo Coachey" from the road side, the vehicle was immediately pulled up and a huge mass in the shape of a Yorkshire farmer entered, I could have slain the porpoise on the spot for having thus occasioned the interruption of a conversation which

seemed on the eve of eliciting some knowledge of my fair one's history.

The Yorkshireman composed himself to sleep before he had been five minutes in our company, and kept up an unceasing roaring till midnight, when he left us to our no small mutual gratification.

Morning came and we found ourselves again alive; the usual compliments passed, and my companion seemed considerably more at her ease and inclined to be more communicative than on the preceding day. It is unnecessary to tire the reader with a detail of our conversation which induced her to relate the following brief account of her own history, I give it in her own words.

"I was the youngest of two orphan children, daughters of a Clergyman, in the South of England, my parents died when I was quite an infant and myself and sister (about twelve years my senior) were left to the guardianship of our cousin (Mr. C. whom you saw at York) a London merchant, who brought us up at his own expense and treated us in every respect as his children. My sister to whom I am now going was married about ten years back to a Colonel S. on half pay in some Colonial Corps, and resides in Edinburgh with the view of giving their children a cheaper and better education than their limited means could afford to a large and encreasing family in England.

Two years ago, being then little more than fifteen years old I was living with my cousin Mr. C. during the Christmas vacation when a correspondent of his Mr. P. arrived from the West Indies where he possessed a considerable property, and took up his abode in my Cousin's house. He was very kind and polite to me, and though I certainly liked him as my cousin's friend, I never dreamt of looking upon him in the light of a lover, for independent of the extreme disparity in our ages, matrimony had not then entered my head—however he proposed and I without well understanding the nature of the engagement I was entering upon, at the suggestion of my guardian accepted his hand—we were married and immediately afterwards embarked for Jamaica—no husband could be more indulgent, but still I looked up to him more as a father, than a conjugal partner. We had been but eight months in the Island when he was carried off by a fever, and I a month afterwards gave birth to a son now in Edinburgh and about a twelve months old. My baby being delicate and my own health bad, it was sent to England under charge of a lady of my acquaintance, and I followed as soon as my late husband's affairs would admit of my doing so—I arrived in my native land about a fortnight since, having been in the brief space of one year a wife, a mother, and a widow. My husband left £ 30,000 settled

on my darling boy, the interest of which I enjoy for life, and I am now proceeding to meet and embrace my dear child, with whom I was obliged to part so shortly after his birth."

She was silent and evidently a good deal affected by the detail of her own history. I made some remarks of a condoling nature, but I had become so interested in the fair widow that doubtless my observations were not much to the purpose. This day and the next passed, and the following evening we found ourselves in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and about 7 o'clock arrived at the "Black Bull" Inn. I procured a Hackney Coach and conducted my fair friend to her sister's residence where after a gentle pressure of her hand which I felt satisfied she returned with interest, I took my leave having first obtained permission to wait upon her the following day. I passed rather a restless night and the moment I had finished breakfast set off for Castle Street. I found Mrs. P. and her infant alone, she received me most cordially and presented her little son to me who I kissed, fondled and admired. Her sister now entered, she was ugly as the widow was beautiful and after her came the Colonel, a blunt sun-dried man about 50, he was extremely civil, and he and his lady thanked me warmly for the manner in which I had discharged the trust reposed in me. Day after day passed, and day after day I visited the fair widow in Castle Street, and though "I never told my love," it was evident she understood the state of my heart, and if eyes can speak, hers was much in the same condition as my own. Things went on in this manner for nearly two months when my brother-in-law began to remark my frequent absences from home, and through some means or other ascertained the cause. He was a prudent steady going character who did not altogether consider a youth of 17 quite old enough to enter upon the cares of matrimony, but being moreover a kind good hearted man he was determined to remove me at once from the scene of my affections without hinting at his knowledge of my situation. In the year of grace 18—, young men at College at least such roving blades as myself were not in the habit of leading the most regular lives, and having arrived in Edinburgh just after my recovery from a severe illness setting up late at night and raking of every sort had affected my health so much that a change of air was highly expedient, my good brother therefore like an expert general turned this circumstance to account and got a medical friend to advise my immediate removal to my native country in the Highlands. I was accordingly obliged to leave my heart behind me and proceed to recruit my frame. I will not attempt to describe our parting, it was highly romantic of course but strange to say, I did not even seize that favourable moment to declare my passion and left Edinburgh repining at my hard

fate without coming to any explanation. Time wore on; my health improved and the impression left by the charming widow gradually wore off. My regiment returned from India, I was placed on half pay, and becoming after a few months weary of the monotony of an idle life in a remote corner of the Highlands, I applied to a relative in London to procure me a Cadetship in the Company's Service, by return of post he sent me my appointment with an injunction to proceed to the metropolis as speedily as possible, my passage being taken for Bengal on board a ship that would sail within one month from the date of his letter. I started, reached London and had been there two days busily employed in preparing for my voyage which was to commence in a couple of days more, when passing down Sloane Street, I observed a lady and gentleman approaching, the former of whom I thought I had seen before, on nearing them, judge my surprise when the female proved to be my fair widow, she was looking more lovely than ever and expressed herself delighted to see me; then turning to the gentleman she added with an arch look "my dear, this is the young Dragoon of whose kindness you have so often heard me talk, Mr. M. my husband Mr. H." She then gave me her address and made me promise to dine with them the following day; I told her I was on the eve of embarkation, but that if possible I would avail myself of her invitation.

I never saw her again, partly because I was too much occupied to spare a moment, and partly because (I believe this was the true reason) I could not bring myself to see my innamorata the wife of another, the sound of her voice had touched a chord which I thought had been broken, and perhaps it was better she should merely continue to be regarded as "one of those form which fleet by us when we are young."

L.

THE MANDRAKE.

—She lost her innocence,

- Her virgin innocence, ere yet the flush
Of ripened womanhood had o'er her cheek
Painted the different limit-shades that tell
The boundaries nice 'twixt modesty and—*shame*.
—She rendered up her maiden purity
- To one who to the Arch-Fiend had his spirit
For power unlawful sold. Years fled—and he,
(In moments like to those when Sampson, won
By the soft cadence of a woman's tongue,
Gave up the secret of his strength,) to her
The baneful mystery yielded; and so made
His victim the avenger of her wrongs,
As after days revealed.

Years still passed on—

- Years, like their fore-runners, with joy and grief
In links alternate; pain and pleasure,—hope,
Despair and rapture,—passion, hatred, crime—
Like a long rosary, where precious beads
Are knit together by some metal base!
—And she had grown a very thing of vice
In all save love for him;—and that will turn
- Ere long to hatred, fierce, ungovernable
As is the mad hound for its former lord,
So he deceived her,—cast her off,—and fled,
With a more youthful paramour:—alas!
What bitter change within the passionate heart
Works the dark treachery of those we love!
Then in her bosom boiled the storm, and she,
With necromantic art enriched, resolves
On deep revenge no human hand may foil;
Dogging his steps, she followed; and ere long
Two victims glutted with their guilty gore.
The sanguinary Olga.—Years fled, still fled
As erst, and crime still fast on crime her soul
Entered, until a cavern it became
For loathsome fiends to revel in!—
- There was a Babe, a bright and beautiful,
The last remaining one of seven,—and it
Between her and a rich inheritance
Stood the one, sole intruder!—*It must die!*
Many attempts she made, vainly; for all
Were hurtless here,—seemed it a power from heaven
Had shielded it for years,—and still
Baffling her arts it flourished in the sun.—
- A spirit—one of those that sit by graves
Where rots the body of the suicide—came

Obedient to her summons; and she learns
 (A marvel strange) that, in the Haunted Wood
 Were three unwedded mothers have dashed out
 In the wild shame-pang their young offspring's brains,
 A plant there grows, of nature wild and rare,
 The root of which in fell and wizard power,
 All other fearful charms, whether of gem,
 Or amulet, or obi-~~x~~weed, or shell,
 Philtre, or Argil, dug from poison mines
 Where pent up exhalations, have produced
 (Satanic drugs) exceeds?—"Big but this root,
 "Forth from the heated soil, that laps it round,
 "What time the midnight bell from sainted spire
 "Comes tolling on the breeze, and death shall come!"
 "Death!" muttered Olga!—"whose?—Psha! whose but his,
 "The baneful brat that smiles up in my face
 "As tho' I were his mother, and usurps
 "My rightful heritage!"——

Dark Olga wends upon her way.—
 How beautiful, amongst the purple clouds,
 Purple, yet spotted like imperial Pard
 With orange, and with dappling white, swims out
 The Cynthian Bark!—while garmented in mistse
 Like obelisks in shape, the lower sky "
 Appears to shadow forth some fairy isle,
 Not of this world! How beautiful around
 Scooped like some grand saloon of Peristan,
 Out of the cope of heaven, the silent earth
 Shines 'neath her light!—Yet on her way she wel
 That fearful woman, whose majestic mind
 Crime had thus lowly dwarfed from excellence.

——It is the place!

Beneath an ancient oak, whose fibry feet
 Are saddled by green moss, a lambent flame
 Hovers like some dread halo o'er the plant,—
 The weed so often named—so seldom seen,—
 The weed, whose roots, as ancient records tell,
 Is spelled by the cabala of the fiend!
 The song of bale is sung,—the blood of man,
 (Libation foul) incarnadines the earth—
 The midnight chime is heard to toll—and now
 She clutches with unholy hands the plant!
 She pulls! it breaks! Oh wretched victim! Dupe
 Of the Supreme Betrayer,—the Arch Demon! Hark
 That shriek!—The Mandrake's "unimaginable voice"
 Bursts from the earth!—*Who hears it dies!*—
 —Her body festers in the midnight moon!

ORIGIN OF OUR COMMERCIAL TERMS.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Magazine.

We are daily in the habit of using, or hearing used, terms of commerce, without enquiring what is their meaning, or whether they have any meaning at all. It may surprise some readers even in this commercial community, and not a few of the fair and fashionable perusers of your Journal; to find that the language of the Counting-house is derived immediately from the *Italian*, the favourite source of terms employed in the arts which grace and embellish life, but perhaps never before suspected to have originated as distinctly the phrases adopted in our daily commercial transactions. It is surely better to discover even a trace of meaning in a familiar word than to use it without regarding its sense: and the brief explanation of them with which I mean here to trouble you may be curious, at least, if not instructive.

From the year 1200 Genoa and Venice long held the undivided merchandize of the world; and amidst the fever, tumult and factions of the other Italian States, raised themselves to power and wealth by commerce. Genoa inherited the trade of the Arabs, whom they overcame; and Venice, free from all vassalage, rich and warlike, swept the seas with her Navies, and made Europe tremble with the thunder of her arms. Lucca, Pisa, and Florence followed Genoa and Venice in the arts of industry and peace; and it is not surprising that the terms of trade, adopted and so extensively diffused by them, should have passed into general use, and been naturalized in all European languages, but particularly in our own. Their very *systems* have become our's also: and every one knows that our most exact plan of Book-keeping is styled the *Italian method*.

1. **Ledger**—*Leggero*, light or little. This *leggero* was a small paper book which the merchant carried in his pocket while transacting his business out of doors, as the Italians generally did:—Shylock and the Rialto will occur to every reader of Shakspeare as an example of this. Into this book the merchant entered under distinct heads all his sales, purchases, and other mercantile transactions, in as brief a form as possible.

2. **The Journal**—*Giornale*, or day-book, was used for entering in full every day, after the hours of business, the transactions briefly inserted in the Ledger.

3. **The waste book**—*vasto*, or large, into which all transactions were entered at full length; and consequently its size was

greater. It is evidently unmeaning to call it a *waste* book, as in no sense a book containing details of business can by any force of metaphor be styled *waste*.

4. Ditto, this is merely *detto* (aforesaid) mis-spelt.

5. Discount, *Sconto*, from the account.

6. Cash, from *Cassetta*, a case : because Italian money being bulky and in specie, was locked up during the merchant's absence in a strong box.

7. Post, to post books, from *posto*, a place : the expression means to write each transaction under its proper head, or in its proper place.

8. To balance, *bilanciare*, to equalize or weigh.

9. Indorse, *indosso*, on the back, indorsements being generally on the backs of bills.

10. Lot, (of goods) *lotto*, a lottery, an assortment of goods which from their variety may turn out advantageously or otherwise.

11. Invoice, from *invocare*, to call over ; it is usual in unpacking goods for one person to read the invoice or call over the goods aloud, while another is occupied in seeing that the list and contents of the package agree.

12. Account, *Conto*, which has the same meaning.

13. Cambist, *Cambista*, an exchanger.

14. To change money, *Cangiare moneta*.

15. Money, from *Moneta*, the mint.

16. Cargo, a corruption of *Carico*, lading.

17. Tare and Trett : *tara e tratto* : *tara* means what is lowered in value (from *tarare* to lower) and *tratto* what is drawn or run off, as in the case of liquid goods.

18. Adventure, venture, *avventura* and *ventura* ; for good luck, in expectation of which alone any venture is ever risked.

19. *Agio*, course of exchange. The word means literally *ease, leisure* ; and signifies by metaphor that the *agiotatore* or *broker*, enables those for whom he is employed to take their ease while he does their business.

20. Broker, from *broccata*, a meeting : a person who is engaged to find daily buyers for one party and sellers for another ; he is therefore constantly employed in going about the places of business in hopes of *meeting* with the individuals of whom he is in search. The word *courtier* used for *broker* in French has the same sense : for it means *a runner*.

21. Advice, *avviso*, an opinion. " I will advise you of the contents," means, " I will give you my opinion, or directions, respecting the contents."

22. Bounty, *bontà*, goodness : a bounty on any thing being as it were a mere emanation of goodness from the superior Power who taxes goods, and a phrase very well suited to the soft and

